JANUARY 1966

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-ONE, NUMBER ONE

THE ARAB REFUGEES: A ZIONIST VIEW
Marie Syrkin

"THE FLAMBOYANT MR. POWELL"
James Q. Wilson

FORBIDDEN FOODS
Erich Isaac

LUTHER: A STORY
Jay Neugeboren

VACUUM DIPLOMACY
George Lichtheim

LINCOLN CENTER: ACT II
Jack Richardson

CAMPING IN THE WASTELAND
Neil Compton

THE GOLEM OF PRAGUE & THE GOLEM OF REHOVOTH
Gershom Scholem

IN PRAISE OF GUIMARAES ROSA
Emir Rodriguez-Monegal

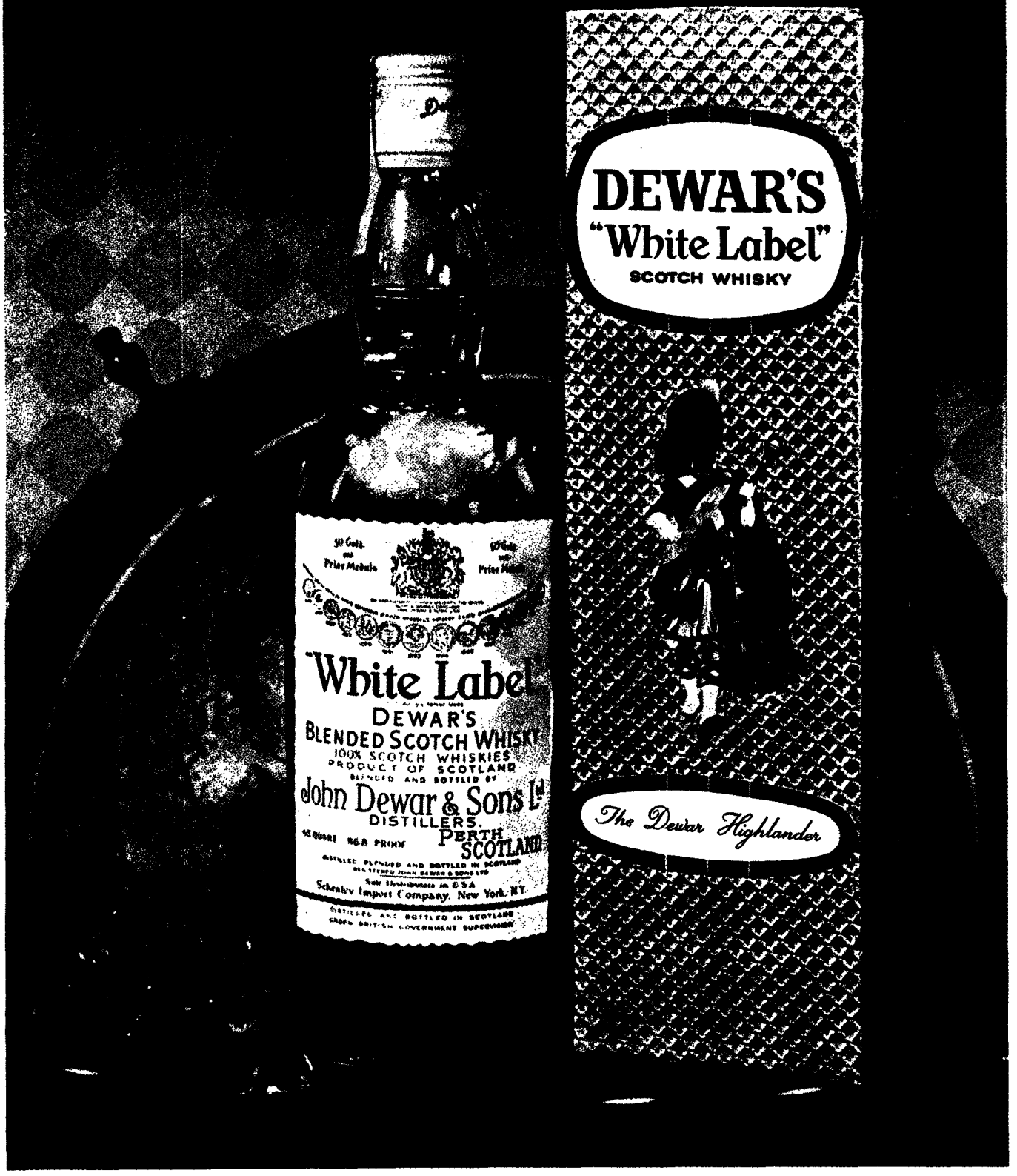
BOOKS IN REVIEW

Alexander M. Bickel George Kateb
Robert Lekachman George Dennison Milton Hindus

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE 75 CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

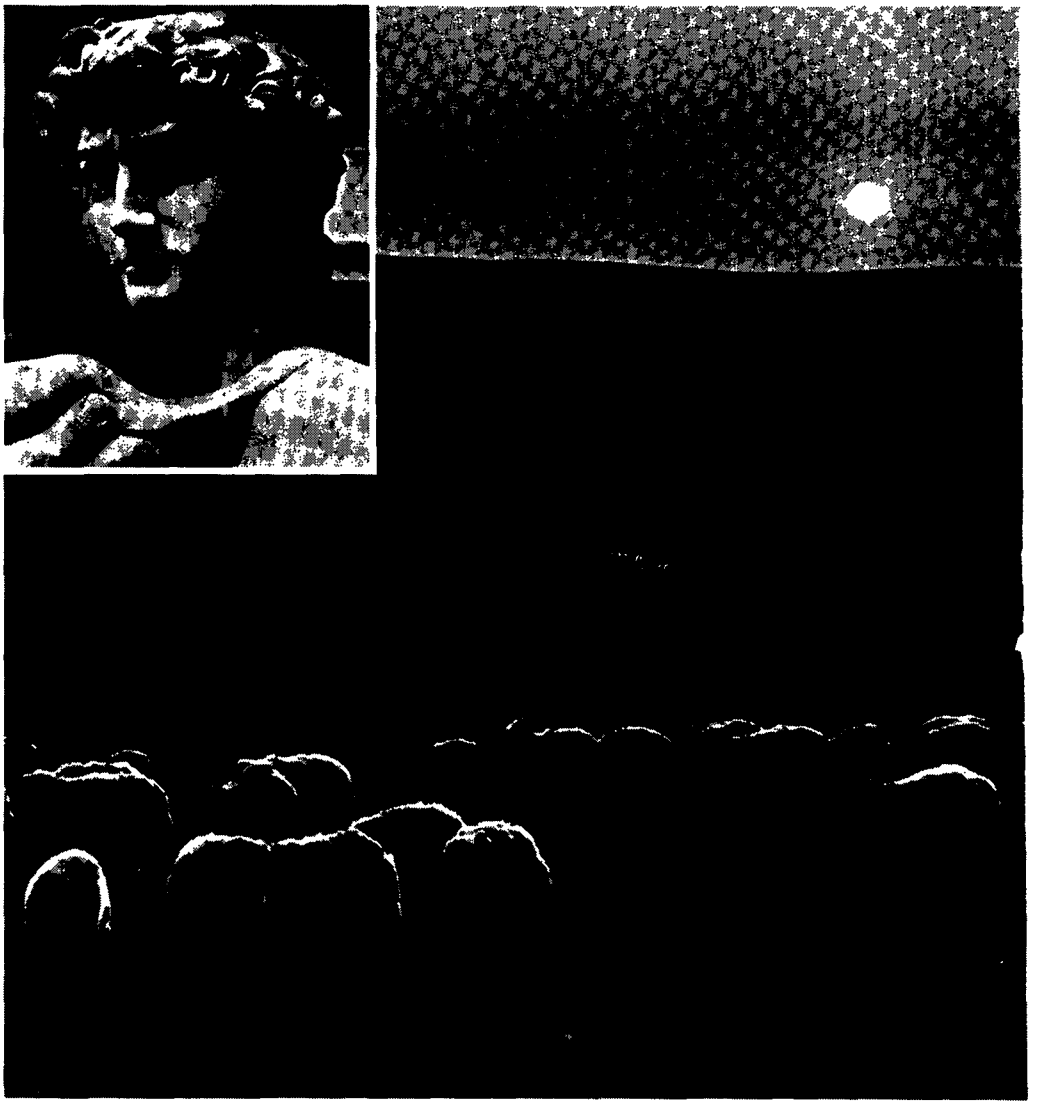
Welcome Gift Scotch The World Over!



Give Dewar's "White Label"... the Scotch that never varies—in its luxurious quilted gold foil gift wrap with removable sleeve. Magnificent whisky...superb gift!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You've seen the statue of David; now see where he walked.



You can walk through the streets and alleyways of Jerusalem and out into the Judean Hills, and you will find yourself gazing at a completely bizarre landscape, yet one that is strangely familiar to you.

And this is the remarkable thing about seeing Israel. You know with certainty that David, the shepherd who became king, and Solomon, and all the prophets walked the same paths, gazed at the same landscape, drew inspiration from the same stony hills, the same sky so blue, that it seems almost unreal.

The supreme paradox: the unreality that leads to reality. You know the feeling within you is real because you experience it so fully. And all experience in Israel leads to one thing — a sense of holiness which hovers over the land.

Take Mount Zion, for instance, where every path, every tree, every ruined wall shares some portion of biblical legend.

There Isaiah had prophesied, Stephen had been stoned, Peter had hidden in a cavern, Bathsheba had bathed in full sight of David. And there the Last Supper had taken place.

From Mount Zion you can retrace the steps of Canaanites and Assyrians, Romans, Crusaders, and Moslems, and enter the Valley of the Cross where, above a Byzantine-Crusader monastery, you will find the Israel Museum and the Shrine of the Book which houses the precious Dead Sea Scrolls.

Everywhere, the land speaks of the Bible: from the Galilee to Eilat, from Mt. Carmel to Nazareth.

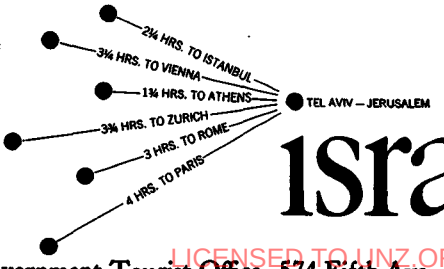
And everywhere you'll see the marvelous efforts of modern Israel to restore the Promised Land to the original lushness depicted in the Bible.

But the landscape is as spectacular as it is rich in biblical lore.

In fact, if you could forget the biblical associations for a moment, if you could forget, too, the miracle of modern Israel, you could appreciate Israel simply because it is so beautiful.

One thing is certain: your trip to the Promised Land will be the most memorable you'll ever take in your life.

And that's a promise.



israel

Contact your travel agent or Israel Government Tourist Office, 574 Fifth Ave., NY. Also Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Montreal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

JANUARY 1966
NUMBER 1
VOLUME 41

The Arab Refugees: A Zionist View	23	MARIE SYRKIN
"The Flamboyant Mr. Powell"	31	JAMES Q. WILSON
Forbidden Foods	36	ERICH ISAAC
A Story		
Luther	42	JAY NEUGEBOREN
Public Affairs		
Vacuum Diplomacy	49	GEORGE LICHTHEIM
Observations		
Lincoln Center: Act II	55	JACK RICHARDSON
Camping in the Wasteland	58	NEIL COMPTON
The Golem of Prague & The Golem of Rehovoth	62	GERSHOM SCHOLEM
In Praise of Guimaraes Rosa	65	EMIR RODRIGUEZ-MONEGAL
Letters from Readers	4	
Books in Review		
Invitation to an Inquest, by Walter & Miriam Schneir	69	ALEXANDER M. BICKEL
Testimony, by Charles Reznikoff	76	MILTON HINDUS
Our Depleted Society, by Seymour Melman	80	ROBERT LEKACHMAN
Manchild in the Promised Land, by Claude Brown	82	GEORGE DENNISON
The Accidental Century, by Michael Harrington	84	GEORGE KATEB

Editor: NORMAN PODHORETZ

Associate Editor
THEODORE SOLOTAROFF

Assistant Editors
WERNER J. DANNHAUSER
MARION MAGID

Contributing Editors
MILTON HIMMELFARB
GEORGE LICHTHEIM

Editorial Assistant
FLORENCE VICTOR

Business Manager
MARTIN EDELSTON

Promotion Manager: RITA LINTZ

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee • Single copy 75¢; $8 a year; 2 years $14; 3 years $19 • Add $1 per year for foreign postage charge • Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

© Copyright 1966 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions

• Indexed in Readers' Guide, Book Review Index, & Public Affairs Information Service • Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage.

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York 10022

ADVERTISING:

Main Office: 165 E. 56th Street, New York 10022. PLaza 1-4000.
Chicago: 221 No. La Salle Street, Chicago, 60601. Tel.: 332-1916.
Detroit: 163 Madison Avenue, Detroit 48226. Tel.: 965-3353.
Los Angeles: 434 So. San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 90048. Olympia 2-2100.
San Francisco: 948 Market Street, San Francisco 94104. SU 1-2744.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication – by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day – no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas – from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School – founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you send an assignment to the School, one of our instructors—themselves all professional writers or editors—spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. And he returns it with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Your course begins with the fundamentals upon which every writing career must be built. Then you get concentrated training in writing articles and other non-fiction. (If you prefer, you may specialize in Fiction, Advertising or Business Writing.)

Students breaking into print

Our students, including many still in training, have sold their work to over 100 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, Redbook, Popular Science.*

Dr. B. H. Roisum of Madison, Wisc., writes, "I sold three articles to the *Ladies' Home Journal* for $3,500." Eileen Thompson Panowski, a Los Alamos, N. M., mother of four, is about to have her fourth book published by Abelard-Schuman. The *Reader's Digest* bought Marjory Ward's article for $1,500.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

J. D. Ratcliff and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, plus a 48-page brochure about the School. When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of the instructional staff. If you do well on the Test – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training by the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

*11,000 newspapers and Sunday supplements also pay well for fresh material.

"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week.*

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6839, Westport Connecticut 06881

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and 48-page brochure.

Mr.
Mrs.....Age...
Miss [Circle one and please print]

Street.....

City.....

State.....Zip Code.....
[if known]

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yoshiko

There is an old Japanese saying, "*Sake* is best when served by an attractive young lady." Discover this when Yoshiko Usui, your kimono-clad hostess on Japan Air Lines, serves *sake*, or your favorite refreshment... pampers you with the courtesies of Japan ...makes you at home in classic surroundings aboard your Jet Courier.

Join Yoshiko, and her sister hostesses, on your next flight to Japan, the Orient, or on to Europe. Choose from 17 flights a week via Hawaii, where you can stop over for a sunny vacation. It's another exciting "extra" at no extra fare on Japan Air Lines —*the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.*

JAL

JAPAN AIR LINES

Choose from 17 weekly DC-8 flights to Tokyo via Hawaii from Los Angeles or San Francisco. See your travel agent for reservations.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Thought & Action

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have seldom read an article whose tone was so profoundly offensive as Henry Fairlie's on "Johnson and the Intellectuals" [Oct. '65]. With a few of his minor points I have no quarrel: I quite agree with him that intellectuals should try to make clear when they are performing in their literary or scholarly or artistic roles and when they are expressing their opinion as citizens; I also think he is right in maintaining that if an intellectual accepts high public office he thereby takes temporary leave of his privileged status; I will even grant that President Johnson may in a sense be preferable to President Kennedy in that his direct political motivations are less obscured by the appeal of "style." Beyond these small areas of agreement, however, I find almost nothing to be said for Mr. Fairlie's essay. It is badly organized, repetitious, and full of misinformation and logical inconsistencies.

Herewith three of the more important:

1. Mr. Fairlie is described as being at work on a book about American politics. Surely a man who can describe as a "national habit" the "solemn importance which is attached to the intellectual in the public life of this country" is depressingly ignorant of our recent history. The "solemn importance" —if such it be—is a very recent phenomenon indeed. It is certainly less than a decade old: if the intellectuals have seemed to be riding high in the past few years, it is only in contrast to the way they were kicked around during the previous decade (and how they may be manhandled again, if the current wave of know-nothing nationalism continues to gather momentum).

2. It is a staggering (and tasteless) exaggeration to say that the American intellectuals were "raped" by Kennedy. Some served him; most supported him to one degree or another; on occasion, a number opposed him vigorously. It was not so much his "style" that endeared him to them; it was rather the promise he held out of a new reasonableness and humanity in domestic and foreign policy. At his death most of this remained promise rather than performance. And when Johnson began to make it a reality—at least on the domestic front—the intellectuals quite understandably rallied to him. There was nothing surprising about the fact that on his arrival in our country last March, Mr. Fairlie should have found relations between the two "becoming strained." The previous month, the President had begun the bombing of North Vietnam; the month following, he intervened in the Dominican Republic. It was quite simply his *actions*—rather than the lack of *panache* with which he performed them—that lost him his intellectual following.

3. The most outrageous, however, of Mr. Fairlie's assertions is the charge that in the campaign of 1964 the intellectuals "deliberately undermined" the Republican party by a "campaign of frivolous irresponsibility." Far from helping to "whip up" a "stampede," most intellectuals remained commendably rational about the whole thing. While they saw Johnson's faults quite clearly, they found him infinitely preferable to his opponent. In this they behaved no differently from any normal, well-informed, liberal-minded citizen. The intellectuals did not destroy the American two-party system—all else aside, they were not nearly potent enough for that (I am reminded of the sudden flush of pride to which I succumbed when a few years back I read some right-wing publicist's lament that people like myself had broken Joe McCarthy's "great heart"). The explanation of what happened last year to the opposition party is much simpler and scarcely ranks as arcane knowledge: the Republicans simply committed suicide by nominating an impossible candidate.

So much for setting the record straight. Above and beyond these points of bare fact, what is so disheartening about Mr. Fairlie's essay is the view of public life it presents. It parades a callow cynicism that may be understandable in schoolboys trying to prove their manhood, but is unbecoming in a grown-up. Surely Mr. Fairlie knows that there is more to politics than the "bribery" of "self-interested blocs." To cite only the English statesmen he mentions—Churchill, Attlee, Macmillan, Wilson—all of them have been no strangers to

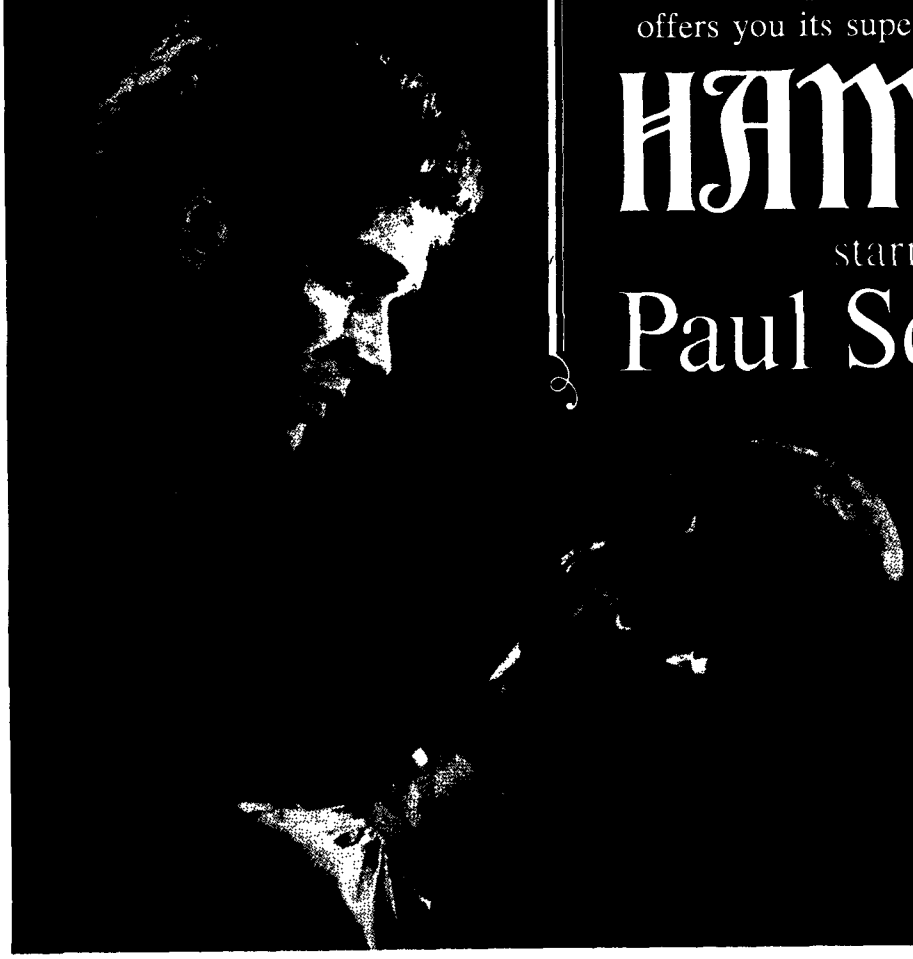
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shakespeare Recording Society
offers you its superb production of

HAMLET

starring

Paul Scofield



Recorded in its entirety on four 12-inch longplaying records. Beautifully boxed set includes program notes and play text in a separate volume.

for only **$1.95** catalogue price: $23.80

with trial membership in The Shakespeare Recording Society

YOU are invited to enjoy the supreme performance of HAMLET for our time. Paul Scofield, in the most important role of his distinguished career, conveys all of the passion, sensitivity, and intelligence which Shakespeare wrote into the lines. His HAMLET is a man of trenchant wit, of infinite subtlety, of eloquence and grandeur. Enriched by the performances of a superb supporting cast, his portrayal brilliantly reveals the profound human truths of Shakespeare's greatest drama.

This historic production, complete on four longplaying records, is offered to you for only $1.95 (catalogue price: $23.80) to introduce a new dimension in the enjoyment of the world's most celebrated plays.

The Shakespeare Recording Society

The Society is producing on records all of the plays of William Shakespeare—not excerpts or "modern" abridgements, but *full-length, full-scale* dramatic productions that bring into your home all of the fresh and vital spirit of the plays as they were meant to be performed.

Listening to these recordings is an unforgettable experience. Here, through the ear and the "mind's eye," you feel a sense of excitement and an immediacy rarely possible even at good stage presentations. You follow all the whispered plottings, the outrageous puns, the softly-uttered soliloquies...hear the ringing trumpets, the clash of swords in battle...find your imagination sweeping you into the teeming, colorful world of Shakespeare's characters.

Each album features a "dream" cast

To help realize this ambitious project, a most unusual repertory company has been formed. Participating players include *Sir John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Richard Burton, Jessica Tandy, Siobhan McKenna, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway, Dame Edith Evans, Sir Ralph Richardson,* and other performers of equal renown.

An ideal introduction for young people

For families with school-age children, there is no better introduction to Shakespeare's genius. Here, brought vividly to life, are the towering tragic figures, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth, ...Othello* and *King Lear*...the delightful romantic characters, *Beatrice* and *Benedick...Viola...Petruchio* and his *Kate*. To hear their famous lines interpreted with wit, warmth, and understanding gives young people the opportunity to enjoy fully our richest literary heritage.

As a member of the Society, you are offered each full-length production *at a substantial saving*. Although these albums cost non-members far more, you pay only $8.90 and $12.90 for two-record and three-record boxed sets. *Stereo and monaural versions are available at the same low price.* Each album comes complete with fascinating program notes, and the text of the play beautifully printed in a separate volume.

You choose only the plays you want

Your only obligation is to purchase as few as four albums *over the next two years*—taking your choice from either forthcoming selections or from the Society's extensive library of recorded Shakespeare works.

Under the Society's liberal bonus policy, you receive a noted Caedmon spoken-word recording (catalogue price: $5.95 or more) as a free gift with every second album you accept. Thus, you can build a superb record library of poetry and literature *at no additional cost.*

Accept a limited trial membership now

Simply mail the coupon at the right. We will enroll you as a trial member, and ship you the Society's magnificent four-record production of *Hamlet* for only $1.95, plus shipping. If you are not thrilled with this introductory album, you may return it within 10 days, cancel your membership, and owe nothing. The Shakespeare Recording Society, 461 Eighth Ave., N.Y. 10001.

The Shakespeare Recording Society
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

Please enter my trial membership and send me the Society's full-length production of *Hamlet* as my introductory album. You will bill me only $1.95, plus a small shipping charge. If not thrilled with this album, I may return it within 10 days, cancel my membership, and owe nothing.

As a member, I will be notified in advance of all new releases, and may also choose from a wide range of albums already issued. My only obligation is to take four albums *of my choice* over the next two years. I will pay the special members' price of only $8.90 for two-record albums and $12.90 for three-record albums (same low price for monaural and stereo). With every second album I purchase, I will receive a valuable Caedmon spoken-word recording FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... **Zone or Zip No.** .....

Until further notice, please send my records in:
☐ Monaural (play on any 33⅓ rpm phonograph)
☐ Stereo (play only on stereophonic equipment)

NOTE: Canada included in this membership invitation.

CM-1-66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cave and the Mountain

A STUDY OF E. M. FORSTER

Wilfred Stone

This provocative and original study ("The most important to appear on E. M. Forster since Lionel Trilling acclaimed him as a major novelist twenty years ago."—*Noel Annan*) is in two parts: the first sets forth Forster's cultural, historical, intellectual, and personal background; the second examines his writings in detail, with emphasis upon the novels. The book is illustrated with thirty-two pages of photographs, many never before published, including pictures of the places from which Forster derived the important symbols of the major novels. $8.95

Kafū the Scribbler

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NAGAI KAFŪ (1879–1959). *Edward Seidensticker*. The first full-length study of a modern Japanese writer to appear in English. Includes several translations. Illustrated. $8.50

Shakespeare: The Last Phase

Derek Traversi. A reissue. "An interesting and absorbing study of *Pericles, The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline,* and *The Tempest* . . . Skillfully and thoroughly done."—*Theatre Arts*. $6.00

At your bookstore

Stanford University Press

A STATEMENT OF AIMS

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, *the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture.*

The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY'S *contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of* COMMENTARY *by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.*

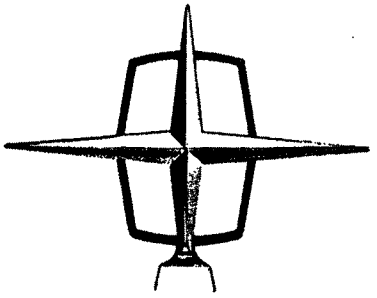
AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE
MORRIS B. ABRAM, *President*

THE COMMENTARY PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

RALPH E. SAMUEL, *Chairman*

ELI M. BLACK
CHARLES D. BREITEL
MAXWELL DANE
HARRY ELSON
RICHARD C. ERNST
MAURICE GLINERT
SYDNEY M. KAYE
LEWIS J. LAVENTHOL
HAROLD MANHEIM
ARTHUR L. MAYER
FREDERICK P. ROSE
DAVID SHER
ROGER SONNABEND
HARRY STEINER
ALAN M. STROOCK
LAURENCE A. TISCH
BEN TOUSTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lincoln Continental
reflects your way of life.

Shown above, the Continental coupé, broadening your invitation to ownership. Also available, the sedan and America's only four-door convertible. For 1966, a new 462 cu. in. engine and a completely new transmission. New luxury options include automatic temperature control system, stereo tape/AM radio, and many others.

Lincoln Continental distinguishes you among fine car owners. It is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. As an expression of individuality, good taste, accomplishment. As the reflection of a way of life. Come take a closer look: drive it, experience it, and discover for yourself how close you may be to owning a Continental.

LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE THE GROWTH IS

4.85%

CURRENT ANNUAL RATE, COMPOUNDED DAILY, WHEN MAINTAINED FOR A YEAR EARNS 4.97%

Get this high rate from the *oldest* savings-and-loan association in Los Angeles—where an interest payment has never been missed in over 78 years of growth!

Mail your check with this coupon. Funds postmarked by the 10th earn from the 1st.

Air Mail Postage Paid Both Ways

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Q-1-66 9250 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Main Office: 5th and Olive, Los Angeles

Safe since 1887

ideal motives. Every statesman worthy of the name has known an agony of choice that is ultimately moral in nature. And the same is true of writers and professors.

It is here that Mr. Fairlie misses the real point. At the end of his essay he tells the American intellectuals to go and tend their own gardens. But what if politics and international affairs are not their professional "field"? What are they to do then? Are they to remain silent? That is what most German professors did in 1933 (and what their French counterparts refused to do during the Algerian war). Unfortunately, it is the course most American intellectuals followed under the threat of McCarthyism. We shall not make that mistake again.

H. STUART HUGHES
Department of History
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have always found the inverted pontificating of Henry Fairlie distasteful, but never before so preposterous as in his article in your October issue. He roundly asserts that the intellectual, his undefined bogeyman, should keep out of politics altogether unless he quietly merges into the establishment. Politics is reserved for the politician *as such*, the expert who knows the facts and understands the mores of governing. Does Mr. Fairlie then think that political decisions are made solely or mainly in the light of the facts? Doesn't he know that prestige and prepossessions, pride and pressures, and the impulses of power weigh heavily in the political balance? The errors and follies of power are the commonplaces of history. So you mustn't protest, because you're an outsider, perhaps an intellectual *as such*. On such terms we would have no more protests by the sufferers from certain policies, no more revolts of the oppressed. On such terms, indeed, there would never have been an American Republic. (Besides, some of the leaders of that republic were actually intellectuals.)

I happen to have high respect for much that President Johnson has accomplished. Must I then be silent or perhaps agree with his intervention in Santo Domingo, because I am not a politician *as such*?

ROBERT M. MACIVER
Chancellor
New School for Social Research
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Fairlie believes that intellectuals and politicians are two different breeds, who have difficulty understanding each other. Fine. But he leans so far over to make the point (one that was made quite well by Plato 2,400 years ago) that he falls on his ear and looks ridiculous.

So intellectuals must realize, must they, that "At *all* times, and *no matter who* exercises it, power is ugly and brutalizing. . . . Power is safe *only* if it is exercised without enchantment, *without claim to reason*, and without pretense to virtue." (Italics mine.) I suppose Moses, Jesus, Joan of Arc, Harry Truman, Pope John XXIII, and our high-school student-body president were all turned into ugly brutes by the power they exercised. I suppose a politician who gives a reason, any reason, to vote for him has betrayed his profession. When Mr. Fairlie flips off such absurd generalizations is he acting the part of the dizzy intellectual, thrashing about outside his academic specialty, or is he only being an unrefined politician, using words merely for their polemical effect?

That Mr. Fairlie does not really mean what he says about the irrelevance of reasoned criticism to political policies is revealed by two curious assertions at the end of the article. First he pokes fun at the intellectual's concern for "the 'real' national interest" (in quotation marks), a concern no sensible politician would dare harbor; yet further on, it turns out that Churchill's pragmatic resistance to Hitler did, in fact, serve "Britain's real national interests" (no quotation marks this time!). And, secondly, Mr. Fairlie somehow manages to blame American intellectuals for the lopsided Johnson victory and the consequent foundering of the Republican party. Did intellectuals have some special obligation to vote for Goldwater in order to prevent our present "distortion of the political process"? And how does Mr. Fairlie, as an intellectual, *know* it's a distortion? Has *raison d'état* whispered into his ear a brutalizing word?

LEE C. MCDONALD
Department of Government
Pomona College
Claremont, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Fairlie's plea for "untarnished" intellectual activity sounds like the dying gasps of those seem-

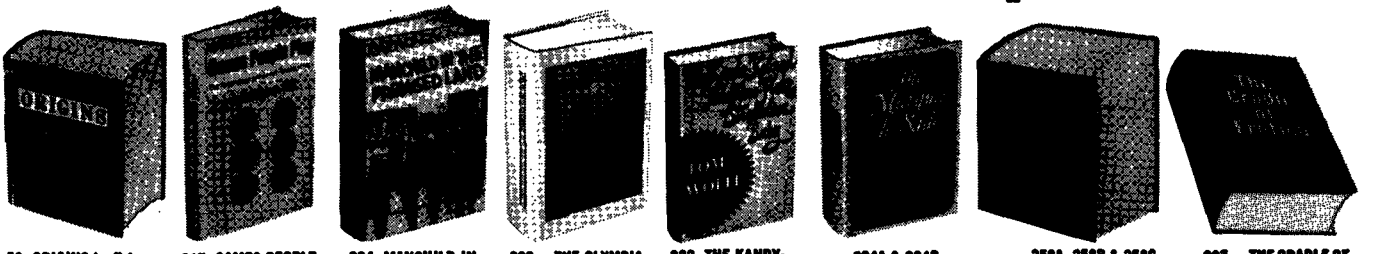
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mid-Century Book Society invites you to take

ANY 5 FREE

WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION . . . AND PICK YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW FROM ANY BOOK OR SET BELOW AT REDUCED MEMBER'S PRICE SHOWN!

Choose from giant encyclopedias, reference volumes, bestsellers or multi-volume sets worth up to $75.00



53. ORIGINS by Eric Partridge. Word derivations, meanings. 50,000 entries. 1 million words. Ret. price $18.00 Member's price $7.95

317. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY by Eric Berne, M.D. Startling psychological insights, behavior patterns. Price $5.00

334. MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND by Claude Brown. Harlem by one who lived it. Ret. price $5.95 Member's price $4.95

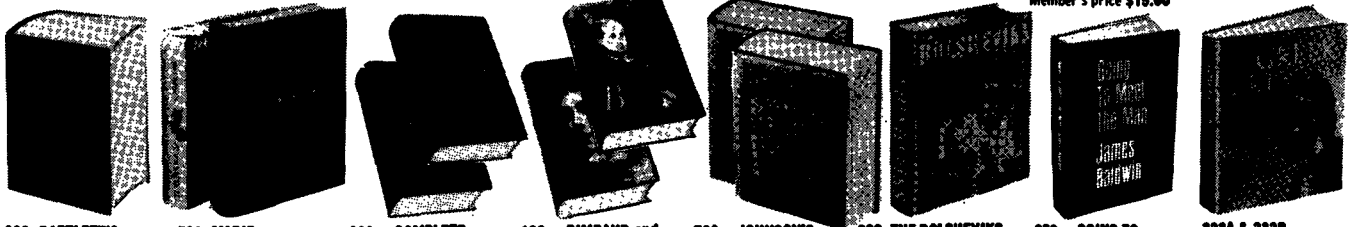
369. THE OLYMPIA READER. Over 700-pg. feast! Illus. Miller, Girodias, others. Ret. price $12.50 Member's price $7.95

322. THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY by Tom Wolfe. Views on art, manners, fads. Price $5.50

324A & 324B. THE WORKS OF MARQUIS DE SADE. 2 books in one. Ret. price $15.00 ** Member's price $9.95

258A, 258B & 258C. MACMILLAN BOOK OF PROVERBS, MAXIMS, & FAMOUS PHRASES. Nearly 3,000 pgs. Ret. price $25.00 *** Member's price $15.00

207. THE CRADLE OF EROTICA. Allen Edwardes & R. E. L. Masters. Sex in the Levant. Ret. price $9.50 Member's price $6.95



268. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. Latest edition. 113,000 entries. Ret. price $10.00 Member's price $7.95

708. MARIE BEGINNING by Alfred Grossman. **NEGATIVES** By Peter Everett. Comb. Ret. price $9.45 * Member's price $6.15

269. COMPLETE TALES OF HENRY JAMES. Vols. 7 & 8. 932 pages. Ret. price $11.90 * Member's price $7.35

138. RIMBAUD and BAUDELAIRE. Enid Starkie. Two biographical volumes. Combined ret. price $20.00 * Member's price $9.95

709. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, a modern selection, and **A JOHNSON READER.** Ret. price $13.00 * Member's price $9.95

329. THE BOLSHEVIKS by Adam Ulam. Dramatic history of Russian Revolution. Ret. price $9.95 Member's price $6.50

373. GOING TO MEET THE MAN, James Baldwin. Jolting short fiction from Left Bank to Village. Price $4.95

333A & 333B. MASTERPIECES OF GREEK ART. 112 6-color plates. Ret. price $13.50 * * Member's price $9.95

32 MORE BOOKS AND SETS TO CHOOSE FROM

281. Schumach, THE FACE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR. Illustrations show censored scenes. Ret. price $6.95 Member's price $5.50

280. THE SWORD-BEARERS. Military History of WWI—Petain, Ludendorf, etc. Ret. price $7.50 Member's price $5.95

276. MUSSOLINI: A Study in Power by Ivone Kirkpatrick. 32 pages of photographs. Ret. price $10.00 Member's price $6.85

283. MACMILLAN MEDICAL CYCLOPEDIA. Invaluable home reference work. Ret. price $7.95 Member's price $6.25

149. A WORLD ON THE WANE by Claude Levi-Strauss. Anthropology in jungle lands. Ret. price $12.50 Member's price $6.95

365. HE WHO FLEES THE LION, J. Klein-Haparash. Nazis, Reds, Europe in 30's. Ret. price $7.95 Member's price $5.75

364. THE HOMOSEXUAL & HIS SOCIETY: A view from within by D. Cory & J. Leroy. Ret. price $5.95 Member's price $4.95

362. THE MINISTER & THE CHOIR SINGER. Wm. Kunstler. Details Hails-Mills case. Ret. price $5.95 Member's price $4.95

287. LSD: THE CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING DRUG. David Solomon. All the pro's & con's. Ret. price $5.95 Member's price $4.95

279. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF GAMES by Darwin A. Hindman. Authentic rules for all games. Ret. price $6.95 Member's price $5.75

306. TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS. The Story of Egyptology by Barbara Mertz; 70 photos. Ret. price $6.95 Member's price $4.98

291. NEW DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. Songs, singers, musicians. Remarkably complete. Ret. price $6.75 Member's price $5.50

253. THE DEMONS by Heimito von Doderer. 2 vol. novel of death, politics in Vienna. Ret. price $13.50 * Member's price $7.95

277. THE ART OF EATING by M.F.K. Fisher. A gastronomic classic. Recipes & reflections. Ret. price $7.50 Member's price $5.95

261. A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE. Eric Partridge Ret. price $7.95 Member's price $6.25

289. CONTEMPORARY QUOTATIONS. Nearly 3,000 quotes by 1,300 world figures. Ret. price $6.95 Member's price $5.50

286. AN AMERICAN DREAM by Norman Mailer. Wild, nightmarish, uproariously funny—damned and acclaimed. Price $4.95

366. A FAULKNER GLOSSARY. Guide to all titles, characters, places, etc. Ret. price $5.95 Member's price $4.95

363. MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS MYTH: The Fallacy of Race by Ashley Montagu. Ret. price $7.50 Member's price $5.50

374. EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE COMEDY, Elliott Nugent. Searing memoir of a breakdown. Price $4.95

368. AMERICA AS A MASS SOCIETY. Edited by Philip Olson. 576 pgs. Ret. price $7.95 Member's price $5.75

711. NOVA EXPRESS by W. S. Burroughs & **SYMBOLIC LEADERS** by Klapp. Comb. Ret. price $10.95 * Member's price $8.95

274. THE DEPUTY by Rolf Hochhuth. Pope Pius XII and Europe's Jews in World War II. Ret. price $5.95 Member's price $4.75

270. DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS. The history of medicine. Illustrated. Ret. price $6.00 Member's price $5.35

251. WOMEN. John Philip Lundin. A memoir in the tradition of Frank Harris. Ret. price $6.50 Member's price $5.50

704. THE FAMILY MOSKAT. I. Bashevis Singer. **ANTI-SEMITE & JEW,** J. P. Sartre. Comb. ret. price $9.95 * Member's price $7.50

260. MRS. GRUNDY: Studies in English Prudery. Peter Fryer. Illustrated. Ret. price $6.75 Member's price $5.50

98. PARADE'S END by Ford Madox Ford. 4 great adult novels in one volume. Ret. price $7.50 Member's price $6.50

359. PATHS OF CULTURE. Man's laws, crafts, sex-life, etc. 616 pgs. Illus. Ret. price $10.00 Member's price $6.95

282. THE HUNDRED DAYS. Antony Brett-James. Napoleon's last campaign. Ret. price $6.50 Member's price $5.50

262. THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL and **THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE** by John Cheever. Comb. ret. price $9.90 * Member's price $7.50

705. TERRY SOUTHERN, Flash and Filigree; Pauline Kael. I Lost It At The Movies. Ret. price $11.00 * Member's price $7.50

* Counts as one selection. ** Counts as 2 selections. *** Counts as 3 selections.

Here's proof that The Mid-Century Book Society offers you bigger discounts, more bonus books, greater savings.

Take any five reference works, bestsellers and multi-volume sets—retail value up to $75.00—FREE! Then select any other book or set on this page as your first selection at the reduced member's price — even if the retail price is $25.00!

We make this dramatic offer to introduce you to the benefits of The Mid-Century Book Society. For example:

- Mid-Century consistently gives you discounts of 20%, 33⅓%, 40% and more.
- Only Mid-Century gives you Bonus Book Vouchers worth FOUR DOLLARS with every book you buy (starting with the first). This brings your combined savings up to 80%.
- Mid-Century offers you so many books of lasting merit — including valuable reference works and matching multi-volume sets as regular selections and alternates.

As a member you are offered major works of fiction and non-fiction by the "great names" and by burning new talents; thought-provoking (often controversial) bestsellers that the judges of "big book clubs" wish they could select for their mass market.

Right now, pick your 5 FREE introductory books or sets. Write their numbers on the coupon and begin to enjoy the benefits of trial membership in The Mid-Century Book Society.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Mid-Century Book Society
400 Community Drive, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

Write the numbers of your 5 FREE books or sets in the 5 boxes above.

[ ] Write the number of your first selection in box at left. You will be billed at the reduced member's price shown.

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

C-23

Benefits of Membership

1. Each month you will receive The Mid-Century Review which describes the current monthly selection and alternates, plus a wide variety of fiction and non-fiction books and sets.
2. You can let the current selection come, choose from alternates, or accept no book that month.
3. As a member, you need accept as few as three additional selections or alternates in the coming year.
4. FREE BONUS BOOK VOUCHERS — WORTH $4.00 EACH — GIVEN AT ONCE. For every selection or alternate you buy, you receive FREE a Bonus Book Voucher which you may exchange (together with a nominal sum — as low as $1) for any Bonus Book or multi-volume reference set of your choice.

NO RISK: If not perfectly delighted with your book shipment, return it within 10 days and your membership and all charges will be canceled immediately. Offer not good outside Continental U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outstanding from McGraw-Hill

STEPHEN POTTER,
the lifemanship and gamesmanship man, presents hilarious gambits for non-lovers in this first do-it-yourself intelligence service for use in the war between the sexes. Illustrated, $3.95
Anti-Woo

WALTER SULLIVAN,
Science Editor of the N. Y. Times, and winner of the ECON Prize, 1965, fills in the background of Gemini 5 and Mercury 4 in telling about the search for intelligent life on other worlds in this "enthralling" (Gerard Piel) bestseller. 4th printing. Illustrated, $6.95
We Are Not Alone

RICHARD ARMOUR,
America's madcap-and-gown satirist and author of 29 books, hilariously explodes the fables and foibles of American higher education in his latest egghead parody. Illustrated, $3.95
Going Around in Academic Circles

HEINRICH BOLL.
"Two brilliant novellas" (N. Y. Times) by "the first important writer to emerge from the smoldering ruins of Hitler's Reich." (Saturday Review) $3.95
Absent without Leave

DYLAN THOMAS.
This uncompleted masterpiece by the great poet is his scenario—filled with beautiful lyrics—of what was to be the first original film operetta. A collector's item published for the first time in a special decorated edition. $5.00
Me and My Bike

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL

ingly high-minded German intellectuals of the early 20th century who in making a radical separation between *Vernunft* and *Macht* (reason and power) abandoned the political stage to unreason. Mr. Fairlie's assumption of the total exclusiveness of intellectual and political pursuits is, in fact, a dangerous self-fulfilling prophecy. One need not argue that politics can be made moral and rational to hold that at certain times it is imperative for those who consider moral and rational ends to speak out against the excesses of unreason.

Mr. Fairlie argues that intellectuals are spoiled by power and begins his article by saying that he will speak of those who are critical of President Johnson. Then, however, he cleverly switches his ground, and in giving examples of "impaired" intellects, speaks not of intellectual critics but of establishment figures like Sorensen, Schlesinger, White, and Bundy. He then argues that intellectuals should not take a stand on issues outside of their field. But what of the specialist on Southeast Asia? Why is he not qualified to attack American policy on Vietnam? Mr. Fairlie says of Hans Morgenthau that his judgments are based on vast "frameworks of historical prediction." But has it occurred to him that President Johnson's belief in the incontrovertibility of the domino theory is also based on the vaguest kind of historical prediction? . . . It is impossible for the intellectual to be unpolitical in our age. For as Albert Camus has pointed out, to desist from criticism is tacitly (and effectively) to support the political status quo. . . .

MYRA and EUGENE LUNN
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Three cheers for Henry Fairlie's brilliant exposé of the defection of the intellectuals. . . . Overexposure to the strong light of politics seems to have addled their wits. . . .

I recall hearing one of those typical academic pontificators last summer—he was about 32, and a professor at an Eastern university—remonstrating vociferously against President Johnson and the war in Vietnam. Later on, he was sent to Vietnam on a fact-finding mission; while there, he was interviewed on television and appeared visibly shaken as he admitted that he had been forced to change his mind and support the President but—and he asserted this in all sobriety—his analysis of the existing military situation precluded military victory for the U.S. . . .

It is truly . . . pathetic, but I suppose necessary, for intellectuals of Hans Morgenthau's stripe to have been publicly demolished, as Morgenthau was by McGeorge Bundy. But perhaps it will have served some useful purpose.

Although we will never know, it seems clear that had President Kennedy been able to sign into law only a fraction of the domestic policies President Johnson has "brought home," he would have been worshipped as a Messiah by the prostrate intellectuals. . . .

MELVIN A. BENARDE
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While a good deal of what Mr. Fairlie says is very much to the point, like his observations on the intellectuals' bedazzlement by Kennedy's style and its consequences, he is not so acute in other areas.

At the end of his article, for example, he concludes that "the intellectual cannot engage in current political discussion and hope, at the same time, to think deeply or precisely." This . . . follows . . . from his comparison of the respective performances of Mr. Bundy and Professor Morgenthau on the CBS teach-in, to the latter's presumed detriment. In Mr. Fairlie's view, Mr. Bundy, having left the groves of academe, is now "cool," able to look at matters with the proper short-run attitude, and as long as this style is maintained long-run considerations don't matter much. . . . If this is so, and it seems presented in fairly iron-clad terms, . . . any "intellectual" contributions (i.e. criticisms) of immediate affairs, particularly in foreign policy, are *ipso facto* useless. In fact, however, if Mr. Fairlie will read Professor Morgenthau's recent analysis of the Vietnam mess in the *New York Review of Books* he will find it as stylish and persuasive a discussion as is available. If Professor Morgenthau's, and similar views, are informed by a genuine passion and concern about the matter, I do not see that such supposed lack of "style" is a fault. Bismarck, for instance, was a master of short-run, cool-headed opportunism; the long-range consequences of this ought to be apparent. Moreover, having discredited,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO SAYS ALL RECORD CLUBS ARE ALIKE?

NOW COMPARE THE "BIG 4" RECORD CLUBS

Record Club of America gives you All Labels... at 33⅓% savings... and often up to 60%... AND DOESN'T FORCE YOU TO BUY EVEN A SINGLE RECORD

	CLUB A (As Advertised in THIS WEEK Mag. August 8, 1965)	CLUB B (As Advertised in PLAYBOY August 1965)	CLUB C (As Advertised in McCALL'S July 1965)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP, on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, VOX, VERVE, DECCA, LONDON, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY?	5	6	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discounts are never less than 33⅓% — and are often as high as 60% — on every record you buy! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them!
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 WEEKS	5 to 6 WEEKS	5 to 6 WEEKS	NO LONG WAITS! YOUR ORDER PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED!

If Record Club of America is that good — where's the catch? There is no catch! Here is truly one Record Club with no restrictions

- ★ Choose any LP . . . on any label! No exceptions!
- ★ No "quotas" to buy! Take 0 records — or 100!
- ★ SAVE — never less than 33⅓% off list . . . often up to 60%!
- ★ All orders processed same day received — no long waits!
- ★ Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh — and guaranteed fully returnable!

TYPICAL "DOUBLE DISCOUNT" SALE (Mono & Stereo)

LIST PRICE	CLUB PRICE
$3.79 RCA VICTOR, CAPITOL, COLUMBIA BESTSELLERS	$1.99
$4.79 & $5.79 VOX, RCA VICTOR, EVEREST, WESTMINSTER CLASSICAL ALBUMS	$1.77
$4.79 & $5.79 AUDIO FIDELITY, COMMAND ALBUMS	$1.99

Plus these famous label bargains: Angel, Decca, Verve, Mercury, London, Epic, Liberty, Kapp, Vanguard, Deutsche Grammophon, Folkways, Caedmon, Haydn Society, Blue Note, MGM, Atlantic — hundreds more!

FREE! 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your albums from!

GIANT CATALOG lists all records of all manufacturers. Over 300 labels—CAPITOL, DECCA, RCA VICTOR, COLUMBIA, ANGEL, LONDON, ATLANTIC, etc. More than 30,000 albums — Classical, Popular, Opera, Folk, Jazz, Country & Western, Rock-'n-Roll, Show Tunes, Old Favorites, Drama, Dance, Poetry, Night Club Comedy and Party Fun!

AT LAST! A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way YOU want it — a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels — usually their own labels! They make you buy 5, 6, or more records a year (at full price!) to fulfill your "obligation". And, if you forget to return their monthly card — they send you a record you don't want, and a bill for $5.00 or $6.00!

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

Now you can choose any LP . . . on any label. Take as many, or as few, or no records at all if you so decide. And you get discounts of at least 33⅓% — and often up to 60% — on every album! That means you buy all $3.79 LP's at $2.39; $4.79 LP's at $2.99; and $5.79 LP's at just $3.69. To join mail coupon with check or money order for $5. (You can liquidate this sum at once with savings made on your first few purchases!) This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in Record Club of America — and you never pay another club fee!

Look What You Get Immediately by Return Mail

(1) LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, which guarantees you LP albums at dealer cost . . . guarantees you discounts of at least 33⅓% — and as high as 60% — on every record you buy!

(2) FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your records from. The Schwann Catalog is an independent publication listing all LP's available. Over 300 different labels, over 30,000 albums.

(3) DISC®, the Club's FREE monthly magazine, regularly supplements Schwann's listings, keeps you informed of extra "double-discount" specials.

(4) Your order PROCESSED SAME DAY, we get it! No long waits. No monthly cards to return, so you are never shipped unordered records. Every record GUARANTEED brand new, first quality, factory fresh! You must be completely satisfied — or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't convinced our discounts are as big as we say (check us to the penny on this!) . . . that our range of selections is the biggest anywhere (over 30,000 albums every month!) . . . or even if you've simply changed your mind—return all items within 10 days and your membership fee will be refunded promptly and in full!

Over 250,000 music lovers—plus leading schools, libraries and other budget-wise institutions—now save money this sensible way through the only record club with no strings attached! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405.

©1966 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.

952-B

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
1285 East Princess Street,
York, Pennsylvania 17405

Yes! Send FREE Schwann Catalog, DISC®, and LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD. Enclosed is $5, which entitles me to buy any LP in the Schwann Catalog or DISC® at discounts of at least 33⅓% and as high as 60%, plus a small postage and handling charge. I may take as many or as few, or no records at all. No yearly "quota". I may, for any reason, return items within 10 days for full refund of membership fee!

☐ Yes! I enclose $_____ for _____ GIFT MEMBERSHIPS at $2.50 each. Send to names and addresses on attached sheet. If I join alone I pay $5. If I join with one friend and split the total, the cost is only $3.75 each; with two friends, $3.33 each; with 3 friends, $3.13 each; with four friends, only $3.00 each.

Print
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Over 250,000 enthusiastic members including schools, libraries and other institutions.

ALL ORDERS PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED. ALBUMS COME TO YOU FACTORY FRESH. YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR ALL ALBUMS FULLY RETURNABLE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or rather dismissed, the "intellectuals'" role (what this term means is never really indicated) in immediate affairs of state, why then bother to add, as Mr. Fairlie does, that "he [the intellectual] should . . . inquire into the long-term meaning of America's huge power . . ." and so forth? There seems at least some sort of unresolved contradiction here.

No one pretends that President Johnson has an easy task in Southeast Asia—or elsewhere. No doubt he "inherited" the mess; de Gaulle inherited Algeria, too. The point is that until students, intellectuals, etc., made clear their disagreement with the administration on Vietnam, Johnson and his advisers were well on the way to labelling the isolated protests as implicit treason, and I don't think I am exaggerating. The conduct of some of our own forces there hardly gives all of us comfort, either. . . .

PAUL J. HAUBEN
Department of History
Michigan State University
Lansing, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Had he not said he was an Englishman, one might suspect Mr. Henry Fairlie of being a Martian. Despite its elegance and wit, his analysis of the political process manages to be both rigid and nihilistic, all in the guise of realism, in that curious combination sometimes found in the texture of totalitarian thought.

Surely American intellectuals were right in supporting Johnson when it appeared possible that control of the world's greatest power might be taken over by a lunatic fringe. And to speak of Johnson's domestic program as a "bribe" to the liberals is rather like the Communist labeling of Roosevelt's New Deal as a bribe to the workers. American liberals are right in supporting, in the main, Johnson's domestic policies, and they are right in criticizing portions of his foreign policy. They are not thereby rendered impotent; one suspects that their cries are having an effect on American foreign policy. It is doubtful, for example, that Johnson, in any new crisis of the Dominican type, would again shoot from the hip. Essentially, Mr. Fairlie is attacking American liberals because they *are* liberals and not alienated radicals, because they are sufficiently mature politically to enter the political process rather than snarl at it from without.

Certainly, it is the intellectual who should be concerned with national aims and who should urge them upon governments. Great and long-term aims may turn out to be at least partly foolhardy and subject to surprising change, but they are rather preferable to no aims at all. To see the political decision-making process as Mr. Fairlie does—as a mindless series of day-to-day responses—can only result in well-meaning governments' finding themselves one day, after a chain of such small responses, in the midst of a holocaust, without ever knowing how it happened.

If they will avoid arrogance, intellectuals can help inject expertise and morality into government. Mr. Fairlie's program for American intellectuals—that they sulk in their tents and/or indiscriminately seek allies in unprincipled absolute opposition to Johnson—is not expert and it is not moral.

MAURICE L. FARBER
Department of Psychology
The University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have read with some displeasure Mr. Fairlie's recent essay enjoining intellectuals to return to their towers and leave practical politics to the practicing politician. It is not clear what role if any the author allows to intellectuals in the political life of the nation; but it is clear that unlike others, intellectuals suffer from a number of uncommon disabilities which serve only to corrupt the fair game of politics: vanity, an overheated imagination, an obsessive fastidiousness, an overwhelming interest in style as opposed to substance, perverse aestheticism, an affinity for sweeping theories of historical determinism, and so on. I find this indictment of the intellectuals (who, I suppose, are considered as a homogeneous class) extraordinary, as I do Mr. Fairlie's view of the inviolability of day-to-day politics. It is my conviction that this kind of pseudo-realism in politics can only perpetuate a grand error, the separation of *homo politicus* from *homo rationalis* and the divorce of the latter from the community or *polis* which nurtures him and to which he must contribute. Here Mr. Fairlie seems to have fallen for a stereotype of the intellectual, as he has of politics, where ideas are only ideologies or instruments of power, and where the rightness of actions is narrowly defined in terms of their efficacy in

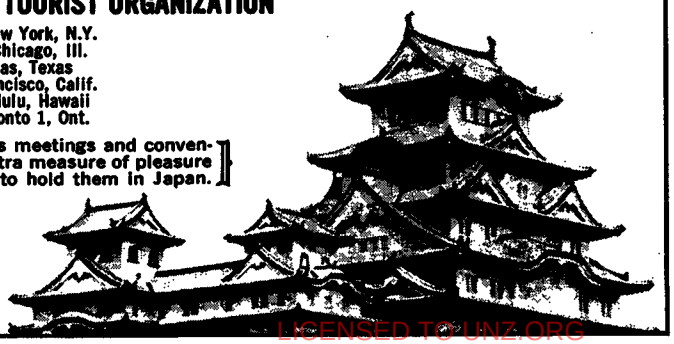
JAPAN
MAGIC CRESCENT OF ISLANDS

Once touched by the magic of Japan . . . you'll return again and again to vacation in this enchanted land . . . to explore its exotic past . . . enjoy the exciting present.

Here you'll discover delightful contrasts . . . serene gardens and ancient shrines, magnificent resorts and modern cities . . . treasures and pleasures that are unequalled anywhere else in the world. And here you'll discover the true meaning of the word hospitality for the Japanese people are gracious hosts who are anxious to make you feel welcome. Why not let your Travel Agent tell you more about Japan or write:

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION
45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.
333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
1420 Commerce St., Dallas, Texas
651 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
109 Kaiulani Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii
165 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ont.

You'll find business meetings and conventions take on an extra measure of pleasure when you arrange to hold them in Japan.



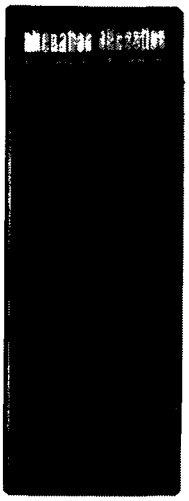
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

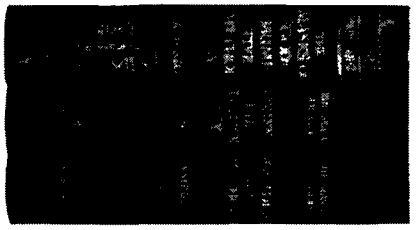
ANY 2

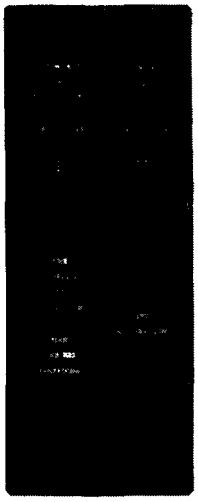
OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS

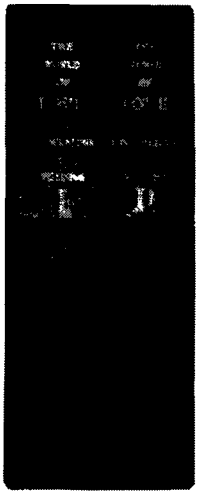
FOR ONLY $4.95

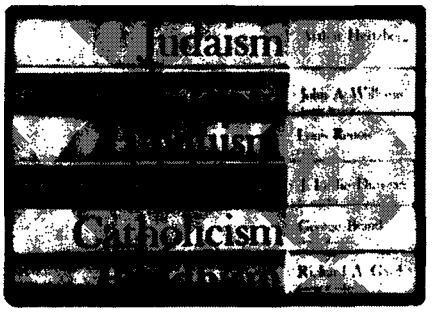
(as many as 10 volumes... combined retail values to $45.45)

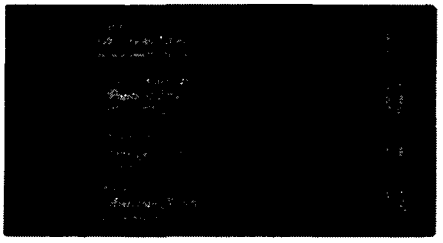


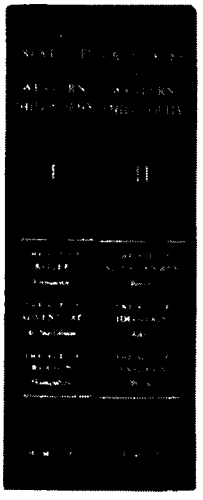


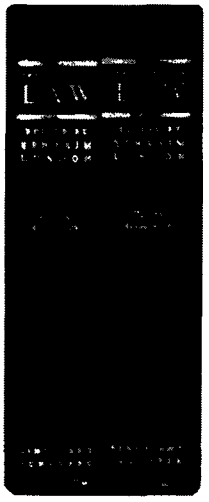












283. GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.

A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths – with extensive selections from their great writings. **Retail $24.00**

305. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior – his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery – this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from world literature contains essential writings by Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than 70 other foremost writers. **Retail $17.50**

323. THE MASKS OF GOD: Primitive, Oriental, and Occidental Mythology
Joseph Campbell

The oldest truths of man's inner life seen in the light of a new science to which psychology, anthropology, and archaeology contribute. **Retail $21.45**

267. THE WORLD OF LAW
edited by Ephraim London

From the writings of judges and lawyers, novelists, playwrights, philosophers and prophets, an exciting library of literature about and in law. Among the 90 authors represented are Douglas, Camus, Hand, Faulkner, Brandeis, Miller, Cervantes, Frankfurter, Gandhi, James, Rabelais, Swift, Shaw, Zola and Holmes. **Retail $17.50**

309. THE AMERICAN IMAGE
edited by Ernest R. May

Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.

A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization – from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin. **Retail $20.00**

332. ALIENATION: The Cultural Climate of Our Time.
edited by Gerald Sykes

Alienated man – his relentless search for personal identity; rarely has the cultural predicament of modern man been depicted so vividly or comprehensively. Ninety-eight selections from literature, philosophy, psychology, religion, drama, sociology, poetry, and personal narrative expose the harrowing reality of alienation as the universal condition of our time. **Retail $15.00**

299. THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

The major writings of the great philosophers through history to today – accompanied by interpretive commentaries to reveal the development of philosophy from St. Augustine to James, Sartre, and Russell. **Retail $15.00**

344. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

More than 80 leading psychoanalysts and creative writers from Freud and Jung to Menninger and Bettelheim, from Dostoevsky and Proust to Updike and Roth explore the heights and depths of the human psyche: its growth and development, its regression and neurosis individually, within the family, and its profound impact on human society. **Retail $15.00**

322. THE WORLD OF LOVE

The full scope and depth of human love – from its experience, meanings, and pathologies to its social and moral aspects – explored in the great writings of over 100 philosophers, psychologists, theologians, anthropologists and novelists – including Menninger, Proust, Freud, Aristotle, Fromm, Adler, Malinowski, Dostoevski, and James. **Retail $17.50**

AN EXCITING OFFER FOR DISCRIMINATING READERS

Ranging from psychology, myth, law and philosophy to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes are indicative of the high quality of selections that are available to members of the Book Find Club. These are books of current interest and lasting value – books that will make precious additions to your home library.

To receive the two sets of your choice for just $4.95, you need only agree to take four more books in the coming year from among the many Selections and Alternates that will be offered to you month by month. In addition to the savings you enjoy on every book offered by the club, you will receive bonus credit for each book or record you purchase after completing the introductory agreement. Whenever you have three such credits, we will mail you a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of your choice from our extensive list of bonus selections.

Each month members have the opportunity to obtain such outstanding books as the following – all selections of the Book Find Club:

The Words, Jean-Paul Sartre; *and* **The Heart of Man,** Erich Fromm. Combined retail price $8.95 Member's price (for both books) $5.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95

The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Retail $5.95.....Member's price $4.50

The Act of Creation, Arthur Koestler Retail $6.95.....Member's price $5.95

The Mother Tongue, Lancelot Hogben Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.95

Take advantage of this unusual opportunity today. Simply fill out and return the coupon to us. You can receive as many as 10 volumes with an immediate savings of up to $40.50.

The Book Find Club, Inc. B-66-1C
One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send the two reference works indicated, by number, in the boxes below, billing me for only $4.95 (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I agree to buy four books in the coming year from among the wide range of Selections and Alternates that will be made available to me at membership savings. I may cancel my membership at any time after buying these four books. If I continue as a member I will earn a bonus credit with each additional purchase, and for every three credits, I will receive a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of my choice from the bonus selection list.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE REFERENCE WORKS CHOSEN [ ] [ ]

MR.
MRS. .....
MISS
ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Same offer and prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

ST-2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promoting the ends of power. That power is a necessary condition of political authority, I do not deny. Nor do I underestimate the danger of introducing rigid moral considerations into the political arena. But just as the philosophy of consensus is not to be identified with a subtler exercise of power, so the term "moral," or "right," is not to be stigmatized as the property of impractical idealists. It seems not to have occurred to Mr. Fairlie that the appeal to utilitarian considerations is an appeal to "moral" principle, too, and that the moralist must weigh the obligatoriness of an act with its proximate and ulterior consequences. The use of stereotypes of this kind does the public a great disservice, for it obfuscates issues which may only be sanely judged when the stereotypes which generate passions have been relinquished.

ROBERT ROSTHAL
Department of Philosophy
The University of North Carolina
Greensboro, North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Fairlie's article is ridiculous—it is cruel to have exposed him to your readers. . . . But you will take the punishment yourselves and I am merely writing to say I love you anyway, and especially for Osip Mandelstam's "The Noise of Time" [Oct. '65].

KENNETH LEISENRING
Ann Arbor, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Henry Fairlie's gifted prose . . . almost, but not quite, conceals the superficiality of his analysis. . . . What concerns the intellectuals is not the aesthetics of the Presidency. Perhaps Mr. Fairlie is too young to remember that one of the great champions of the intellectuals was President Harry S. Truman, whose "style" was reflected in those gaudy Key West sport shirts no self-respecting intellectual would have been caught dead in. No, what bothers the intellectuals is their knowledge that a politician must indeed occasionally act for history, and that to do so requires . . . a full consideration of the alternatives of policy. This is especially true in a foreign-policy crisis. Admittedly, in making his decision, the politician must allow for factors the intellectual can enjoy the luxury of ignoring. But an open mind is all the intellectual asks for in a politician.

Finally, it is interesting to learn that the intellectual in politics is a "national habit" in these United States. Since when? This would seem more true of Mr. Fairlie's England.

LAWRENCE H. BERLIN
Kensington, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Henry Fairlie's wrong-headed, unjust, and perfectly delightful assault on American intellectuals was worth my year's subscription to COMMENTARY. But on one point he was, probably deliberately, misinformed—sartorially President Johnson is not a slob, he is a heretic. He flatly denies the authority of sacred Bond Street and adheres to the Texan infidelity. Judged by that, the manner to which he was born, he is closer to a dandy than to a tramp.

GERALD W. JOHNSON
Baltimore, Maryland

[*Further correspondence on Mr. Fairlie's article will appear in our February issue.*]

Sex & the Soviet Girl

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

More than forty years have passed since the last repetition of the canard concerning the nationalization of women in Russia with the coming of the Bolshevik Revolution. Your reviewer, Ernst Pawel, has no concept of the amazing irony of finding a forgery on this subject repeated at this late date—and not in some work published abroad, but of all things in a book by a Russian student published in Russia ["Sex Under Socialism," Sept. '65]. I have been unable to lay my hands on a copy of *Marriage and the Family in the USSR* but it seems clear that both the writer, A. G. Kharchev, and Mr. Pawel, accept the quoted document at its face value. Yet how could the book have appeared in Russia?

In recalling the polemics of that period—in particular between Karl Kautsky and Leon Trotsky—we are reminded that Kautsky, too, made use of a forgery in his attacks on the Bolshevik revolution. (Trotsky refers to it in his pamphlet, "Terrorism and Communism, a Reply to Karl Kautsky.") This forgery was of a document allegedly issued by the Murzilovka Soviet, empowering the bearer, a certain "Comrade Gregory Sareiev," to "requisition . . . sixty women and girls from the bourgeois and speculating class" for the use of a certain artillery division stationed in Murzilovka, Briansk County." . . . Trotsky had a thorough investigation made which showed that no such town existed, . . . that the document had been forged by an Anglo-Bulgarian police agent named Malejeff living in Lausanne. . . . Other forgeries appeared at that period in the world press, all with the obvious purpose of discrediting the revolution.

Now we have an entirely new forgery . . . an edict supposedly passed by the Soviet of Vladimir, a

Collect
Signed Original
Etchings and Lithographs by America's Foremost Artists

For more than thirty years ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS has given art lovers the rare pleasure and fascinating experience of owning and collecting original works of art for as little as $10. Many of our earlier offerings are now being sold for more than twenty times their original price. Our current catalog offers works by America's most prominent artists including Altman, Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Gross, Hirsch, Kleinholz, Landau, Doris Lee, Margulies, Silverman, Schreiber, and Raphael Soyer.

"Toward Heaven" by Ben-Zion

Associated American Artists
695 5th Ave., N.Y. 10017, Studio 71

For free catalog containing 47 different illustrations, send 25 cents for handling.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Canadian whisky will never be cheap. But at last we've found a way to make it reasonable.

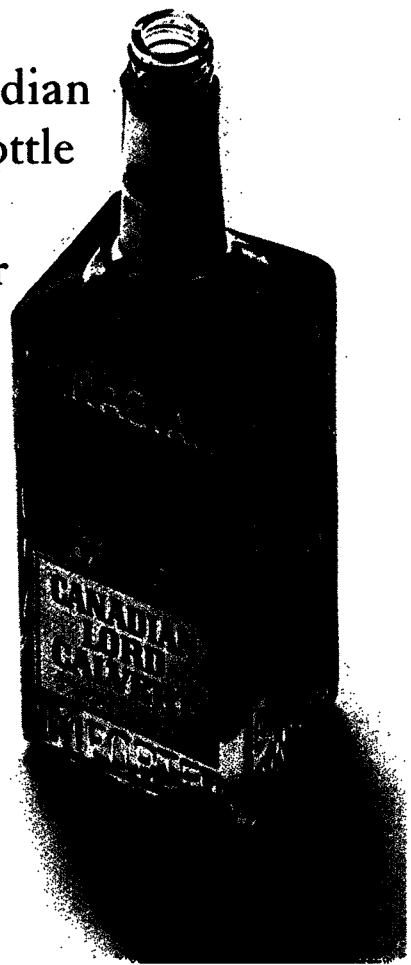
There's no mystery. Just simple facts.

We make a superb imported Canadian called Canadian Lord Calvert. But we *don't* bottle it in Canada. We bottle it in the U.S.A.

This saves us a small fortune in taxes. And another small fortune in freight. And we pass this savings along to you. (It amounts to about $1 a fifth.)

This imported whisky is as fine and smooth as any you've ever tasted.

And it gives you something extra, besides. Every time you drink Canadian Lord Calvert, you can say to yourself, "I am paying a smaller tax."



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND · 80 PROOF · IMPORTED BY CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW AVAILABLE

COMMENTARY

STUDY GUIDES

A typical COMMENTARY article conveys information and it points to problems. The COMMENTARY Study Guides are designed not to provide the "right answers," but to focus on the right questions. Some of these questions concentrate on the author's major assertions; others point to the *problems* raised by the article, and to the implications of the author's line of thought. Interspersed among the questions are various comments which may be found helpful or irritating. But in either case, they can be relied on to provoke thought and to stimulate discussion.

Subscribers to the COMMENTARY Study Guides will receive them every month in advance of the magazine itself, allowing time to prepare for the most important articles in the coming issue.

COMMENTARY Study Guides
165 East 56th Street
New York, New York 10022

Please enter my charter subscription to the COMMENTARY Study Guides . . . $3.00 a year.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Please bill me

town about 110 miles distant from Moscow. This town is now credited with the "Nationalization of Women," according to your reviewer. It is utterly unthinkable, however, that such a document would not have come to the attention of the authorities in Moscow, and that it would have remained suppressed all these years. . . . It would be interesting to know where the document used by Kharchev was obtained.

It does not seem to occur to those who accept such a document as genuine, what the reaction would have been among Russian women of that day. One has only to read a pamphlet like Alexandra Kolontay's "Communism and the Family" to see what Russian women expected from the revolution. . . . Sections of the pamphlet are headed: "The Family: A Union of Affection and Comradeship" . . . "No More Prostitution" . . . "Women No Longer to be Enslaved by their Men-folk," etc. The outcry of women against such an unthinkable outrage as "nationalization" of their sex would surely have been heard around the world!

The early ideals of the revolution were not fulfilled. Things degenerated under Thermidor and Stalinist counter-revolution. But that does not mean that one must accept malicious, downright forgeries about what occurred in the early days.

JACK WEBER
Forest Hills, New York

MR. PAWEL writes:

I didn't mean to get caught in the crossfire between Trotsky and Kautsky; I was only quoting from Kharchev (page 39). Canard it may well be—not the only one ever to appear in *Pravda*, cited as the source. That the "nationalization" of women by the Bolsheviks was a White lie has long since been established, but this does not preclude instances of localized lunacy during the turmoil of revolution and civil war. Whether or not the episode in question did actually take place I have no way of knowing, and Mr. Weber's skepticism may be entirely justified. If, on the other hand, he is implying that it *could* not have taken place, he is in my opinion being pointlessly ingenuous. Excesses and atrocities were committed by both sides, regardless of broad policy lines from above. Acknowledgment of such inevitable human factors affects neither the historical significance of the Russian revolution nor anyone's basic attitude toward it at this point in time.

Moreover, though I am unable here to cite chapter and verse, Trotsky's writings lend support to the belief that he himself did not regard all partisans and sympathizers of the cause as immaculate paragons of Bolshevik virtue but instead found among them a fair number of mental and moral defectives, ranging from simple fools all the way to Stalin.

The irony perceived by Mr. Weber is real enough, to be sure; but it seems to me dwarfed by many others in recent Soviet history.

Standards of Living

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

One wishes that Oscar Gass ["The Political Economy of the Great Society," Oct. '65] were as fastidious as he is sanguine. Then, perhaps, he would have considered the content, as well as the theory, of the economic miracle which Lyndon Johnson seems likely to perform. No doubt we shall all soon be richer than we dared dream ten years ago and with enough left over to beautify even the Negroes, if only in the spirit that we have recently voted to hide our junkyards: for ten billion or so a year we can, no doubt, and should, get the poor out of sight and possibly out of mind, too.

But I wonder whether there is really as much difference as Mr. Gass thinks between our present arrangements and the situation in 1896: whether we have not simply multiplied our plutocracy with as little regard now as was shown then for the kind of society that such a class brings with it. Great riches are, I don't doubt, an absolute good and making, or better yet having, a living precedes for most people every other consideration. Perhaps Mr. Gass does indeed speak for American opinion when he says that as for the rich, why shouldn't they have two houses before the poor have even one? But, despite the wishes of the majority, does this provide even the rich—to say nothing of the others—with a satisfactory society? Is it of no concern to Mr. Gass that our high standard of living is of such low average quality? Or worse, that we fatten ourselves through the production of useless and dangerous armaments, produce millions of cars each year, but, in our cities, can barely find transportation home at night; or that our schools fail so badly?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you've ever spent a couple of months on the same ship with the same people, you'll understand why we don't set up our cruises that way.

We believe that people go away on a sea cruise to get away from it all, not to spend all their time with the same kinds of people they could see at home.

And we know that, no matter how exciting a ship may be, it doesn't stay that way week after week. (As a matter of fact, the most beautiful ship in the world can get boring after a couple of months.)

That's why we arrange our cruise tours to include at least two changes of ship, and sometimes three. And that means two or three changes of food and entertainment, and more opportunities to meet people who aren't on your tour.

We change ships for another reason, too. It enables us to give you far more time ashore, for more sightseeing in more interesting places. (On our South Pacific Cruise we give you 15 days in Australia and 17 days in New Zealand, something we couldn't afford to do if we had to keep a cruise ship tied up and waiting.)

And we keep our tours small, usually no more than 25 people, to make it easier to get around.

Another thing about a Four Winds cruise tour (and this is very important) is that the price is all-inclusive. This means all transportation at sea and ashore, all hotels and resorts, all sightseeing and inland excursions, and nearly all meals are included in the single price of the tour. You know exactly what you're paying for, and you get it.

And speaking of what you pay, you get a lot more for your money on a Four Winds cruise than you could get if you tried to put the trip together yourself. We run cruises the year around (more than any other travel company), so we get special consideration in accommodations and rates.

And you travel on the best ships and you stay in the best hotels, all the way.

At sea, you're booked first class on American President, Matson, Lloyd Triestino and other well-known steamship lines. (When you cruise the South Seas, for example, you're on ships specially designed for cruising in tropical waters. This means first class outside staterooms, more deck space, more of everything that makes a tropical cruise more enjoyable.)

And when you go ashore, you stay at famous hotels like the Imperial in Tokyo, the Raffles in Singapore, the Royal Hawaiian in Honolulu, etc.

We have four basic cruise tours, listed below, scheduled during every month of the year.

If you're interested in taking a different kind of vacation, see your travel agent about a Four Winds cruise tour. Or mail this coupon.

☐ **Around the World Cruise, 54 days, from $2490.** New York, Paris, Venice or the Riviera, Egypt, Red Sea, Aden, Karachi, India, Ceylon, Singapore, 5 days in Hong Kong, 7 days in Japan, Hawaii. Sailings twice monthly from New York and twice monthly from San Francisco.

☐ **Around Africa Cruise, 60 days, from $2760.** Covers 22,000 miles. Circles the entire African continent, visits 20 ports-of-call, plus Victoria Falls, game-viewing, and much more. Features first class stateroom aboard luxurious Union Castle and other well-known cruise liners. Sailings from New York: Dec. 3; 1966 Jan. 29, Feb. 26, Mar. 26, Apr. 22.

☐ **South Pacific Cruise, 65 days, from $2995.** Tahiti, Bora Bora, Rarotonga, 17 days in New Zealand, 15 days in Australia, New Caledonia, Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, Hawaii. Sailings from San Francisco: Dec. 2; 1966 Jan. 16, Feb. 6, Mar. 3.

☐ **Orient & South Pacific Cruise, 47 days, from $2690.** Tahiti, Bora Bora, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Singapore, Bangkok, 5 days in Hong Kong, 8 days in Japan, 4 days in Hawaii. Sailings from San Francisco, same dates as South Pacific Cruise above.

☐ **Private Train Cruises Around U.S.A., Canada, and Mexico, 17-23 days, from $695** Private Pullman accommodations, frequent stays at luxury resorts and hotels, escorted, all-inclusive.

Four Winds Travel, Inc., Dept. C-1, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010, Phone: SP 7-0260.

Please send me brochures and information about the Four Winds Cruise Tours checked above.

Name_____

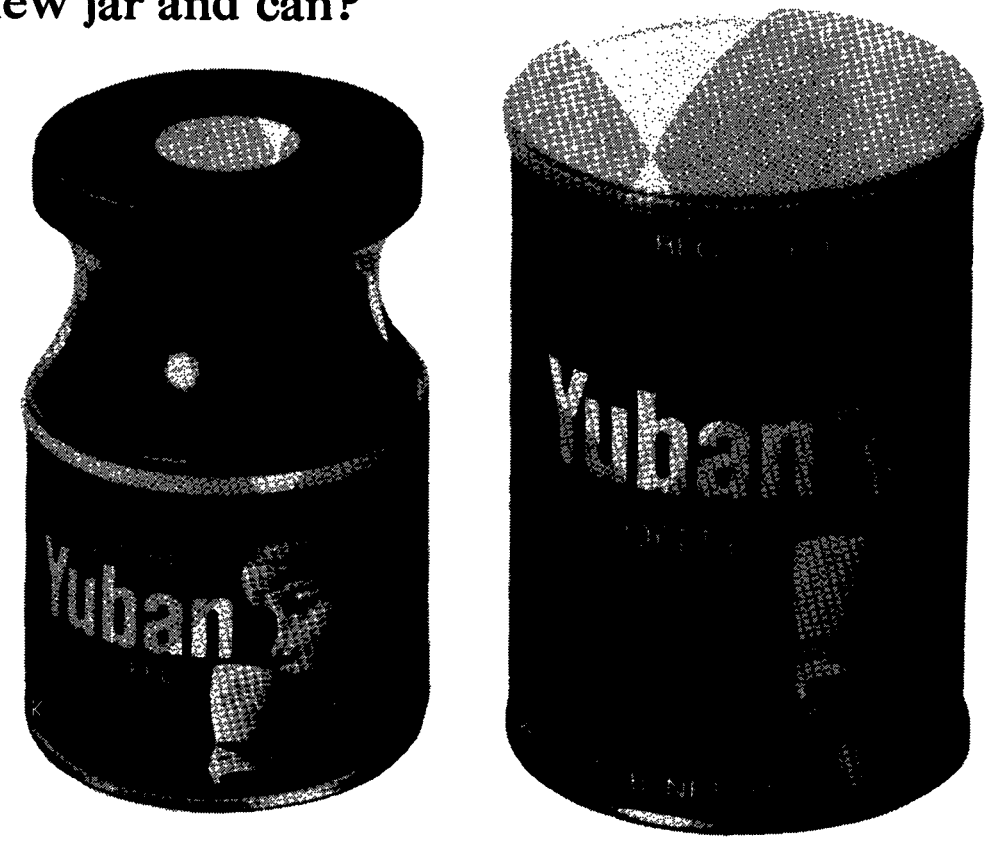
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Four Winds® Tours

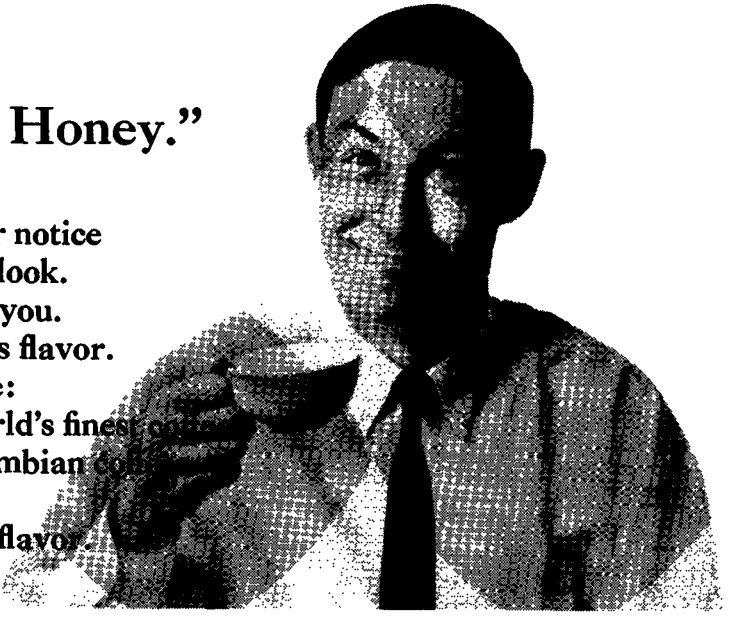
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What will your husband say about our handsome new jar and can?



"Great coffee, Honey."

He'll probably never notice
Yuban's bright new look.
But that's a man for you.
All he thinks about is flavor.
A happy coincidence:
Yuban takes the world's finest co
adds rare aged Colombian co
and blends them
with no thought but flavor.
Every sip a simcha!



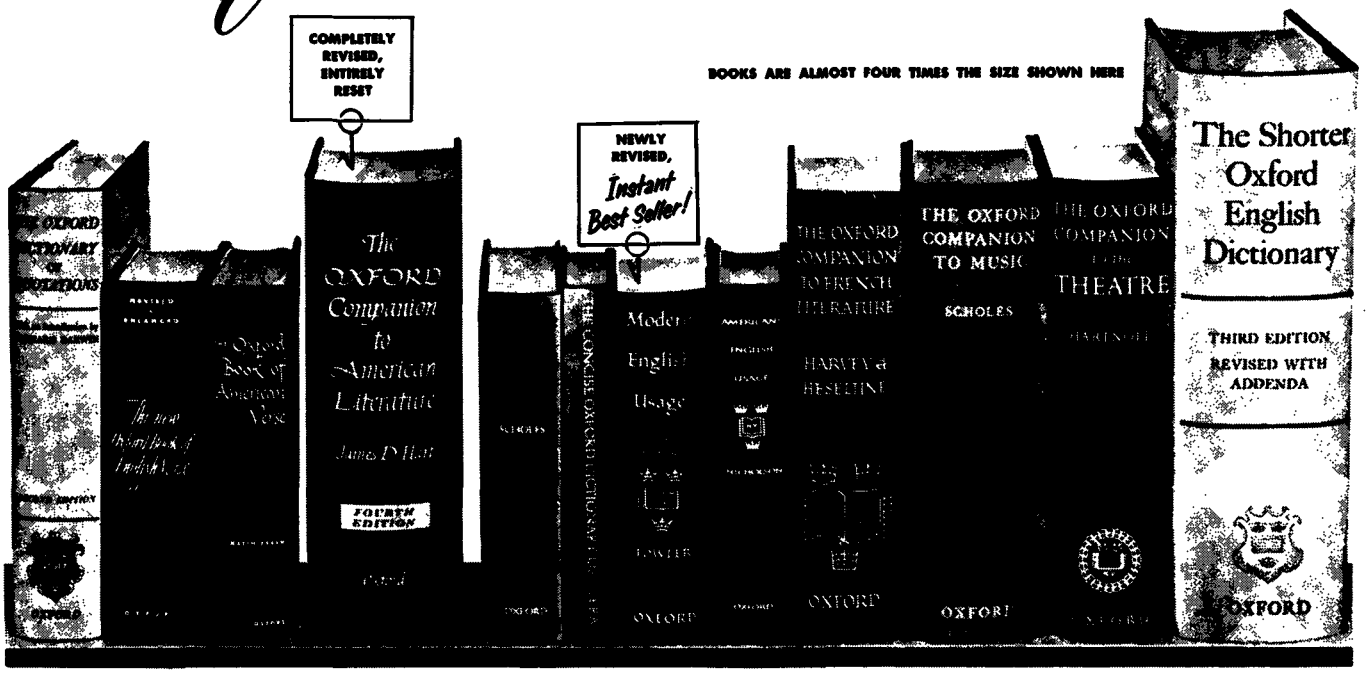
K
Certified
KOSHER
PARVE

GF
GENERAL FOODS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take your choice

Oxford OF THESE INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE BOOKS


COMPLETELY REVISED, ENTIRELY RESET
NEWLY REVISED, Instant Best Seller!
BOOKS ARE ALMOST FOUR TIMES THE SIZE SHOWN HERE
The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary
THIRD EDITION REVISED WITH ADDENDA
The OXFORD Companion to American Literature
FOURTH EDITION
THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC
SCHOLES
THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE
THE OXFORD COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE
HARVEY & HESELTINE
Modern English Usage
OXFORD

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

By H. W. FOWLER. *2nd Edition revised and edited by* SIR ERNEST GOWERS. The standard for English usage brought up to date. "A good book has been made better . . . without sacrificing the terse, tart touch of old Henry himself."—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*. 747 pages including new Classified Guide.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

With an Introduction by BERNARD DARWIN. *2nd Revised Edition*. Most convenient of quotation books. Fuller cross reference of more than 40,000 quotations makes it possible to compare similar and related phrases and ideas. New Index gives the page and line number of each quotation. 1,024 pages.

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC

By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *2nd Edition edited by* JOHN OWEN WARD. A thoroughgoing revision with numerous new entries; one feature is a "who's who" of 3,500 concise biographies. Entries are listed alphabetically, with cross-indexes, diagrams, and illustrative passages in musical notation. 666 pages. *Illustrated*.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE

Chosen, with an Introduction by F. O. MATTHIESSEN. Includes 571 selections from the works of 51 American poets ranging from the seventeenth century to the young poets of today. 1,188 pages.

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF OPERA

By HAROLD ROSENTHAL *and* JOHN WARRACK. A compact, comprehensive, practical reference to composers, singers, conductors, librettists, synopses, first performances, etc., whose coverage reaches from Eastern Europe to the United States. More than 3,000 entries. 462 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY *and* J. E. HESELTINE. 6,000 entries: articles

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE

By MARGARET NICHOLSON, based on *Fowler's Modern English Usage*. The "faster Fowler," especially prepared for Americans. Adds new words and idioms and variations in American and English usage and spelling. 684 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE

Edited by PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. *2nd Edition*. A one-volume encyclopedia of the theatre in all countries and all periods. This second edition has a supplement containing 154 illustrations and four pages of additional bibliography. 1,028 pages. *Illustrated*.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

Edited by JAMES D. HART. *4th Edition*. The newly enlarged edition contains 223 authors and 62 summaries not previously included; 343 articles, the Chronological Index, and material on literary prizes, groups, and magazines have been brought up to date. 1,003 pages.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

Chosen and edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. *Revised Edition*. The best known and probably the most highly prized anthology of English poetry. Covers seven centuries of poetic development from thirteenth-century lyrics to modern poetry. 1,198 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC

By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *9th Edition*. The most famous of all one-volume musical encyclopedias, brought up to date with new material on contemporary music and musicians. Includes biographies, opera plots, and a Pronouncing Glossary of some 7,000 names and terms. 1,255 pages. *Illustrated*.

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Prepared by WILLIAM LITTLE, H. W. FOWLER *and* J. COULSON. *3rd Edition revised and edited by* C. T. ONIONS. The big one-volume dictionary (also known as *The Oxford Universal Dictionary*) based on the renowned

A unique offer to Commentary readers

"OXFORD . . . publishes the best reference books in the English language," says Charles Poore in *Harper's*. Undoubtedly you have always wanted to own several, or all, of the books described on this page. Now, for a limited time, you have the privilege of examining your choice of these titles in your own home, with the understanding that you may pay for them on a budget plan. (Details are explained in the coupon below.)

This is your golden opportunity to build an Oxford reference library that is the dream of every educated person . . . on terms that permit easy monthly payments.

Published and periodically revised by Oxford University Press, honored by scholars and treasured by their owners, these modern reference works form a bond of kinship between men and women of culture throughout the world. Which of them belongs in your library *now?* You can make the choice without moving from your chair; use the coupon below to order as many volumes as you wish. *You need send no money*. Simply indicate the titles you wish, clip the coupon, and mail it.

THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY IN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES

SPECIAL OXFORD PURCHASE PLAN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.
16-00 Pollitt Drive, Fair Lawn, N. J. 07410

Please send me the Oxford Reference Books I have checked. If my order totals more than $11.00 I am to receive an itemized invoice. This may be paid in full or at the rate of *$5.00 a month* until the last remaining balance is paid.

Orders totaling less than $11.00 will be accompanied by a bill payable in full at the end of 30 days.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip code_____

- ☐ A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE $5.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE $12.50
- ☐ COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE $13.00
- ☐ CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. $7.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO MUSIC $25.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO THE THEATRE $15.00
- ☐ CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF OPERA. $6.50
- ☐ NICHOLSON: AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE $6.50
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE $7.00
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE $7.50
- ☐ OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS $11.00
- ☐ SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH (OXFORD UNIVERSAL)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How does a student see more Europe and Israel for less money?

There's a way. Through the National Student Association you can choose one of 33 flexible trips of 21 to 63 days with other students. You won't skimp — but you'll save on travel while abroad, accommodations, admissions, etc. at the special rates available only through NSA. We take care of all the details.

You'll see more, do more and have more fun with an experienced student guide in each country you visit. And, you won't feel tied down. After the trip you can wander around with a friend or two still taking advantage of NSA discounts.

Study programs for credit in several subjects in nine countries are also sponsored by NSA.

Wherever you want to go next summer in Europe, Israel, Latin America or the Far East — you'll enjoy it more and see more with NSA. Fill in the coupon below for complete details.

U.S. National Student Association, Dept. CT2, 265 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 or 1355 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles 90024

Please send me your free book on trips to Europe, Israel and throughout the world ☐
Information on study programs ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Plan your summer abroad with USNSA, a non-profit organization for students.

The list of grievances is, of course, long and familiar. But it seems to me elementary that a political economist must take such grievances into account: otherwise he becomes a bookkeeper. Or does Mr. Gass mean that the role of the state is merely to bloat the body politic with no regard for the grotesque consequences? I am not, of course, so innocent as to expect that such exquisite considerations will trouble the sleep of our public servants. But Mr. Gass, whom I admire, is another matter and his uncritical compliance troubles me. Equalitarianism is no doubt a delusion of the infantile Left. But there is an infantile pragmatism, too, which is not so admirable either.

JASON EPSTEIN
New York City

The Spanish Tragedy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Though Stalin is dead, his spirit seems to be alive—of all places in the columns of COMMENTARY. In his review of Professor Gabriel Jackson's excellent book on the Spanish Civil War [Aug. '65], Mr. Allen Guttmann writes: "When Caballero . . . refused to sacrifice the social revolution to the war, the moderates, with the strong support of the newly-influential Communists, forced him out and replaced him with Juan Negrín, an eminently decent and even noble man who preached resistance and restraint." If Mr. Guttmann would consult another book, which he also praises, *La Révolution et la Guerre d'Espagne* by Broué and Témime, he might learn that Negrín, far from being decent, noble, and restrained, placed Communists in command everywhere, but ruthlessly persecuted their enemies, and in all situations behaved as though he were their Quisling. Perhaps—given the abandonment of the Spanish Republic to France and England—he had no choice but to rely on the Russians; but that explanation differs from the one Mr. Guttmann borrows from the Communists.

They are the source also for Mr. Guttmann's characterization of Caballero and for his version of Caballero's fall. The truth is that Largo Caballero was not overthrown by the moderates with some help from the Communists, but by order of Stalin with some help from his personal enemies in the Socialist party. He had dared to differ with the Russian generals and he had refused, not to "sacrifice the revolution to the war" but to outlaw the Trotskyites. Far from refusing to sacrifice the revolution to the war, he had restored the state, which had crumbled to pieces, and built an army where there had been nothing but militias. Moreover, he had induced the syndicalist leaders to share in the responsibility of government, much to the dismay of their anarchist *compañeros*. The question was not one of choosing between revolution and war but rather, whether the forces which were defending the Republic and had contributed to the rebuilding of the state, should also have their share in the conduct of the war and, indeed, in the reorganization of its economy. The Stalinist lie—that the trade-union leaders whom Negrín forced out of the government wished to sacrifice the revolution to the conduct of the war—is refuted simply by their conduct in government between November 1936 and May 1937. But it was on this lie that the Communists rested their claim that their methods alone were able to save the Republic. Since Mr. Jackson in his book explicitly refutes this claim, it is rather surprising that his reviewer should revive it by indirection.

It is regrettable that Hugh Thomas in his best-selling history should also have contributed to the spreading of the Stalinist myth; but he has an excuse which Mr. Jackson and Mr. Guttmann do not have —his bias for military history made him more vulnerable to the Communist claims in that field. This almost accidental dependence on Communist sources, however, has resulted in a blunder which every admirer of the Spanish resistance must resent deeply. . . .

On what premise is this assumption based? Some people thought that Negrín was *persona grata* in London, and that he might win British support for the Republic once he stopped the revolution. But that is precisely the thing which he did not do and which did not happen. He threw the trade unionists out of the government and allowed religious services to be held in private, but he was saddled with the Communists and he never won the city over. Instead he whipped the Republican army into battles which even Messrs. Thomas and Jackson, his admirers, judge to have been ill conceived.

HENRY M. PACHTER
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. GUTTMANN writes:

Mr. Pachter suggests that I am a Stalinist or, at best, a rather passive borrower of Communist interpretations of the Spanish Civil War. Two days before I received a copy of his odd letter, I learned from Herbert Aptheker's column in *The Worker* that I am a Red-baiter who has "polluted" the air with anti-Communism. Such, I suppose, are the joys of an academic life.

The coincidences of my correspondence do not, of course, answer Mr. Pachter's objections to my review. An important part of Jackson's achievement is that he, like Broué and Témime, analyzes political complexity with clarity and acuteness, and without easy comparisons to Quisling and to Stalin. I greatly respect Broué and Témime for their view of the relative merits of Largo Caballero and Negrín, I am impressed by Burnet Bolloten's documentation of the machinations of Spanish and foreign Communists, I am very much moved by Largo Caballero's own memoirs (*Mis Recuerdos*), but I am nonetheless persuaded by Jackson's assessment. To win the war, Negrín was ready, as Largo Caballero was not, to sacrifice the social revolution *already achieved* as well as the revolution hoped for. The sacrifice was, as I indicated in my review, in vain. Spain was a tragedy and not a melodrama.

Perhaps, in the single paragraph I devoted to Giral, Largo Caballero, Negrín, and Casado, I should have indicated that authorities differ passionately in their characterizations of the men who led the Spanish Republic. The point seemed too obvious and a 1,500-word review did not seem the appropriate place for a survey of the historical literature and a detailed revaluation of policy. If I misconceived my role as reviewer, I apologize for . . . my undocumented assertions. I do wish, however, that Mr. Pachter had read my own pro-Republican, anti-Communist book on Spain before his indignation got the better of him.

For the Record

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I call your attention to a note published in the July 1965 issue of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* which refers to a recent communication of mine in your columns ["Letters from Readers," March '65]. The note bears the initials S. Z., referring, of course, to Solomon Zeitlin, . . . the editor of the *Review*. I quote:

> Josephus, who gives a precise description of the Temple, does not mention a Court of Gentiles. . . . So it is evident, therefore, that there was no Court of Gentiles in the Temple area. Josephus, who was a priest and lived during the time of the Temple, would have mentioned a Court of Gentiles had there been one. . . . Mr. Winter's statement is untrue. . . . One must proceed with caution in regard to Mr. Winter's references.

The world of Jewish scholarship is much indebted to Professor Zeitlin for his unceasing discoveries. It might be appropriate, therefore, as a token of gratitude, for the various Jewish academies, colleges, and seminaries of the U.S., as well as the rabbinical councils, to band together and organize a collection for the purchase of a copy of Josephus's treatise, *Against Apion*, to be presented to him. When presentation of this volume is made to Professor Zeitlin . . . paragraphs 103 and 104 in the second book . . . might be marked in red ink.

PAUL WINTER

London, England

The Product of 5000 Years and 33⅓ Revolutions.

LN 24172/BN 26172*

ON EPIC RECORDS

The wonder of the long-playing record (33⅓ revolutions per minute) allows us to weave a recorded tapestry of 5000 years of Jewish tradition enriched by the eloquence of one of today's outstanding choirs. In this magnificent album, the Heritage Orchestra and Chorus celebrate in song the festivals and holy days that are the essence of Judaism. Their spirited performance illuminates the ageless words and melodies, some joyful, some sad.

This proud legacy, passed from generation to generation, becomes an even stronger bond between parents and children when it is so stirringly represented. It is an overwhelming experience for Jew and Christian alike.

Includes an informative, illustrated book: "The Jewish Holidays — Their Meanings, Origins and History" by Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, Director of Interreligious Affairs of The American Jewish Committee.

*Stereo

℗ "EPIC". Marca Reg. T.M. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

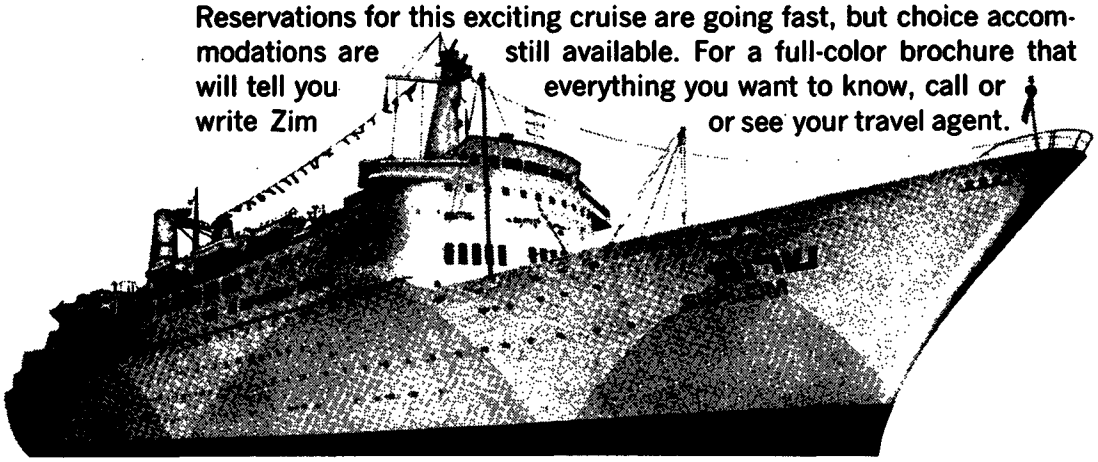
Shalom 48-day cruise.
Shalom 8 countries.
Shalom 12 ports.
Shalom 9 days in Israel during the High Holidays with the ship as your hotel.

Shalom means a very special hello. One that's warm, friendly, Israeli. And that's just what this 48-day cruise of cruises will be.,

Leave New York on August 30, 1966 and sail to Madeira, Lisbon, Palermo, Haifa, Istanbul, Piraeus, port of Athens, Dubrovnik, Venice, Naples, Cannes, Palma de Majorca and Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. There will be plenty of time in each port, and optional shore excursions are available in all of them.

The stop in Haifa is really unusual. First of all, you will be there for **nine days.** You'll arrive in time to celebrate the New Year 5727 and to join in the joyous celebration. Of course, the ship is your hotel in Israel as it is in all the ports. This means you don't have the bother of finding hotel accommodations (and, during the holidays, that's next to impossible). What's more, there are no customs formalities or unpacking and repacking and you enjoy all the Shalom facilities including three swimming pools, luxurious public rooms and delicious kosher cuisine.

Reservations for this exciting cruise are going fast, but choice accommodations are still available. For a full-color brochure that will tell you everything you want to know, call or write Zim or see your travel agent.



OWNER'S REPRESENTATIVE: AMERICAN ISRAELI SHIPPING CO., INC., 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
MIDTOWN OFFICE: 580 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y., DI 4-7600.
OTHER OFFICES: BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, MIAMI, MONTREAL, TORONTO.

all Zim ships registered in Israel

BE A "GUEST"...GO ZIM LINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARAB REFUGEES

A Zionist View

MARIE SYRKIN

If there is anything which can be said to trouble Americans sympathetic to Israel, Jewish and non-Jewish alike, it is the problem of the Arab refugees. This problem, according to Mr. Laurence Michelmore, Commissioner-General for the UN Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA), has not grown "any less complex or less dangerous to the peace and stability of the region," nor has the desire of the refugees to return to their homes grown any less intense. "From their standpoint," Mr. Michelmore recently told the current session of the General Assembly, "a nation has been obliterated and a population arbitrarily deprived of its birthright. This injustice still festers in their minds."

Though it is obvious that the Arab refugees are being used by the Arab states as pawns in a political game, such exploitation does not necessarily invalidate claims put forward on their behalf. The Arabs continue to call for "repatriation," Israel continues to refuse, and people whose scruples can only be those of conscience and not of *Realpolitik*, continue to wonder how Jews, themselves such recent refugees, can bear to add to the sum of human suffering by declining to admit Arab refugees into Israel. Even committed Zionists are disturbed by this question. Exile and longing for Return—key words in Jewish national experience—carry powerful echoes. Am I as a Zionist insensitive to these echoes? Do I ignore them, hoping solely for the success of Israeli arms? Despite the hazard of self-righteous protestations by a partisan, let me address myself here to the ethical issue.

I write, of course, on the premise that the establishment of Israel was an act of historic justice and that its continued existence is to be desired. On the Arab postulate that Israel must be obliterated and its inhabitants driven into the sea, there is no room for discussion. On the assumption, however, of Israel's right to survival, is the Jewish state facing in the Arab refugees a reverse Zionism whose impulse it should be the first to meet with sympathy? The comparison, superficially intriguing, is essentially false. Jews were driven to the "national home" granted by the Balfour Declaration by homelessness, necessity, a centuries-old historic attachment, and a search for national identity. They purchased and reclaimed its deserts and swamps, acre by acre, and finally defended a shrunken area of it against the attack of the combined Arab armies. None of these elements, physical or emotional, lies behind the Arab will to return.

The very origin of the Arab refugee problem indicates the difference. The tragedy of the Jewish refugee lay in his absence of choice. He was driven out by force or by decree and he fled from a real, not a mythical, terror. His only refuge was the remote "homeland" which the Arab refugee left of his own will; the Arab was free to remain. There is a crucial distinction between fleeing *to* a land because of desperate need, and fleeing *from* the same land without need. But perhaps the simple historical record makes the point best.

I arrived in Palestine in June 1948, when the Arab exodus was in full swing. One of my tasks was to draw up a report on the subject for the newly formed Israeli Bureau of Information. There were no documents and no studies. All that was available in those days were the fresh reactions of Jews and Arabs—as yet undoctored by policy. From my interviews with Arabs in villages which had accepted the authority of the state of Israel instead of fleeing to the enemy, and from my discussions with clergy of various denominations who had helplessly watched the departure of their flocks, the chief impression I got was one of astonished dismay on all sides. The Arabs agreed that the villagers who had fled could have stayed as they themselves had stayed, but the refugees had "listened to the Mufti"; and the Christian clergy described scenes of ungovernable fear which no reassurance had been able to stem. One sturdy Mother Superior told me, "I said to them, 'Don't be afraid; I'll protect you,' but they ran." The Jews to whom I spoke were still bewildered by the spectacle of tens of thousands of Arabs leaving their homes and possessions and rushing in wild panic toward the sea or the mountains. The deserted Arab villages, the abandoned Arab quarters of Jaffa and Haifa, presented the same baffling picture. I heard many conflicting expla-

Marie Syrkin is associate professor of humanities at Brandeis, the editor of the *Jewish Frontier*, and a recently elected member of the Executive of the Jewish Agency. Her most recent book is *Golda Meir, Woman with a Cause*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nations: the Arab leaders had ordered the exodus; the British had instigated it; the Mufti's "atrocity-propaganda" had backfired, the Irgun massacre at Deir Yassin had terrified the Arabs.

THE TWO SCHOOLS of thought—that the exodus was a deliberate part of Arab military strategy, or that it was an uncontrollable stampede which the Arab leadership strove unsuccessfully to check—were not contradictory. Apparently, what began as a calculated move degenerated into irrational frenzy. The development of the exodus as well as Arab statements indicate that the flight was at first stimulated by the Arab leadership to inflame the populace (since the Palestinian Arabs had shown little stomach for battle), to create an artificial Arab "refugee" problem which would elicit world sympathy to counterbalance the claims of Jewish refugees, and to prepare the ground for invasion by the Arab states who could then appear as the saviors of their brethren. An additional reason was no doubt the desire to evacuate Arab civilians from territory which the Arab states expected to bomb. But the smooth functioning of this scheme was impaired by the very completeness of its success. A considered evacuation turned into a hysterical stampede.

Wealthy Arabs began to leave Palestine shortly after the passage of the UN Partition Resolution and the outbreak of disturbances in December 1947, planning to return after the Jews had been liquidated by the Arab states. As early as January 30, 1948, a Palestinian Arab newspaper (*As Shaab*) took occasion to chastise the first wave of refugees:

> The first group of our fifth column consists of those who abandon their houses and business premises to go to live elsewhere. Many of these lived in great comfort and luxury. At the first sign of trouble they took to their heels in order to escape sharing the burden of the struggle, whether directly or indirectly.

The departure of individual wealthy Arabs could, however, hardly be described as flight. The condition in which these Arabs left their homes, without bothering to remove even readily transportable valuables, indicated that they had complete confidence in the rapid success of the Arab invasion and were merely absenting themselves temporarily. They left neither in haste nor in fear; they merely locked the front-door, and drove off for what was to be a vacation at some distance from the local unpleasantness. And their departure was observed with understandable alarm by less moneyed Arabs unable to make similar traveling arrangements.

The first signs of a large-scale exodus were noted in March 1948 (though several hundred Arab children had been evacuated previously from Haifa to Syria as a routine safety measure). In the last week of March and the first week of April, thousands of Arabs started to trek from the Sharon coastal plain to the Arab-controlled hill regions. Many sold their poultry and flocks to Jewish friends before leaving.

This first wave of departure was viewed with a mixture of fear and regret by their Jewish neighbors, who wondered uneasily what evil it might signify. The obvious explanation seemed to be the imminence of a full-scale Arab attack with heavy aerial bombardment. In those instances where Arab and Jewish farmers had been on friendly terms, there was a genuine desire to maintain relationships which boded well for the future. But the Arabs would not stay. Later it was learned that the Arab Higher Committee had ordered the evacuation of the coastal plain after the picking of the citrus crop. So calm and well-organized was this phase of the exodus that the cooperation of Jewish settlement guards was enlisted to provide transportation for women, children, and the aged through Jewish areas. The evacuation of the Sharon is notable because it disposes of the Arab charge that the flight started as a result of the massacre at Deir Yassin by Jewish terrorists. The massacre (April 9) took place *after* the evacuation of the Sharon.

Another example of evacuation by Arab command was provided by Tiberias. Since March, there had been sporadic clashes in this sleepy, idyllic little town on the shores of the Lake of Galilee. After Arab gangs infiltrated the Arab quarter and transformed it into a base against the Jewish residents, serious fighting broke out. On April 18, when the battle turned in favor of the small Jewish community of 2,000 souls, the 6,000 Arabs, obviously in obedience to a directive, suddenly began leaving in long convoys. The British, instead of aiding in the pacification of the town, provided transport.

The Jews of Tiberias were so startled by the unexpected departure of the Arabs that the Jewish Community Council of Tiberias issued a statement declaring: "We did not dispossess them; they themselves chose this course. But the day will come when the Arabs will return to their homes and property in this town. In the meantime, let no citizen touch their property." The months of savage warfare ahead were to change these kindly sentiments, but they are important historically as evidence of the original Jewish reaction to the Arab exodus.

PERHAPS THE CLEAREST indication of why the Arabs fled is afforded by the events in Haifa. On April 22, after the breakdown of Arab resistance in Haifa, truce terms were offered by the Haganah which specifically guaranteed the right of Arabs to continue living in Haifa as equal citizens under the then-existing bi-national municipal council. The British let it be known that they considered the terms "reasonable." The Arabs at first agreed, but changed their minds later in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, explaining that they could not accept the terms for reasons beyond their control. The "reasons" were not far to seek. The Arab radio was broadcasting directives from the Arab Higher Executive ordering all Arabs to leave Haifa.

The reports of the Haifa British Chief of Police, A. J. Bridmead, suggest how earnestly the Jews tried to persuade the Arabs to stay. On April 26, Bridmead wrote: "The situation in Haifa remains unchanged. Every effort is being made by the Jews to persuade the Arab populace to stay and carry on with their normal lives, to get their shops and businesses open and to be assured that their lives and interests will be safe." In a supplementary report issued the same day, Bridmead repeated: "An appeal has been made to the Arabs by the Jews to reopen their shops and businesses in order to relieve the difficulties of feeding the Arab population. Evacuation was still going on yesterday and several trips were made by Z craft to Acre. Roads, too, were crowded. Arab leaders reiterated their determination to evacuate the entire Arab population, and they have been given the loan of 10 three-ton military trucks as from this morning to assist the evacuation." And on April 28, Superintendent Bridmead was still writing: "The Jews are still making every effort to persuade the Arab population to remain and settle back into their normal lives in the town."

However, no assurances could stop the flight. Very quickly, the proposed strategic evacuation turned into a panic, as the 70,000 Haifa Arabs began to flock wildly toward the port, seeking to "escape" by any craft available. Families crouched for days on the docks, refusing to move until some vessel took them to Acre. Unlike the quiet departure of the Arab gentry months earlier, this was a headlong stampede in which people seem to have jumped suddenly from a dinner table, from bed, or from their work, driven by an impulse to flee. Neighbor followed blindly after neighbor until the port was filled with terrified, squatting figures and every road was clogged.

An article in the London *Economist* (October 2, 1948) quoted a British eyewitness account:

> During the subsequent days the Israeli authorities who were now in complete control of Haifa . . . urged all Arabs to remain in Haifa, and guaranteed them protection and security. So far as I know, most of the British civilian residents whose advice was asked by Arab friends told the latter that they would be wise to stay. Various factors influenced their decision to seek safety in flight. There is but little doubt that far the most potent of these factors was the announcements made over the air by the Arab Higher Executive urging all Arabs in Haifa to quit. The reason given was that upon the final withdrawal of the British the combined armies of the Arab States would invade Palestine and drive the Jews into the sea, and it was clearly intimated that those Arabs who remained in Haifa and accepted Israeli protection would be regarded as renegades. At that time the Palestinian Arabs still had some confidence in the ability of the Arab League to implement the promises of its spokesmen.

The startling example of Haifa was bound to have a profoundly disquieting effect on the whole Arab population of Palestine. The subsequent flight from Jaffa can be viewed as a natural corollary of the exodus organized by the Arab leadership in Haifa. The mass hysteria which developed resulted in the abandonment of many Arab villages even before these were threatened by the progress of the war. After May 15, the process was accelerated. The extraordinary resistance displayed by Israel to the invasion of the Arab states added fuel to the "terror" propaganda of the Arab League. There are repeated instances of thousands of Arabs fleeing before a handful of Jewish troops.

In Safed, for instance, some 14,000 Arabs picked themselves up one night and fled from the 1,500 Orthodox Jews who lived in the winding, cobbled streets of the ancient town. One must see Safed to appreciate what this means, for the Arabs not only outnumbered the Jews but had every strategic advantage. They occupied all the strongholds of the town, as well as dominant positions on the surrounding hills. The Jews were caught in a kind of narrow trough.

I CAME TO SAFED on a late Friday afternoon. Amid the debris of recent battle, the Jews of the town were dressing up for the Sabbath. In the twilight, walking along the streets, one could already hear the chanting of prayers. Old men in round, furred hats and long cloaks were going to the synagogue. Women with lace shawls over their *sheitels* (wigs) sat in the doorways of their shelled homes. Up above, in the main streets, soldiers were strolling along with their girls; Jewish refugees, just a week from the British detention camp of Cyprus, were seeking lodging in the abandoned houses; but below in the old Jewish quarter, nothing had changed. "It is all in God's hands," the Orthodox Jews of Safed had declared in refusing to evacuate the town despite the urging of the British.

The Hotel Merkazit, where I stayed during my visit, had been completely riddled with bullets. Most of the windows were broken and many of the walls had been damaged. The place had obviously received a thorough shelling. But the ageing, bearded inn-keeper and his wife had stayed, despite their apparently hopeless position, exposed to the heavy fire of Arab citadels on three sides.

I asked the inn-keeper why the Arabs had suddenly decamped. His explanation, which I heard repeated by others, was that it had rained unseasonably on May 9. Because of this, the Arabs decided that the Jews had dropped an atomic bomb —they had heard of heavy rains in Hiroshima.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The son of the inn-keeper, a member of the small Haganah force which had come to Safed, pooh-poohed the atomic bomb theory. His explanation was simple: "We were few, but our aim was good. Our King Davids [mortars] hit the right spots."

Whatever the reason, the Arabs fled from Safed, as they had from Haifa, in the wake of their leaders.

It should be added that while it was not Haganah policy to encourage the exodus, some hostile villages threatening the road to Jerusalem were evacuated by individual Haganah commanders. The relief of Jerusalem, besieged by the Arab Legion (which had cut off the city's water supply), constituted one of the major struggles of the war. Consequently, a number of villages which served as bases for the enemy camped in the surrounding hills were forcibly cleared, and their inhabitants joined the exodus. But these were isolated instances, occurring late in the fighting, and involving numbers too small to affect the scope of the mass flight or to explain it.

To compound the confusion surrounding the flights from different towns and villages, the various Arab factions were not agreed as to the tactics pursued by the Arab Higher Committee, the tool of the Mufti. In Baghdad, on July 25, 1948, a radio commentator criticized refugees who complained of the treatment they were receiving in the Arab states and who wished they had stayed in Palestine with the Jews. Such people should be shot as spies, he said, and he added: "The Jews will make you their slaves if you return to them; they will feed you only on bread and water; they will force you to sleep in the open, five on one blanket; they will take your wives and daughters from you. Prefer death to the Jews."

But dissident voices could also be heard from the outset; and as the strategy turned to a calamitous defeat and the manufactured refugee problem became a genuine one, the chorus of dissatisfaction grew progressively louder. As early as March 30, 1948, a Palestinian Arab paper (*As Sarih*) wrote:

> The inhabitants of the large village of Sheikh Munis and of several other Arab villages in the neighborhood of Tel Aviv have brought a terrible disgrace on us all by quitting their villages bag and baggage. We cannot help comparing this disgraceful exodus with the firm stand of the Haganah in all localities situated in Arab territory or bordering on it. But what is the use of making comparisons; everyone knows that the Haganah gladly enters the battle while we always flee from it.

King Farouk of Egypt, in a broadcast to the Arab world on July 9, 1948, also expressed his dissatisfaction with "the Palestinian Arabs who ran away leaving their houses and lands behind, giving a chance for a large Jewish immigration and putting Palestine in danger of a Jewish majority."

In Damascus, too, the Arabic radio (August 3, 1948) had occasion to find fault with the refugees: "The Arabs of Palestine are responsible for the heavy losses of the armies in Palestine and the present unfavorable situation. They ran away in the face of a threat by a small minority and spent more time talking over their own affairs than fighting for their country."

BUT PERHAPS the most telling comment was made by the Near East Arabic radio broadcast on May 15, 1949, a year after the establishment of the Jewish state:

> If the Arab leaders had not spread the most horrible and frightening stories of Deir Yassin, the inhabitants of the Arab areas of Palestine would never have fled their homes and would not today be living in misery. The Arab leaders and the Arab press and radio announced on May 15 that the Jews were scared to death and would soon be thrown into the sea by the advancing Arab armies; but it wasn't long before opinions had to be changed as the Jews scored nothing but victories and the Arabs suffered nothing but defeats.

A curter summation was offered five years later by the Jordan daily, *Al-Difaá*: "The Arab governments told us, 'Get out so that we can get in.' So we got out, but they did not get in" (September 6, 1954).

This is neither ancient nor irrelevant history. That the Arab refugee chose to cast his lot with the Arab invaders of Israel is a matter of record. The aggression in which he joined in defiance of the Partition Resolution of the United Nations created new circumstances, and by no rational, legal, or moral standard could the fledgling state, unexpectedly victorious, be asked to welcome its enemies.

Such champions of the Arabs as Soviet Russia and Communist China have been somewhat less than cordial to those of their citizens who sided with opponents, and the emigrés from those countries are somewhat less than eager to return, knowing the reception that would await them. It is even more instructive to recall the attitude of the American revolutionaries toward the Tories who fled the Thirteen Colonies and made cause with the British. The Founding Fathers, notably Benjamin Franklin, objected not only to their return but to the granting of compensation for their confiscated estates. So long as the young republic was in danger, Franklin, who conducted negotiations with the British in regard to the Tory refugees, refused to countenance their return. In 1789, he wrote of a group of Loyalists who had settled in what was then British territory: "They have left us to live under the government of their king in England and Nova Scotia. We do not miss them nor wish their return." Though the Loyalists were of the same stock as the revolutionists and there was no scar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city of land for them to return to, the Americans were not disposed to trust their good faith: "I believe the opposition given by many to their re-establishing among us is owing to a firm persuasion that there could be no reliance on their oaths" (Benjamin Franklin, in a letter dated June 26, 1785).

I WILL NOT deny that after the war was over I heard few expressions of regret from Israelis for the departed Arabs. The months of bitter fighting in which 600,000 Jews repelled the onslaught of five Arab states had changed original attitudes. Now the flight of the Arabs was viewed by many Israelis as another in the series of "miracles" which had made possible the emergence of Israel, for the tiny state had been obliged to offer refuge not only to the survivors of Hitler's death camps but to Oriental Jews fleeing from persecution in Moslem lands. An unofficial population transfer took place. Somewhere between 500,000 and 600,000 Palestinian Arabs left; approximately the same number of destitute Oriental Jews came in from Arab countries in the Middle East and North Africa.

The exact number of *bona fide* refugees has become a matter of contention, with the numbers varying according to who is doing the counting. In answer to the present Arab claim of over a million refugees, Israel cites the figures supplied in December 1946 by the Government of Palestine (the British) to UNSCOP. According to these figures, the total number of Arabs in unpartitioned Palestine was 1,288,000; of these 500,000 resided in mandated territory later annexed by Jordan; 100,000 lived in the Gaza Strip, later annexed by Egypt; and 140,000 Arabs remained in what became Israel. The total number of Arab refugees, then, could not have exceeded 550,000. That there are today more than a million on UNRWA's relief rolls can be explained by a combination of factors: a high birth rate; a low death rate (achieved by good sanitary conditions, along with the failure to report deaths so as not to lose ration cards); the padding of relief rolls; and the registration of local Arabs eager to enjoy free lodging and better diet than are available to the indigent in the Middle East.

An even more striking conclusion emerges from the figures supplied in 1946 by the Government of Palestine. Most of the refugees now reside in Jordan and Gaza in territory which was formerly Palestine. Thus it is clear that the majority has merely moved from one area of what was mandatory Palestine to another. They left their native villages, not their native land. This, too, must be borne in mind when an attempt is made to picture the Arab refugee as dwelling in an alien *galut* and passionately fixed upon his Palestine Zion.

In 1946 I visited DP camps in the American Zone of Germany. There I saw Jewish children poring over home-made maps of Palestine labelled simply, *Artzenu* (Our Land), pretty much as I am told Arab children study the geography of a country they have never seen. But with this difference: in Jordan the Arab children are in an Arab land among brothers who are concerned for their destiny (even if this concern is subordinated to political considerations). In no fundamental sense are they homeless. They are not the few accidental survivors of a terror which pursued them wherever they sought to escape. If they continue to live in UNRWA camps, it is not because of necessity but because they are being held hostage by Arab belligerence which refuses to permit their absorption in Arab host countries.

Were it possible for one wild moment to imagine that the Jewish children I saw in 1946 had not been on German soil but in a Jewish land surrounded by large, independent Jewish states, every significant element in the comparison would crumble. Let me continue the fantasy: suppose the talk I heard in the bleak barracks had been not of quotas barring survivors from every country except the one remote, besieged "homeland"; suppose, instead, the survivors had been informed that huge international funds were available for their immediate resettlement, without perilous journeys, in their familiar environment, Hebrew in speech, Jewish in tradition and religion, and governed by Jews. So nonsensical a speculation points up the hollowness of attempted parallels between the status of the Jewish survivors of the war and that of the Palestinian refugees. Every detail of the fable, consisting as it does of impossibles which do violence to the whole course of Jewish history, highlights the difference between the Arab and Jewish plight. What the Jew would have hailed as Utopia, the Arab can afford to reject as injustice.

Certainly it is true that the Palestinian Arabs left homes and villages dear to them, and no supporter of Jewish nationalism like myself has the right to minimize the intensity or equivalent dignity of Arab nationalism. What may legitimately be questioned, however, is the existence of a genuine *Palestinian* nationalism as distinguished from an attachment to the home town. While Palestine has for Jews been the two-thousand-year-old Zion of history and religious tradition, for Arabs it was a geographical locality, a small sector among huge Arab lands whose independent sovereignty was secured by the Allied powers after two world wars. The most extreme of the Arab spokesmen, Ahmed Shukairy, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, while developing his case for the UN Security Council (May 31, 1956), categorically stated: "It is common knowledge that Palestine is nothing but southern Syria." Historically, Shukairy is right, just as he was right when he recently included several prominent Jordanians in the executive of his organization on the theory that there was no difference

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between a Jordanian and a Palestinian and that both sides of the Jordan might just as well be called Palestine. More astute Arab propagandists, notably the editor of the Amman weekly, *Amman al Masa,* warned that this thesis was bound to make resettlement in the underpopulated Arab territories up to the border of Iraq more "respectable," since the advocates of resettlement would be able to claim with justice that the Palestinian Arabs were merely being urged to move to another part of their country. On this point Zionists agree with Shukairy.

Insofar as the Arab refugee case rests on the satisfaction of a unique Palestinian nationalism which can be gratified only in the particular town or village that was abandoned in the exodus, it breaks down on the basis of what Shukairy admits is "common knowledge." For the Arab, Palestine is a geographic fact, not a historic concept—and a very recently created geographic fact, at that. According to the 1922 census taken by the British Government, at the beginning of the British Mandate, only 186,000 Arabs lived in the area which is now Israel. The present state of Israel represents a second partition of the original area designated by the Balfour Declaration as the Jewish homeland. In 1922, the two-thirds of Palestine east of the Jordan was set up as the independent Arab state of Transjordan, and the UN Partition Resolution of 1947 further divided an already truncated country.

It is hard for Israelis to understand what violence is done to the national ego of the Palestinian Arab if he is resettled in Jordan (only forty years ago the major part of Palestine) or another underpopulated Arab land. The change from Louisiana to New York or from New York to Nebraska is more dramatic than a move across the borders of the neighboring Arab lands. The same landscape, the same climate, the same language, the same religion, the same ethnic community remain to the Palestinian refugee.

Does the loss of a particular village or courtyard constitute exile as the term is normally understood? In the course of the construction of the Aswan Dam in Egypt, thousands of villagers were relocated by government decree. In preparation for filling the Bratsk reservoir in Siberia, more than a hundred villages and towns, including the 300-year old settlement of Bratsk, were moved to other sites. Nasser and the Soviet authorities acted in the name of progress, whatever the sentiments of the villagers. This is not a frivolous comparison written in disregard of the deep passions generated by the Arab-Israeli conflict, or of the suffering and dislocation that followed in its wake for both sides—in this connection the half-million Jewish refugees from Arab lands should not be forgotten. But most of the subsequent suffering of the Arab refugees has been deliberately provoked for reasons bearing little relation to the needs of the individuals involved.

No one in his right mind would expect Nasser to equate the viability of Israel and the answer it provides to unprecedented human suffering with progress or with any positive achievement. But is it far-fetched to suggest that if relocation may be accepted matter-of-factly for a dam or a reservoir, it can be countenanced where large historic issues are at stake? In the narrow confines of Israel, twice whittled down from the original boundaries of the Promised Land of the Balfour Declaration, there is no room for an uncontrolled Arab influx—not unless the objective of an independent Jewish state be abandoned after the brave resurgence of hardly two decades. Were Israel to be swamped by an Arab tide, its inhabitants lost in an Arab sea or, as is daily threatened, driven into the sea, would justice be served?

Admittedly, the lot of the Arab refugee is miserable. Even though physical conditions in the camps maintained by UNRWA compare favorably with the standard of living of the local population, no one will pretend that camp existence is normal. However, the refusal of the Arab countries to permit the liquidation of the Arab refugee problem, their artificial maintenance of the refugees as a rallying-cry against Israel, is motivated by purely political considerations. Arabs make no secret of the fact that they view the refugees as "the corner-stone of the Arabs' struggle against Israel . . . the refugees are the armament of the Arabs and Arab nationalism" (Egyptian Government Radio, Cairo, July 19, 1957).

From the point of view of Arab belligerence, this makes good sense; it keeps the pot boiling and prevents a peaceful accommodation to contemporary realities. Nasser put it succinctly when he told an interviewer in *Zuercher Woche* (September 1, 1961) that "If the Arabs return to Israel, Israel will cease to exist." It is pointless to multiply quotations from Arab statesmen—Iraqi, Saudi Arabian, or Syrian—since none pretends to any other purpose. A resolution adopted at a Conference of Refugees in Syria in July 1957 makes Arab past and current policy crystal clear: "Any discussion aimed at a solution of the Palestine problem which will not be based on ensuring the refugees' right to annihilate Israel will be regarded as a desecration of the Arab people and an act of treason."

Those who share the Arab conviction that Israel should be destroyed have good reason to applaud such declarations. I find it hard, however, to understand those who on the one hand accept the existence of the Jewish state as a fact of contemporary history, and at the same time urge the "repatriation" of what has to all intents become an invading army. Israel, a country the size of New Jersey with a population of two-and-a-quarter million, already has an Arab minority of 286,000 (10 per cent) within its borders. The original group of Arabs who chose to remain in the Jewish state has doubled through natural in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crease and the return of members of families whose admission was permitted by the Israel government. An exercise in arithmetic readily indicates what would happen were a million hostile —or, for that matter, hypothetically friendly— Arabs to enter the country. Israel would cease to exist as a Jewish state even if we assume that the threatened physical obliteration of its inhabitants would not take place. That Israel should decline to collaborate in its own destruction is at least as reasonable as the Arab zeal to destroy it.

Were the same criteria applied to the Palestinian Arabs as to other victims of postwar dislocation, resettlement would be viewed as a satisfactory solution. Vast exchanges of populations have taken place in the postwar world. As the result of territorial partitions, there has been an exchange of fifteen million refugees in India and Pakistan; 400,000 Karelians in Finland have been absorbed by the Finns without appeal to the outside world, and 350,000 *Volksdeutsche* by Austria; the West German Government has successfully integrated nearly nine million refugees from Eastern Germany; the UN Agency for Relief to Korean Refugees, established in 1951 on the pattern of UNRWA, was dissolved in 1956, by which time at least four million Korean refugees had been absorbed. Only the Arab refugees, constantly increasing in number, remain—as a monument to Arab intransigence.

Neutral students of the refugee problem have reached the same conclusion:

> I hold the view that, political issues aside, the Arab refugee problem is by far the easiest postwar refugee problem to solve by integration. By faith, by language, by race and by social organization, they are indistinguishable from their fellows of their host countries. There is room for them, in Syria and Iraq. There is a developing demand for the kind of manpower they represent. More unusually still, there is the money to make this integration possible. The United Nations General Assembly, five years ago, voted a sum of 200 million dollars to provide, and here I quote the phrase, "homes and jobs" for the Arab refugees. That money remains unspent, not because these tragic people are strangers in a strange land, because they are not, not because there is no room for them to be established, because there is, but simply for political reasons which, I re-emphasize it is not my business to discuss. (From the report of Dr. Elfan Rees, Commission of the Churches on International Affairs and World Council of Churches' Adviser on Refugees, Geneva, 1957.)

In the years since Dr. Rees rendered his report, the Arabs have continued for "political reasons" to oppose the implementation of all constructive proposals for resettlement. Only on the assumption that Israel must be destroyed does the Arab tactic acquire cogency. Otherwise, the resettlement of Palestinian Arabs among their kith and kin with full international assistance and Israeli compensation for abandoned properties outrages neither the heart nor the imagination. Unless, of course, totally different standards of rectitude are applied to Arabs than obtain for any other group, particularly Jews.

IN THIS DISCREPANCY lies the glaring injustice. Jews can live as an independent national entity only in the minuscule area of the state of Israel. If their longing for national independence is dismissed as a chauvinistic throwback, then the overnice regard for the full appetite of Arab nationalism, including the manufactured one of Palestinian Arab nationalism, is hard to justify on moral grounds. Nationalism cannot be revered in one and condemned in the other. To the primitive argument of ownership—this is ours and we want it back, and your need and our abundance have nothing to do with the case—one would have to counter with the history of Zionist colonization. Israel did not appear as a conquering invader. The state represents the culmination of decades of peaceful settlement sanctioned by international agreements, just as the sovereign Arab states liberated from the Turks are the result of such agreements. It would be pointless at this stage to rehearse such familiar events.

When Mrs. Golda Meir, Foreign Minister of Israel, was asked by a correspondent how the Arab refugee problem would be solved, she answered, "When the Arabs love their children more than they hate us." She might just as well have said grandchildren, for in this current General Assembly debate on the Arab refugee problem the question of UNRWA support for the grandchildren of refugees has arisen. For how many generations is a refugee a refugee? By now UNRWA has spent $450 million without being allowed by the Arab states to utilize these enormous funds to implement any of the constructive proposals for resettlement which have repeatedly been made. Another curiosity of the UN relief program is the maintenance on its rolls of members of the Ahmed Shukairy's Palestine Liberation Organization, a frankly revanchist army sworn to the destruction of a member state of the United Nations, and held temporarily in check only by Nasser's declared unreadiness for hostilities in Israel. The debate at the Special Political Committee of the General Assembly has been enlivened by the pressure of thirteen Arab states for the recognition of the Shukairy battalions; in the same breath they interpolate into these demands equally impassioned ones for "repatriation— basing themselves on Paragraph 11 of a UN resolution of 1948 which recommends that "refugees *wishing to live at peace with their neighbors* should be permitted to do so at the earliest practicable date" (my emphasis).

None of this makes sense except from the point of view of Arab war aims. But I am concerned here not with the rationale of Arab hatred nor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the reasons governments of East and West may have for wooing oil-rich Arabs rather than a handful of Israelis. In each instance the motivations for belligerence or compromise are self-evident. But I do remain troubled by the moralists, Jewish and non-Jewish, who blandly, and I think sanctimoniously, fail to weigh the Arab and Israeli case in the same scale.

An old Druse Sheikh whom I encountered in my tour of Arab villages in 1948 volunteered an explanation of the Arab defeat. He made his point through a tale of the dog and the deer, translated to me by an Israeli interpreter. The dog's master had bidden him to catch the deer but the deer always outran the dog. Finally the dog asked the deer, "I am stronger than you; why do you always win?" The deer answered, "I can run better than you because you run at your master's bidding only to do me hurt, whereas I run for my life." Some will no doubt assume the Sheikh was brainwashed by the Israeli victors; I prefer to believe that he was exceptionally perceptive. He understood the nature of necessity and how it differed for Arab and Jew.

The difference remains. While no people has known such extremity as the Jews, of no people is so much demanded. No other people is high-mindedly adjured to collaborate in its own effacement (repatriation); no other people is expected routinely to perform the David-Goliath act (little Israel can take care of itself, whatever the disparity in arms and numbers); no other people is accused of national greed for treasuring a crumb from the banquet where others feast; and no other people castigates itself with such perverse enthusiasm.

Finally, no other people has witnessed such a travesty of its bitterest agony. The dread terms of recent Jewish experience—camp, homelessness, refugee—are used to describe a situation so fundamentally different that the adoption of this nomenclature becomes a mockery. Repatriation is another term too lightly used. Those who for humanitarian rather than political reasons support repatriation for the Arab refugees fail to distinguish nostalgia for a home town—no doubt intense originally and now inflamed by two generations of enforced abnormal living—from the actuality of exile. This uncritical and perhaps unwitting readiness to sacrifice Israel in the name of justice shows again by what dissimilar yardsticks the respective situations of Arab and Jew are measured.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES Q. WILSON

"THE FLAMBOYANT MR. POWELL"

"BEWARE," Adam Clayton Powell once wrote, "of Greeks bearing gifts, colored men looking for loans, and whites who understand the Negro."* He might well have excepted from this caution whites who "understand" Adam Powell, because most whites who think they understand him usually deplore him, and the more they deplore him the bigger the vote he amasses. Powell has been running against his real and imaginary white enemies for years and although he can now be re-elected to Congress without even the pretense of a campaign, he probably would like to have a few white critics on tap, just in case.

Besides, no one understands Powell better than Powell—his capacity for self-detachment is great, as is often the case with rogues and demagogues. When he first ran for the New York City Council in 1941, he described the "People's Committee" that carried on his campaign as "about the finest bunch of honest thieves and corrupt Christians in captivity." Five years later, when his son was born, he fondly described him as having a "big mouth, like his daddy." When he was denounced in 1956 for having, though a Democrat, endorsed Dwight Eisenhower for President (allegedly in exchange for an administration promise to call off its investigation of the Congressman's tax returns), Powell amiably denied that the White House had persuaded him to change his convictions: "I didn't have any convictions to change." A few years later, back in the good graces of the Democratic party, Powell referred to himself at a testimonial dinner given in his honor as "the flamboyant Mr. Powell."

It is as much the humor, bordering on cynicism, with which he defends his inconsistencies as it is the inconsistencies themselves that outrage white liberals while captivating Negro voters. Powell is not simply a successful Negro demagogue; he is one who flaunts his methods and his achievements before the white world (often at press conferences at Sardi's or "21") and defies them to do anything about it. It is at such moments that his constituents love him the most. If he were simply a demagogue who used their votes to obtain power and money for himself, they might soon become disenchanted. But as a symbol of mocking defiance of the white bourgeoisie, he is apparently worth every penny of what it costs to keep him.

In this, of course, Powell follows a well-charted tradition in American politics. James Michael Curley flaunted Irish vices as well as virtues and outraged Yankees in Boston; the more the latter fumed, the higher the former rose. (Powell has never been re-elected, as was Curley, while serving a jail sentence, but no one has the slightest doubt that he could do it if the necessity should arise.) For decades, American ethnic groups have been producing two kinds of politicians: taciturn, supple, organizational leaders, and flamboyant, individualistic spellbinders. When you are on the outside, there are only two ways of getting in: beating the organization at its own game (by outwitting it and outvoting it) or challenging the organization to a new game (by outshouting or outcharming it). Only recently have some groups —the Irish, the Jews—arrived at a state where they could have the best of both worlds by sending their young men to Harvard or Yale, backing them with family fortunes and organizing skill, and launching them to win elections in ways that take advantage of, without relying exclusively on, their membership in an immigrant group. Only a few politicians in cities such as New York have been able to develop a genuine multi-group appeal.

It is hardly surprising that the Negroes have not. What is surprising is that liberals should be so outraged to learn that, in the meantime, they are supporting the kinds of candidates which their resources allow them to produce. Indeed, if Powell were an Italian or an Irishman, everyone would probably affect a sneaking admiration for his delightful rascality while continuing officially to deplore his methods. If Powell were a white man (and he may *be,* though he is not likely to admit it now), the editorial writers would be employing the rhetoric of Damon Runyon to describe what an "unforgettable character" he is as often as they use the rhetoric of the Ten Commandments to condemn him for his many (quite real) sins.

The truth is that people are upset by Powell *because he is a Negro,* believing implicitly

JAMES Q. WILSON is the author of *Negro Politics* and the director of the MIT-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies.

*All quotations from Powell are taken from the recent biography by Neil Hickey and Ed Edwin, *Adam Clayton Powell and the Politics of Race,* Fleet Publishing Corp., 308 pp., $6.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Negroes, in this day and age, ought to produce selfless, honest, and dedicated leaders who will advance (genteelly) the cause of civil rights and Negro betterment. Powell knows this and capitalizes on it, though he gives it a quite different meaning. When his tax returns were investigated, when a grand jury was considering indicting him for taking kickbacks on the salary of a nominal secretary, when he went on trial for tax fraud, when he was condemned for junketing about Europe in lavish style, when an attempt was made to "purge" him in the 1958 Democratic primary, when he was convicted of libel—in all these cases and more, Powell's stock defense (and for his constituents, an effective one) was to charge that he was being "persecuted" because he was a Negro. That was never true in the sense in which he meant it. *Anti*-Negro feeling rarely, if ever, was at the source of his troubles; rather, it was *pro*-Negro feeling: the feeling that Powell should be better simply because the Negro cause deserves better.

While Powell was under attack by Senator John J. Williams (Rep., Delaware) for his European excursion and his curious financial transactions, a reporter asked him if Negro leaders shouldn't "lean over backwards" to avoid this sort of criticism. "I take the view," replied the Congressman, "that equality is equality . . . and that I am a member of Congress as good as anyone else. As long as it's within the law, it's not wrong." Later he added, "I do not do any more than any other member of the Congress, but by the Grace of God [*sic!*], I'll not do less!"

The real tragedy of Powell, and of Harlem's Negroes, is not that he should be a rogue (before the Great Society arrives and ennobles us all, there will be many more, black and white), but that he seems unable or unwilling to use the power that his style has produced for community or racial ends. Curley, by contrast, whose platform flair elevated him to high office, used those powers to run Boston—and in a not entirely discreditable way, either. The fact that Boston now has water while New York is parched is due, in no small part, to the Quabbin Reservoir system which Curley built decades ago.

But Curley was not lazy, and Powell apparently is. Politics is, for him, a platform, not a way of life. He can be charming and brilliant in casual conversation and thunderous on a soap box, but attending to the details of organization, giving favors or learning names, or simply *listening*, seem to bore him. When he ran successfully for District Leader in Harlem in 1959, J. Raymond Jones, his colleague at the time, said ruefully, "Adam doesn't like to work. He is lazy, and he likes to lead the good life. . . . He is worried that he will be tied down in routine work." His poor attendance record in Congress (before he became chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor) was symptomatic of his boredom—though in fact it was probably irrelevant to either his own future or the advancement of his race.

He has not used his power to wrest significant concessions from local government. He has played party politics with a vengeance, but rarely for any large purpose. Indeed, on the face of it he seems to have made one political miscalculation after another. He supported Eisenhower in 1956, but the Harlem voters supported Stevenson; he supported Arthur Leavitt for mayor in the 1961 primary, but the Harlem voters supported Robert Wagner. In the 1965 primary, however, the Negro voters of at least Powell's own assembly district (the 79th) followed his lead in backing Abraham Beame for mayor. This was probably the first time that Powell was ever able to translate his charisma into votes for a city-wide candidate—though, like all politicians, he was able to do this only in the primary; in the general election, Powell could no more stem the Lindsay tide than the other Democratic party politicians could. In any case, until 1965, he seemed incapable of delivering on a threat or a commitment.

The fact is, of course, that he probably had no intention of delivering. He has had no real organization with which to deliver anything; to the extent that he needs campaign workers for himself (which is rare), they can be recruited *ad hoc* from the membership of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, of which he is pastor. Powell's party irregularity was displayed for the advantage of Powell, not of Harlem; what benefits he may have received can only be a matter of conjecture, but there is plenty of speculation on that to be heard in any political clubhouse.

When Powell publicly demands something from City Hall, it is, typically, more patronage or less police harassment of Negro "bankers" in the numbers racket. It may be possible to give him some of the former (though patronage itself is in such short supply in the city that it could help only a handful of Negroes); but it is improbable that the Police Commissioner would promise him the latter. That Powell produces so little—that he is not likely to leave any monuments to himself, other than his church (and that he inherited from his father)—is in part due to the fact that his political base is a ghetto which cannot, unless led with great skill and cunning, provide a politician with ready-made power. J. Raymond Jones, the leader of what is left of Tammany Hall and a Negro of great political finesse, has come about as close as one could to translating Harlem votes into city-wide power. But he chose a very different route from Powell's and he chose it because, unlike Powell, he enjoys and wants power rather than headlines, the soft life, glamorous women, and villas in Puerto Rico.

The ghetto made Powell and the ghetto confines him, politically if not personally. But when power is placed in his hands, ready for use, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows considerable skill at using it. Even many of his critics must admit that he has been a shrewd chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor: he dominates it, directs it, and bargains with its power to get (among other things) what he feels are desirable changes in legislation concerning education, anti-poverty programs, job discrimination, and labor relations.

POWELL prospers in chaos, when the organizationally-minded are distraught and at cross-purposes. The political chaos of Harlem in the 1930's gave Powell an opportunity to enter politics at the top, as a non-partisan, using his church as a base and a platform. Powell cannot, of course, be wholly "explained" by pointing out, correctly, that he was a maverick who entered a political vacuum caused by the decay of the party structure of Harlem in particular and Manhattan in general. Equally important was his unique personality and his position in a large and well-known church. It is just possible that, had there been a well-organized party system, Powell would have found a way to become its candidate. But it is not likely (flamboyant preachers who were openly flirting with the Communist party were not exactly the sort of person Tammany Hall was keenest on recruiting); in any case, if he had become a party man, his ambition and intelligence would surely have led him to trim his style to conform more nearly to the dictates of party regularity.

In 1938, scarcely one year after Powell succeeded his father as minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, he and a group of Harlem radicals formed the Greater New York Co-ordinating Committee for Unemployment (a vice-presidential candidate of the Communist party was on the committee; so were Negro ministers, writers, socialites, and some of the old cadres of the then-defunct Universal Negro Improvement Association of Marcus Garvey). Immediately it launched a boycott campaign against white merchants in Harlem, especially along 125th Street. "Don't buy where you can't work" was their slogan, as it was the slogan of similar groups in many Northern cities. The tactics which, twenty-five years later, were to be revived by civil-rights organizations, were pioneered in Harlem, though with a good deal less attention to the virtues of non-violence. Concessions were wrung from Consolidated Edison, the Telephone Company, small merchants, and the New York World's Fair. A bus boycott, aimed at getting Negroes hired as drivers and mechanics, was successful. Powell early displayed his mastery of the thinly-veiled threat: "Don't be hard on any Negroes you see on the buses this week," he suggested. "By next Monday if there are still people who have not seen the light yet, then convert them—one way or another." Martin Luther King would not have approved.

With the beginning of World War II, the Co-ordinating Committee floundered; out of it, Powell created the "People's Committee" for the purpose of getting him elected to the New York City Council. New York was governed by Fiorella La-Guardia (whom Powell detested—he once called for his impeachment) and reform was in fashion. The old Board of Aldermen, chosen by districts, had been abolished in 1937 and a new City Council, chosen at large by proportional representation, had been created. Under the old system, a short-sighted Tammany organization had drawn district lines and manipulated patronage to insure that no Negro would be elected; the new system, created to weaken further an already tottering Manhattan party organization, almost guaranteed that at least one Negro would be elected and in a way that would place a premium on personal publicity and freedom from party control. The expectations were fulfilled: Powell was elected in 1941 (the first Negro to serve on the Council); when he decided in 1943 to leave the Council and run for Congress, he referred to the Negro Communist, Benjamin Davis, as "my logical successor."

In later years, when the bitter fight to repeal proportional representation was waged and finally won, Ben Davis became the issue. The Democrats and Republicans accused PR of putting Communists in government. This may have been tactically a good position, but it probably was not their real position. What the parties actually objected to was not so much that Communists could get elected as that the parties had lost control over which Democrats and Republicans could get elected. In short, they probably objected more to Adam Powell than to Ben Davis.

When he first sought office, Powell was endorsed by many of the good-government forces that had backed the new city charter, including the League of Women Voters, the CIO Trade Union Council, the United City Party, and others. Powell, like Curley, began as a "reformer." By the time the parties got around to dealing seriously with Harlem, Powell was in command and could not be dislodged. And by the time the good-government forces realized what their assault on the party system had produced as an alternative, Powell was immune to their criticisms. In 1944, he was elected to Congress from the newly-created all-Negro 22nd Congressional District; in the primary he won the nomination of the Democratic, Republican, and American Labor parties.

NEGROES broke into electoral politics in New York a full generation after they had entered politics in Chicago. A Negro was elected alderman in Chicago in 1915; a second was elected in 1918. In 1928, a Negro was sent to Congress from Chicago's First District, and one has been there ever since. Chicago Negroes learned politics, first as members of William "Big Bill" Thompson's Republican machine and then, after 1933, as members of Ed Kelly's Democratic machine. Ne-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groes have always constituted a larger fraction of Chicago's population than they have of New York's; in addition, the parties in Chicago drew the political map so that it consisted of a large number of small wards, whose boundaries remained sufficiently stable to permit Negroes to become a majority in several of them rather quickly. Furthermore, party leadership in the wards—vested in ward committeemen—was never divided in Chicago; in New York, by contrast, the parties regularly split the assembly districts into halves and even thirds in order to delay, as long as possible, the advent of new groups to power. A Negro became ward committeeman in 1920 in Chicago; a Negro did not become district leader in New York until 1935. Both the Republicans and Democrats in Chicago maintained strong Negro party leaders in the Negro wards; Tammany, by contrast, never really accepted the first Negro district leader, Herbert Bruce, and opposed him with rival candidates in 1935, 1937, 1939, 1943, and 1945, when it finally beat him. A short-sighted Tammany created the conditions that made a Powell possible; the reformers, through the new city charter, made him inevitable.

Powell wasted no time in confirming the worst fears of those who viewed his rise to power with misgivings. He attacked President Truman as "The Little Man in the White House" (Powell had wanted Henry Wallace to be Roosevelt's vice-president in 1944). And when Mrs. Truman failed to heed a Powell demand that she not appear at a tea with leaders of the Daughters of the American Revolution (the DAR had refused to let Powell's wife, the pianist Hazel Scott, play in Constitution Hall), Powell called her the "Last Lady" and compared her unfavorably with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who had resigned from the DAR in 1939 in protest against Marian Anderson's exclusion from the same auditorium. Throughout the late 1940's and the 1950's, Powell enraged serious liberals by his repeated attempts to attach the so-called "Powell Amendment" to various bills providing federal aid to schools and other community facilities. The amendment would have barred the use of federal funds in segregated institutions; the liberals favored it in principle but felt that, under the circumstances, pushing it would only jeopardize already precarious liberal legislation. (By 1964, of course, the Powell Amendment had, in effect, become the law of the land through Title VI of the Civil Rights Act. Powell had little to do with that legislation.)

Powell was not the only maverick to serve Harlem in Congress. Vito Marcantonio was another Congressman who had defied the regular party machinery and won, in part on the strength of his considerable oratorical abilities, but the contrast between the two could not have been greater. Marcantonio used demagoguery to gain power which he then solidified by working intensively to build a vast network for dispensing social services and personal favors. Marcantonio loved power, and worked assiduously at creating it among the voters of East Harlem. Powell may have loved power, but he loved other things more—publicity, and the creature comforts. It would have been unthinkable, for example, for him to spend hot summer nights in a dingy Harlem office dealing with the myriad complaints of his constituents. To some extent, of course, Powell has used his church for that purpose, adding social and educational programs to its religious function. But Powell rarely participates personally in these programs; they have been run by hired professionals (sometimes with money he got from Washington) and church volunteers. For Powell, such an institution has been more a source of patronage with which he could take care of his lieutenants than a way of building up a network of reciprocal obligations among his voters.

The recent struggle between Powell and Kenneth Clark for control of the HARYOU anti-poverty program in Harlem illustrates the nature of Powell's political instincts. There is no doubt that he wanted that program, and the many millions of federal dollars that would be spent on it, squarely under his control. To achieve this, he was willing to go to any lengths to discredit Dr. Clark, the architect of the program, and hence Clark's choice for director, James Dumpson. He charged that Clark "would come out of this whole situation making a tremendous sum of money." After much infighting, Powell carried the day. Clark resigned from the board and a Powell lieutenant, Livingston Wingate, was made director (he later stepped down amid charges of administrative mismanagement). Powell's position as Chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor, through which all aid-to-education and anti-poverty bills must pass, was too strong for Mayor Wagner or others to fight.

That Powell will use HARYOU-ACT (as the organization is now called) to provide appointments for his supporters is not in doubt. Indeed, this organization, with its extensive programs and its ties to dozens of other Harlem groups, may have given Powell the base he needs for institutionalizing his influence. HARYOU-ACT may have helped Powell's candidate, Beame, beat Paul Screvane in North Harlem. (In heavily Negro Bedford-Stuyvesant, where there is neither Powell nor HARYOU-ACT, Screvane won.) But HARYOU-ACT is not a political machine in the traditional sense, nor is Powell a machine politician. The political function of HARYOU-ACT is to produce generalized community support for Powell's leadership, not to exchange particular favors for individual votes. As such, it represents the new style in the politics of poverty, uniting a personal following and a welfare agency, charisma and bureaucracy.

Harlem Negroes are fully aware that Powell uses community programs for personal ends. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amsterdam News has consistently criticized him; so did Earl Brown, long before he allowed himself to be talked into being the candidate in the disastrous Tammany effort to "purge" Powell in the 1958 primary. Civil-rights leaders—A. Phillip Randolph, Roy Wilkins, Lester Granger, Whitney Young, Martin Luther King—have all harbored, both publicly and privately, well-known misgivings about the Congressman. And a 1964 New York *Times* poll in Harlem found that King was the overwhelming choice of Negroes as the leader who has done the most for them (King got 73 per cent of the votes, Powell only 21 per cent). Incredibly, many whites persist in thinking that this dissension means that Powell is weak or vulnerable and can thus be attacked. The point is, though, that any attack on Powell from a white person eliminates the dissension immediately, even if the attack is based on actions of his which seem to demonstrate his lack of concern for the Negro masses.

ANTI-NEGRO whites have delighted in the way Powell conforms so abundantly to their stereotypes of the Negro—as a devotee of conspicuous consumption, as sexually profligate, as untrustworthy. Pro-Negro whites on the other hand have not been able to understand why Negro political leaders could not be more responsible, more committed, more constructive. Between Powell and William Dawson of Chicago, whose style is that of the quiet party regular, they find little to choose. Dawson they reject because of his seeming indifference in race matters (he is, to some, an "Uncle Tom"); and Powell they reject because his interest in race is "irresponsible." The assumption apparently has been that, during the 1940's and 1950's, the Negroes had the resources to produce something better. But that is far from clear. They lacked a large middle class; and they lacked in particular a commercial and entrepreneurial middle class which could provide the sort of civil infrastructure out of which might arise civic leaders, statesmen, and "good" politicians. And, above all, they had to win access to political power by taking it from whites not eager to surrender it. In these struggles, they perforce had to use the tools at hand, and these were primarily tools that the whites had fashioned.

Finally, a responsible agitation over race issues is not easily carried on within American electoral politics; in almost every case, changes have come —necessarily, it would seem—from institutions and forces outside the system: the courts, civil-rights organizations, and the changing temper of American public opinion. Partisan politics outside the South places a high premium on excluding fundamentally divisive issues from public debate; for most Negro politicians, as well as for most Northern white ones, the constraint operates effectively. When race is brought into politics by a man like Powell, it almost inevitably becomes distorted because the use of race as an issue is, in the first place, a reaction to a distorted political situation.

All this is changing. A new wave of reform is upon us, as evidenced by the sweeping reapportionment decisions, the renewed interest (in New York City, of all places!) in proportional representation, the reorganization of local government, the continued weakening of political parties, the rise to influence of new forces (especially the civil-rights groups), and the continued demand of the American public for "something better" by way of politics and politicians. And the Negro is changing—there is a larger and more affluent middle class, an increasingly restless lower class with a keener sense of relative deprivation, and a greater diversity of organizations and leaders. New kinds of Negro politicians will arise, but what kinds no one can predict. One thing seems clear: more Negro communities are becoming politically as volatile as Harlem in the 1930's, and thus the new politicians will all have, to some degree, a bit of Adam in them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERICH ISAAC

FORBIDDEN FOODS

IN THE Bible, the word *kasher* (kosher) appears in reference to acts properly performed or deemed fitting, but it is never used in relation to food. In the Mishnah, compiled around 220 C.E. to give text to the traditions of the oral law and held by Orthodox Jewry to be of equal authority with the Pentateuch, *kasher* is used in connection with food, but there is no hint of *kashruth* as we know it: a whole structure of requirements governing ritually permissible food prepared and eaten in ritually prescribed ways. The Bible, of course, provides detailed lists of animals that may not be eaten, prohibits the drinking of an animal's blood, and specifies circumstances in which an animal ordinarily permissible for food becomes forbidden. There is, however, no system to these ordinances—lists of forbidden foods are connected with lists of forbidden sex and commands against false weights and measures. Apparently no difference is seen in the quality of these various ordinances, and the same reason is advanced for all of them: "for you are to me a Holy People" and "it is an abomination to the Lord." All these, in other words, are disgusting acts in themselves, and now that the people of Israel has been taught to perceive them as such, they are to be eschewed because the Lord has defined them in this way and the Lord demands obedience.

Kashruth today involves vastly more than obedience to the commandments dealing with food which are found in the Torah. As any Jewish housewife who observes the dietary laws should know, most of the duties laid upon her—from the separation of dishes for meat and milk to the waiting of six hours between the eating of meat and milk foods—come not from the Bible, but from rabbinic literature. In part, rabbinic interpretation of the Biblical ordinances was necessary because some of the names given in the Bible could not be attached to known animals. For example, only a few of the birds whose consumption is forbidden can be identified; as a result, the rabbis forbade at first all birds of prey and finally allowed only those that had traditionally been considered *kasher*. Similarly, *shechitah,* the Jewish method of animal slaughter, is nowhere described in the Bible; it was an ancient oral tradition which the rabbis of the Talmud interpreted and set down in fixed form.

But the doctrine of *kashruth* as it exists today resulted from more than the inevitable interpretation of old traditions. The Biblical commandments relating to food were subjected to an extraordinary elaboration at the hands of the rabbis—an elaboration which tended in the direction of continually greater demands upon the practicing Jew. This attitude toward the food prohibitions contrasts with the rabbinic attitude toward other ordinances in the Bible, such as that requiring the Jew to wear fringes on his garments (Deut. 22:12) or not to round the corners of the head (Lev. 19:27). Although these ordinances are supported by the same arguments and included in the same group of commands in the Bible as the food prohibitions, ways were found to make strict adherence to the plain text more inconspicuous in an environment where the practice would cause a Jew to stand out. (Thus, fringes may be worn underneath the outer garments where they are not visible.) Except for certain Jewish sects, it cannot be said that his clothes or his hair mark a man as a Jew nearly so much as his food. It is almost as if the rabbis seized upon the thing most central to everyday living, and created in the elaborate structure of *kashruth,* with its demand for permanent daily observance, the method for holding the Jews together as a separate group.

The Search For A Unifying Principle

But if *kashruth* has had an importance in the cultural history of the Jews which can scarcely be exaggerated, the meaning of the original Biblical commands governing food remains as much of a mystery, after countless attempts at explanation, as it ever was, and efforts to find one unifying principle to explain them all have been uniformly unsatisfactory. The food prohibitions have been interpreted in many ways: as derived from totemic taboos, as pioneer public-health measures, as anti-pagan ordinances, or as an expression of the nomadic disdain for peasant food. The first view received widespread currency through Freud's

ERICH ISAAC, who teaches at CCNY, is a specialist in the geography of religion. His essay, "A Goodly Tree," (written in collaboration with RAEL JEAN ISAAC) appeared in the October 1958 COMMENTARY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Totem and Taboo, a classic of ethnological illiteracy. Among the many arguments which might be cited against Freud's theory is the fact that totemism does not exist in most cultures that have food restrictions. Nor are totems, where they do exist, confined to animals, plants, or even artifacts; they include such diverse items as laughing, illness, shooting stars—even vomiting. Moreover, there are totemic animals that may be eaten and others that may not.

Kashruth has been a favorite target in psychoanalytical interpretations of food taboos. "Long before the dilemmas of orality were made conceptually explicit in psychoanalytic research, these dilemmas were intuited and dramatically regulated within Judaism. No one would pretend that *kashruth* solves all oral dilemmas; its extraordinary importance lies precisely in the fact that it represents an intuitive recognition and a dramatic focusing of attention upon them."* Rather than solving oral dilemmas, *kashruth,* according to the late Isaac Rosenfeld in COMMENTARY† some years ago, seemed to give rise to them; or rather, since he was not an observant Jew, he observed it to give rise to them in those who observed it.

Explanations of certain aspects of *kashruth* as public-health measures are of older standing and can, in fact, be supported by early rabbinic opinion. It is forbidden to eat animals that have died of natural causes ("That which dieth of itself"—Lev. 22:8) or by violent means ("And ye shall be holy men unto me; and not eat any flesh that is torn of beasts in the field; ye shall cast it to the dogs"—Ex. 22:31). Animals that have died of natural causes may not even be touched or carried, an excellent precaution against the spread of disease. I. L. Katzenelsohn, author of a classic study on Talmudic medicine, believed these laws, at least, to have been health laws which were subsequently sacralized. The discoveries of trichinosis in pigs and transmissible diseases in other forbidden animals have led to an expansion of this theory to explain not only why dead animals were prohibited but also why particular species were. For a time *kashruth* gained a certain polemical respectability as being less a taboo than medicine disguised as a taboo. But while hygiene may have played some part in the development of the laws, it is inadequate as a central principle because it does not account for the Bible's total abhorrence of the pig, which is rejected altogether as "defiling" and an abomination. Moreover, depending on the environment and the state of animal husbandry, the "clean" animals permitted for food by the Bible can transmit disease as easily as the prohibited beasts.

Another interpretation with a long history of support holds that the food prohibitions, like the sexual restrictions in the Bible, are anti-pagan in intent. The Bible specifically states that these restrictions are designed so that Israel shall "not walk in the manner of the nations which I cast out before you, for they committed all these things, and therefore I abhor them" (Lev. 20:23). Observance becomes the stamp identifying this people as belonging to God: "Ye shall be holy unto me: for I the Lord am holy, and have severed you from other people, that ye should be mine" (Lev. 20:26).

Both Saadia Gaon and Maimonides held that anti-paganism lay behind the food prohibitions. Saadia reasoned that because it was unthinkable to worship either what served for food or what was declared to be impure, animals were removed as possible objects of worship. Similarly, Maimonides, dismissing a contemporary opinion that the simultaneous consumption of meat and milk was unhealthy, argued that the rabbinic prohibition against eating milk and meat together—derived from the Biblical command not to seethe a kid in its mother's milk (Ex. 23:19)—came about because an Egyptian rite involved meat and milk sacrifices and the Torah says, "after the doings of the land of Egypt . . . shall ye not do" (Lev. 18:3).** But apart from the fact that several of the prohibitions (e.g., against eating animals which have died of natural causes or by violent means) cannot readily be accounted for in this way, the anti-pagan theory still fails to explain why the pig should have been found abominable when the cow—the animal with the densest web of religious associations in Near Eastern cults (when the Israelites lapsed, it was to make a golden calf and not a golden pig)—was permitted.

There is another current anthropological theory which interprets the rejection of the pig by the Semites as a transfer of the disdain felt by conquering nomads from the peasants they had conquered to their animals. While mutual disdain between nomad and peasant does exist, this is not an adequate historical explanation for the ancient chequered pattern of pig-keeping and pig-rejection in Western Asia. Many Semites ate pig; and nomadic groups that entered China—the pig kingdom par excellence—very quickly became pig eaters.

The Rabbinic Construction

The best place to begin in trying to understand *kashruth,* however, may be not with the Biblical food prohibitions themselves but with their rabbinic interpretation; in view of the fact that *kashruth* was in large part created by the rabbis, this may also be the most meaningful place to begin. For the rabbis, a commandment required obedience whether it appeared rational or not, and whether it ran counter to human inclination or not: the performance of a commanded act had

*Richard L. Rubenstein, "Atonement and Sacrifice in Contemporary Jewish Liturgy," *Judaism,* Spring 1962.

†"Adam and Eve on Delancey Street," October, 1949.

**Recent findings indicate that Maimonides's insight was probably correct in this case, for in Canaanite cults it was obligatory to seethe the kid in its mother's milk (Ugaritic text *sahar* and *salim,* I, 14).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merit when it was performed *because* God had commanded it. In principle this is close to Kant's categorical imperative. But the rabbis went further than Kant in arguing that the individual who obeys the commandment with complete willingness and devotion must nonetheless recognize that its performance runs counter to his nature: "Man should not say it is counter to my nature to eat pork or it runs counter to my nature to engage in a forbidden sexual act, but it is indeed my nature, but I have no alternative for my Father in Heaven forbade me." Israel had no superior morality; indeed, according to one Midrash, other nations were better for they spontaneously acted more closely in accordance with God's will, while Israel had to be explicitly commanded to assume a burden against its desires in order to perform its divinely ordained task.

The question which today is asked—"Why some animals and not others? Why the pig and not the cow?"—was not raised by the rabbis in that form. That they recognized the problem is indicated by the distinction they drew between prescriptions that would necessarily have been made by some lawgiver even if they had not been in the Torah (*mishpatim*) and ordinances—like most of the food prohibitions—which would not have been arrived at through man's rational or moral sense (*huqqim*). This distinction is not a Biblical one; it probably arose in response to the challenge of Hellenistic thought, according to which reason was the supreme arbiter of traditions, however venerable.

The rabbis, of course, believed that even those commandments whose relation to moral conduct could not be determined were more than a divine training exercise in obedience. The laws, they held, had been given so that man might be *refined* though his obedience to them. As Rabbi Jehuda ha-Nasi said: "For what does the Holy One blessed be His name care whether a man kills an animal by the throat or by the nape of his neck?" The concern is for the humanization of man, which can be achieved in part through the humane and disciplined treatment of other creatures also created by God. Man has been given power over the animal kingdom by God, but it is a power not to be abused.

It is sometimes forgotten in the modern discussion of the meaning of individual food ordinances that in the Biblical view, man in the ideal society would not eat animals, nor would animals eat each other. This is the prophetic vision, but that vision is based upon the Biblical conception of the original Paradise. In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve and the animals alike are permitted the consumption of "every green herb for food"; nothing is said of meat, and even at the expulsion from Eden, Adam is told that he will eat cereal grains. Not until after the flood is animal flesh specifically made permissible to man: to Noah, presumably a good vegetarian, it is declared: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you." Ethnological materials lend support to what might seem an attempt to read too much into the text: there exists a very widespread conception of an ancestral vegetarian world. But the weightiest support comes from the prophetic vision that man and animal are ideally not meat-eating creatures and that in the Messianic period the instincts and habits of early man and beast will be restored (" . . . and the lion shall eat straw like the ox; and dust shall be the serpent's food. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain"—Isaiah 62:25, also 11:7).*

Given the imperfect world in which beast consumes beast and man eats beast, man must at least recognize that he has certain obligations to animals. Far from being considered (as they are in Christian dogma) automata who present the appearance of suffering, animals are regarded by Jewish law as suffering creatures to be protected from gratuitous maltreatment. The Bible commands a man to aid a fallen animal whether it belongs to a friend or an enemy (Ex. 23:5 and Deut. 22:4). This became the basis of such rabbinic rules as that which gives a person the right to charge for loading an animal but not for unloading, and that which says that if a person is asked to help in loading and in unloading by different parties, he must first unload because it is the already burdened animal which needs relief. The concern with man's humanity to man is nonetheless paramount, for if a person is given the same choice when the man loading the animal is the enemy, his obligation is first to help his enemy (on the ground that this may lessen the hostility between them). Yet in certain circumstances, the rabbis insist that even greater care be taken of animals than of men. Men, for example, may be forbidden to consume that which they harvest, but animals must be allowed to feed if they so desire, for while men can understand deprivation, animals cannot.

As a corollary of the Biblical view that there is no enormous gulf between animal and man, animals are thought in classical Jewish literature to bear a certain responsibility for their actions. Almost all rabbinic commentators agree on the shared responsibility of beasts and man for the deluge, "for all flesh had corrupted their way" (Gen. 6:12), and God decided to destroy not just man but "all flesh, wherein is the breath of life" (Gen. 6:17). Animals share in the Noahite covenant made "with every living creature" (Gen. 9:10-12). In a number of statements human superiority disappears altogether: "They have all one breath; so that a man hath no prominence above a beast"; and "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccles. 3:19,21).

*At the New York World's Fair the exhibit organized by Cleveland Amory to convey this idea, called "The Peaceable Kingdom," was dubbed "silly" by Moses (Robert).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not only do the rabbis accept the notion of a "soul" for beasts, but they accept the idea of an animal mind. The words used for soul and spirit, *nefesh* and *ruach,* can only be imprecisely translated, but whatever they mean, they are used for both man and animal. An ox who gores a man is condemned in the Bible to a murderer's death by stoning—a tradition that was maintained for a considerable period—and various animals who caused the death of human beings were tried and condemned in full-dress sessions of the Sanhedrin. To be sure, Biblical laws concerning the slaying of a murderous animal were explained by some rabbis in the same way they interpreted the mandatory death of an animal involved in a forbidden sexual act with a human being—though the animal did not sin, it was instrumental in the downfall of a man. But such reasoning would not cover full-court sessions devoted to an examination of the beast's guilt and to the sentencing of it to death. Responsibility for their actions, and therefore guilt, are seen as belonging to animals as well as to man.

A NUMBER of the rules of *kashruth* were understood by the rabbis in terms of the Biblical conception of the animal as a suffering creature to be treated with decency. Thus, no part of a living animal may be eaten (more than one author has reported on the Bedouin practice of tearing a limb from the living beast; this cruelty presumably serves as a form of food preservation, since the animal may live for several days and the rest of its meat may then be eaten before it spoils). Other mysterious rules relating to animals (though not to *kashruth*) were also interpreted in rabbinic exegesis as somehow connected with the prohibition against causing anguish to animals. It was thus that Maimonides explained the prohibition against killing the dam and its young on the same day (Lev. 22:28), and the same reason has been given for the requirement that the dam and the young may not be taken from the bird's nest (Deut. 22:6-7).

It can still be said today, after a century of continuous efforts on the part of various sentimentalist and humane organizations, that Jewish law is singular in its concern for the protection of animals and its determination to avoid certain practices still current (e.g. the wiping out of whole species to furnish fashion fads, the carving of embryos from living seals to obtain especially fine pelts, the snipping of legs off frogs which are then thrown back into the pond).

I believe that Josephus and Philo were correct in stressing a fundamental humane and humanizing intent in the commandments dealing with animals, whatever additional roots these commandments may have had. Certainly, this was the basic assumption of the rabbis in their elaboration of many of the Biblical ordinances. Hence it is peculiarly ironic that the Jewish method of animal slaughter, *shechitah,* should have become a perennial target for attack from animal-protection societies—outlawed, in a burst of humane feeling, in Switzerland—for until modern times *shechitah* was far and away the most humane method of animal slaughter known in Europe; even today it is, in this respect, at least as good as any other. I do not believe that expert opinion today would defend the most commonly used mechanical means of numbing animals; on the contrary, as repeated examination has shown, they often result in considerable agony. (Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that the so-called improved means of slaughter have been most widely employed for kosher animals: pig sticking has continued unabated.) And while primitive cattle-keeping peoples are unthinkingly supposed to be experts in methods of animal slaughter, anyone who has witnessed actual slaughter of animals in some of these groups knows that it is not done with dispatch. I personally witnessed the strangling of a cow in Northern Rhodesia. The process took a long time. In some parts of Southern Rhodesia the animal is literally beaten to death with clubs.

Though *shechitah* is nowhere specifically prescribed in the Bible, it is considered a Mosaic unwritten commandment. It may well be that this method of slaughter was common among the sophisticated peoples of West Asia and that, as the best method, it was made the only one by Jews. Blood being one of the prohibited foods, the method would have had the additional advantage of ensuring that the least possible amount of blood remained in the carcass. The prohibition against drinking blood also had something to do with the forbidding of the hindquarter of kosher animals. The first of all the Biblical food prescriptions, which is actually more descriptive than prescriptive, says that the "children of Israel eat not of the sinew . . . which is upon the hollow of the thigh" (Gen. 32:32). This is explained in the text as commemorating Jacob's struggle with the angel, who dislocated his thigh; presumably an etiological tale had been attached to an old food prohibition. The rabbis expanded it to include the entire hindquarter of kosher animals in view of the difficulty of blood removal from that part of the body.

Shechitah requires an internal examination of the carcass—a regulation serving to ensure that the owner of the animal would take every precaution to keep it in excellent condition. There is the severest economic penalty for animal abuse: the animal would be declared *trepha* after slaughter and be of little benefit to its owner. Hygienic considerations, of course, may also have played a role in this. In Africa and Western Asia certainly, intestinal and other parasites, such as liver fluke in cattle, are widespread, and not only debilitate domestic animals but are serious sources of human disease as well.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... Doth God Take Care For Oxen?"

The Biblical and subsequent rabbinic concern with animals was used by Paul as an argument and a weapon against rabbinic Judaism. Concerning the prohibition: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" (Deut. 25.4), Paul comments " . . . doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope: and that he that threshеth in hope should be partaker of his hope" (I Corinthians 9:9-10). Since God is concerned only with man and the commands relating to animals are not to be taken in a literal sense, they need not be obeyed.

In Christendom the Pauline *midrash* sanctified an attitude reflected in Roman law in which the animal had no rights, but its owner had complete *jus utendi* and *jus abutendi* over it. With the development of Christian dogma the difference between man and beast became unbridgeable. Beasts were seen as possessed of neither an immortal soul, nor reason, language, freedom, universal ideas, etc; they deserved neither divine reward nor punishment; and they were incapable of suffering pain. This view ran so deep that the Roman Catholic Church until recent times opposed the establishment of humane societies as based on theological error. (With increased humane-society propaganda, however, separate Catholic societies were formed.)*

Enlightenment and Cartesian thought were substantially in agreement with dogma. Descartes taught that what appears as suffering in animals "is only a mechanical reaction set up by the vibration of fibers." The notion that animals are unfeeling automata is now more or less abandoned, but many of the problems raised in the Cartesian and post-Cartesian discussion—of animal soul, innate ideas, instinct, intelligence, the nature of animal society, final causes, origin of language—are unsolved even today.

Of course, theological and philosophical considerations, while they affect perception and behavior, reflect very imperfectly the actual treatment of animals. Within Christendom, it was not as bad as one might imagine from the foregoing, while in other places—India, for example—where the doctrines concerning animals would lead one to expect excellent treatment, the care of animals is atrocious. Animals were very important in popular Christianity. The saints had their animals—St. Francis his birds, St. Hubert his stag, St. Roch his dog, etc.—and domestic animals or animals of the chase played a central role in Church festivals.

At the level of the more "perfect Christianity," on the other hand, theology narrowed the realm of the ethical by excluding all creation save man, thus abandoning the Jewish view of a world in which God's concern is extended to animals, and of a future redeemed world in which all creatures shall coexist in peace together. But in doing this, Christianity was abandoning more than the Jewish concern for animals. It was renouncing a world view in which man's acceptability to God was determined by his total behavior: by what he ate; by what he wore; by how he slept—as well as by how he conducted himself in relation to his fellow creatures and to his God. According to Matthew, Jesus said: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man" (Matt. 15: 11). The radical implications of this can hardly be overestimated, for it makes the relation of man to God so exclusive that man's experience of himself as a part of creation is virtually destroyed. Conversely, God is conceived as exclusively concerned with only one kind of behavior in only one part of His creation.

GIVEN the Jewish imperative of hallowing all of life, it may seem surprising that there has not been more of a vegetarian tradition, especially in view of the Biblical suggestion of an original vegetarian world and the treatment by some rabbis of meat eating as a concession to human weakness. Individual observant Jews have in the past practiced vegetarianism, and recently an Orthodox vegetarian settlement was established in Israel. Conceivably, a normative rabbinic vegetarianism might have developed as a logical extension of the prohibition against causing anguish to animals and in recognition of the status of animals as, like man, God's creatures. Elsewhere, under the influence of the kindred concept of the sanctity of life, restrictions against meat-eating have been progressively imposed, as among the Hindus. The Jains go so far as to sweep the ground in walking so as not to step on living things, and they wear a veil to prevent the accidental breathing in of an insect.

The rabbis, however, stopped short of such extremes, settling instead for the demand that the animal appetite for food—along with other animal appetites—be restrained. This demand is grounded in the reiterated Biblical command that men be holy, which is itself anchored in the statement that God Himself is holy: "Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy; for I am holy" (Lev. 11:44). The coupling of the insistence on holiness with restraints imposed upon the strongest human needs—food, sex, and property—may be understood as the demand for an imitation of God, who does not have these drives or needs.

Given, then, the assumption that it is necessary to restrain the animal appetite for food, how is

*In Victoria, B.C., Canada, in August of last year, a group of nuns running a shelter for abandoned animals were ordered by Msgr. Sergio Pignedoli of Ottawa, the Vatican's apostolic delegate, to leave the shelter or abandon their religious vows.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this to be done? It might be done by limiting consumption of all foods: such a generalized asceticism is indeed found in a great variety of religions and also in various ethical doctrines. Perhaps ascetic prescriptions appeal to certain strata in societies of relative abundance. It makes good sense to preach moderation to one's companions at a Lucullan banquet, or for a Brahmin to teach an abstemious doctrine. Whether the ascetic way was rejected by Judaism out of general abhorrence of societies to which it was integral cannot be known. It is clear, however, that where ascetic tendencies were grounded in theology, they resulted in extremes of abstention, often imposed on large communities. Almost inevitably the moral intent—where there was one—was subverted and a logical tyranny substituted.

The other possibility is a restriction on specific foods. The ultimate reason for the choice of the specific animals that are prohibited in the Bible can only be conjectured. So far as the pig is concerned, in much of ancient West Asia, both where it was consumed and where it was prohibited, it was considered demonic—evil personified. In Mesopotamian and Hittite texts it is treated as such and in the Greek cult of Demeter the pig was at one and the same time sacred and impure (Herodotus II, 47; Lucian, *De Dea Syria* 54a). In southeast Asia, Melanesia, and parts of Polynesia, the pig is the cult animal par excellence, associated with rites involving cannibalism and sexual excesses. Maimonides may thus have been right in assuming an anti-pagan intent in certain of the food prohibitions.

But what of the whole structure of *kashruth* itself? The Jew today has no trouble in assenting to the Biblical and rabbinic attitude toward animals, but he has much difficulty in accepting the dietary laws. Maimonides tried to illuminate the spirit of these laws by saying that "he who observes them, does honor not to the law but to Him who gave them to guard Israel from walking in darkness. These laws are the lamps that light up the path" (*Mishne Torah,* Bk. V Sect. 3). In this view, the laws themselves appear indifferent and observance is all that matters. This is a type of argument that modern man is unable to accept, and in no other area in which restrictions have been imposed on Jews have they been so thoroughly discarded as in the requirements concerning food. It may, of course, be asked why a man should not be able to walk the Jewish path saying "yes" to Jewish tradition insofar as it demands the humane treatment of animals and "no" to the dietary laws. This is perhaps a more complicated question than it would at first appear, and no easy answer to it can be given. What can be said of the believing Jew, however, is that to the extent that he obeys the dietary laws with intention, and not merely mechanically, he does achieve, by restraint of his animal appetites, a sanctification of humdrum existence and an anchoring of his personality in an ordered universe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAY NEUGEBOREN

LUTHER

A Story

LUTHER arrived at Booker T. Washington Junior High School (Columbus Avenue and 107th Street, Manhattan) in September of 1955, six months before I did. I met him at the end of February, the third week I taught there, when one of the assistant principals asked me to cover the cafeteria during fifth period for a teacher who had to be at a conference. "Good luck with the animals," I remember him saying.

I was on my guard when I entered the cafeteria; perhaps even a trifle scared. The stories I had been hearing in the teachers' lounge had prepared me to expect anything. During the winter months the students were not allowed to leave the lunchroom and the results of keeping them penned in—the fights, the food-throwing, the high-pitched incessant chattering in Spanish, the way the Negro and Puerto Rican boys and girls chased each other around the tables—such things did, I had to admit, give the room a zoo-like quality.

The day I was assigned, however, was a Catholic holy day and many of the students were absent. Those who remained filled a little less than half of the large room and though they were noisy, it was relatively easy to keep them in order. Luther sat at a table by himself, near the exit to the food-line. Occasionally, I noticed, a few boys would come and sit next to him. The third time I patrolled his area, however, his table was empty and he stopped me.

"Hey, man," he said, poking me in the arm to get my attention, "you new here?"

He had a stack of about ten cookies in his other hand and he put one into his mouth as he waited for an answer. When I told him that I was not new, he nodded and looked at me. "You have any trouble yet?"

"No," I said, as sternly as possible. Despite my feelings of sympathy for the students, I knew that if I ever hoped to get anywhere with them, I had to appear tough and confident. "No," I repeated, almost, I recall, as if I were challenging him. "I haven't."

Luther cocked his head to one side then and smiled slowly. "You will," he said, and went back to his cookies.

In the teachers' lounge, the first time I told the story, somebody asked if the boy who had stopped me was a little Negro kid, very black, with a slight hunchback. I said he was. The teachers laughed. "That's Luther," one of them said.

"He's batty," said another. "Just leave him be."

I repeated the story endlessly. It was the first anecdote of my teaching experience that excited admiration and some sort of reaction from those I told it to, and this was important to me then. I had no more direct encounters with Luther that term, though I did see him in the halls, between classes. I always smiled at him and he would smile back—or at least I thought he did. I could never be sure. This bothered me, especially the first time it happened. Through my retelling of the story, I realized, he had become so real to me, so much a part of my life that I think I took it for granted that our encounter had assumed equal significance in his life. The possibility that he had not even repeated the story to a single one of his friends disturbed me.

Once or twice during the term I spotted him wandering around the halls while classes were in session, slouching down the corridor, his body pressed against the tile walls. When I asked the other teachers if he was known for cutting classes, they told me again to just leave him be—that the guidance counselor had suggested that the teachers let him do what he wanted to. He was harmless, they said, *if* you left him alone. Those teachers who had him in their classes agreed with the guidance counselor. Left alone, he didn't annoy them. When he wanted to, he worked feverishly—and did competent work; but when he did not want to work he would either sit and stare, or just get up, walk out of the room, and wander around the building. He was, they concluded, a mental case.

I returned to Booker T. Washington Junior High School the following September, and Luther turned up in one of my English classes. He had changed. He was no longer small, having grown a good five inches over the summer, and he was no longer quiet. When classwork bored him now he would stand up, and instead of leaving the room, would begin telling stories. Just like that. He had his favorite topics, too—his cousin Henry who had epilepsy, Willie Mays, what was on sale at the supermarket, the football team he played

---

JAY NEUGEBOREN, a new contributor, has a story in *Best American Short Stories, 1965*. Houghton-Mifflin will publish his first novel, *Big Man*, next fall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on, the stories in the latest *Blackhawk* comic book. When he ran out of stories, he would pull *The National Enquirer* out of his back pocket and begin reading from it, always starting with an item in the "Personals" columns that had caught his eye. I never knew what to do. When I would yell at him to sit down and be quiet, he would wave his hand at me, impatiently, and continue. Moreover, no expression on his face, nothing he ever said, indicated that he thought he was doing anything wrong. An hour after disrupting a class, if I would see him in the corridor, he would give me a big smile and a hello. After a while, of course, I gave up even trying to interrupt him. I listened with the other students—laughing, fascinated, amazed.

I TRIED TO remember some of his stories, but when I retold them they never seemed interesting, and so I purposely gave Luther's class a lot of composition work, trying to make the topics as imaginative as possible—with the hope, of course, that he would use one of them to let loose. But all of the topics, he declared, were "stupid" and he refused to write on any of them. Then, when I least expected it, when I assigned the class a "How To—" composition, he handed one in. It was typewritten on a piece of lined notebook paper, single-spaced, beginning at the very top of the page and ending just at the first ruled line. It was titled: "How To Steal Some Fruits":

> How To Steal Some Fruits, by Luther
> Go to a fruit store and when the fruitman isn't looking take some fruits. Then run. When the fruitman yells "Hey you stop taking those fruits" run harder. That is how to steal some fruits.

The next day he sat quietly in class. When I looked at him, he looked down at his desk. When I called on him to answer a question, he shrugged and looked away. At three o'clock, however, no more than five seconds after I had returned from escorting my official class downstairs, he bounded into my room, full of life, and propped himself up on the edge of my desk.

"Hey man," he said. "How'd you like my composition? It was deep, wasn't it?"

"Deep?"

"Deep, swift, *cool*—you know."

"I liked it fine," I said, laughing.

"Ah, don't put me on, man—how *was* it?"

"I liked it," I repeated, my hands clasped in front of me. "I mean it."

His face lit up. "You mean it? I worked hard on it, Mister Carter. I swear to God I did." It was the first time, I remember, that he had ever addressed me by my name. He stopped and wiped his mouth. "How'd you like the typing? Pretty good, huh?"

"It was fine."

"Christ, man," he said, stepping down from my desk and moving to the blackboard. He picked up a piece of chalk and wrote his name, printing it in capital letters. "How come you so tight? Why don't you loosen up? I ain't gonna do nothing. I just want to know about my composition. That's all."

I felt I could reach him, talk to him. I wanted to—had wanted to for some time, I realized, but he was right. I was tight, uncomfortable, embarrassed. "Where'd you get a typewriter?" I offered.

He smiled. "Where I get fruits," he replied, then laughed and clapped his hands. I must have appeared shocked, for before I could say anything, he was shaking his head back and forth. "Oh, man," he said. "You are really deep. I swear. You really are." He climbed onto my desk again. "You mind talking?"

"No," I said.

"Good. Let me ask you something—you married?"

"No," I said. "Do you think I should be married?"

"It beats stealing fruits," he said, and laughed again. His laugh was loud and harsh and at first it annoyed me, but then his body began rocking back and forth as if his comment had set off a chain of jokes that he was telling himself silently, and before I knew it I was laughing with him.

"I really liked the composition," I said. "In fact, I hope you don't mind, but I've already read it to some of the other teachers."

"No shit."

"They thought it was superb."

"It's superb," he said, shaking his head in agreement. "Oh, it's superb, man," he said, getting up again and walking away. His arms and legs moved in different directions and he seemed so loose that when he turned his back to me and I noticed the way his dirty flannel shirt was stretched tightly over his misshapen back, I was surprised—as if I'd noticed it for the first time. He walked around the room, muttering to himself, tapping on desks with his fingertips, and then he headed for the door. "I'm superb," he said. "So I be rolling on my superb way home—."

"Stay," I said.

He threw his arms apart. "You win!" he declared. "I'll stay." He came back to my desk, looked at me directly, then rolled his eyes and smiled. "People been telling stories to you about me?"

"No."

"None?" he questioned, coming closer.

"All right," I said. "Some—."

"That's all right," he said, shrugging it off. He played with the binding of a book that was on my desk. Then he reached across and took my grade book. I snatched it away from him and he laughed again. "Oh man," he exclaimed. "I am just so restless!—You know what I mean?"

He didn't wait for an answer, but started around the room again. The pockets of his pants were stuffed and bulging, the cuffs frayed. The corner of a red and white workman's handkerchief hung

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of a back pocket. He stopped in the back of the room, gazed into the glass bookcase, and then turned to me and leaned back. "You said to stay—what you got to say?"

The question was in my mind, and impulsively I asked it: "Just curious—do you remember me from last year?"

"Sure," he said, and turned his back to me again. He looked in the bookcase, whirled around and walked to the side of the room, opening a window. He leaned out and just as I was about to say something to him about it, he closed it and came back to the front of the room. "Man," he exclaimed, sitting on my desk again. "Were you ever scared that day! If I'd set off a cherry bomb you'd have gone through the fan." He put his face closer to mine. "Man, you were scared green!"

"Was I scared of you, Luther?" I asked, looking straight into his eyes.

"Me? Nah. Nothing to be scared of." He hopped off the desk and wiped his name off the blackboard with the palm of his hand; then he started laughing to himself. He looked at me, over his shoulder. "Bet I know what you're thinking now," he said.

"Go ahead—."

"You're thinking you'd like to *help* a boy like me. Right? You're getting this big speech ready in your head about—."

"No," I interrupted. "I wasn't."

He eyed me suspiciously. "You sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Not even with compositions? Oh man, if you'd help me with compositions, before we'd be through with me, I'd be typing like a whiz." He banged on a desk with his palms, and then his fingers danced furiously on the wood as he made clicking noises inside his mouth. "Ding!" he said, swinging the carriage across. "Ain't it fun to type!"

"Okay," I said. "Okay. Maybe I was thinking that I would like to help you."

"I knew it, man," he said, to himself. "I just knew it.'

"You have a good mind, Luther—much better than you let on."

"I do, I do," he muttered, chuckling. I stood up and went to the closet to get my coat. "Okay. What do I get if I work for you?" he asked.

I shrugged. "Nothing, maybe. I can't promise anything."

"I *like* that, man," he said.

"Could you call me Mister Carter?" I asked, somewhat irritably. "I don't call you, 'hey, you'—."

"Okay, Mister Carter," he said. He took my coat sleeve. "Let me help you on with your coat, Mister Carter."

We walked out of the room and I locked the door. "You ain't a *real* social worker like the others," he commented as we started down the stairs. He held the door open for me. "I do like that."

I nodded.

"Playing it close to the vest again, huh? Tight-mouthed."

"Just thinking," I said.

When we were outside he asked me what he had to do.

"For what?" I asked.

"To get you to help me to be somebody, to educate myself—all that stuff."

"Do what you want to do," I said. "Though you might start by doing your homework. Then we'll see—."

"I know," he said, cocking his head to one side again. "If I play ball with you you'll play ball with me. Right? Okay, okay. I know."

Then he was gone, running down the street, his arms spread wide as if he were an airplane, a loud siren-like noise rising and falling from him as he disappeared from view.

THE NEXT few months were without doubt the most satisfying to me of any during the eight years I've been a teacher. Luther worked like a fiend. He was bright, learned quickly, and was not really that far behind. He did his homework, he paid attention in class, he studied for tests, and he read books. That was most important. On every book he read I asked him to write a book report: setting, plot, theme, characters, and his opinion of the book—and once a week, on Thursday afternoons, we would get together in my room for a discussion. During the remainder of the term he must have gone through at least forty to fifty books. Most of them had to do with sports, airplanes, and insects. For some reason he loved books about insects. All the reports came to me typed, and on some he drew pictures—"illustrations" he called them, which, he claimed, would be a help to me in case I had not read the book.

When we would finish talking about books, I would help him with his other subjects, and his improvement was spectacular. I looked forward to my sessions with him, to his reports, to just seeing him—yet from day to day, from moment to moment, I always expected him to bolt from me, and this pleased me. Every time he came to me for a talk I was truly surprised.

When the term ended he asked if I would continue to help him. I said I would. He was not programmed for any of my English classes during the spring term, but we kept up with our weekly discussions. As the weather improved, however, he read less and less; I didn't want him to feel as if he *had* to come see me every Thursday, and so, about a week before the opening of the baseball season, I told him that I thought he had reached the point where he could go it alone. "When you feel like talking, just come knocking—" I said. "We don't need a schedule." He seemed relieved, I thought, and I was proud that I had had the sense to release him from any obligation he might have felt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then, suddenly, I didn't see him anywhere for three weeks. I asked his home-room teacher about him and she said she hadn't seen him either; she had sent him a few postcards, but had received no reply. That very night—it was almost as if he had been there listening, I thought—he telephoned me at home.

"Is this Mister Carter? This is Luther here."

"Hi, Luther," I said.

"I looked you up in the telephone book. You mind me calling you at home?"

"No, no. I don't mind."

"Okay," he said, breathing hard. "I just wanted to let you know not to worry about me because I'm not in school. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure."

"I had some things to take care of—you know?"

"Sure," I said.

"Man, you *know* you're itching to ask me *what*?" He laughed. "You are deep. I'll be back Monday."

That was all. On Monday, as he had promised, he returned to school and came to visit me in my room at three o'clock. We talked for a while about the way the pennant race was going, and then he said, "Okay, let's cut the jazz, man. I got something to say to you." He seemed very intense about it and I told him that I was listening carefully. He pointed a finger at me. "Now, we stopped our sessions, right?"

"Right," I said.

"And the day after we stopped, I began to play the hook for three straight weeks, right?"

"Right."

"Okay. Now you can tell me it ain't so, but I'll bet you'll be thinking it was your fault. It ain't. If you want the truth, I ain't done a stick of work all term for *any* teacher—so don't go thinking that I stopped being a good student cause we stopped our meetings."

He let out a long breath. "I'm glad you told me," I said.

"Shit, man," he said, getting up and going to the door. "Don't *say* anything, huh? Why you got to *say* something all the time?" He came toward me. "*Why*?" He was almost screaming and I slid my chair back from the desk. He shook his head frantically. "Why, man?" he said. He reached into his side-pocket and I started to stand up. Abruptly, he broke into laughter. "Oh man, you are deep! You are just so deep!" He clapped his hands and laughed at me some more. "Ra-ta-tat-tat!" he said as he banged on a desk. "You're real sweet, man! Just so sweet! Ra-ta-tat-tat! Comin' down the street!" He sat down in one of the seats. "But don't you worry none. I got seven liberry cards now and books growing out the ceiling. I got a liberry card for Luther King and one for Luther Queen and one for Luther Prince and one for Luther Jones and one for Luther Smith and one for Luther Mays and one for Luther B. Carter." He banged on the top of the desk with his fist, then drummed with his fingers again. "But don't you worry none—ra-ta-tat-tat—just don't you worry—."

"I'm not," I said.

"That's all," he said, and dashed out of the room.

He attended classes regularly for about two weeks and then disappeared again for a week. He returned for a few days, stayed away, returned. The pattern continued. In the halls when we saw each other he would always smile and ask if I was worrying and I would tell him I wasn't. Once or twice, when he was absent, he telephoned me at home and asked me what was new at school. He got a big charge out of this. Then another time, I remember, he came riding through the schoolyard on a bicycle during sixth period, when I was on patrol. "Don't report me, man!" he yelled and rode right back out, waving and shouting something in Spanish that made everybody laugh.

NEAR THE END of May, the assistant principal in charge of the eighth grade called me into his office. He knew I was friendly with Luther, he said, and he thought that I might talk to the boy. For the past six or seven months, he told me, Luther had been in and out of juvenile court. "Petty thefts," the assistant principal explained. I wasn't surprised; Luther had hinted at this many times. I had never pressed him about it, however, not wanting to destroy our relationship by lecturing him. The assistant principal said he didn't care whether I said anything to Luther or not. In fact, he added, he would have been just as happy to get rid of him—but that before he was shipped off to a 600-school or put away somewhere else, he wanted to give me an opportunity to do what I could. More for me, he said, than for Luther.

About a week after this, on a Friday, Luther telephoned me.

"How've you been?" I asked.

"Superb, man," he said. "Hey listen—we ain't been seeing much of each other lately, have we?"

"No—."

"No. Okay. Listen—I got two tickets to see the Giants play tomorrow. You want to come?" I didn't answer immediately. "Come on—yes or no—tickets are going fast—."

"I'd like to," I said. "Yes. Only—only I was wondering where you got the money for the tickets?" I breathed out, glad I had said it.

Luther just laughed. "Oh man, you're not gonna be like that, are you? You been listening to too many stories again. That judge from the court must of been gassing with you. Tell you what—you come to the game and I'll tell you where I got the tickets. A deal?"

"A deal."

"Meet you in front of the school at eleven o'clock—I like to get there early to see Willie go through batting practice. Batting practice—that's more fun than the game, sometimes. You know?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was waiting for me when I got there a few minutes before eleven the following day. "Let's go," he said, flourishing the tickets. "But don't ask me now, man—let's enjoy the game first. Okay?"

I did enjoy the game. The Giants were playing the Cardinals and to Luther's delight, Willie Mays had one of his better days, going three-for-four at bat, and making several brilliant plays in the field. For most of the game, I was truly relaxed. Along about the eighth inning, however, I began to think about the question again—to wonder when would be the best time to ask it. Luther, it seemed, had forgotten all about it. The Giants were winning 5-2.

"Oh man," he said. "If only that Musial don't do something, we're home free. Look at Willie!" he exclaimed. "Ain't he the greatest that ever lived. He is just so graceful! You know? How you like to see a team of Willie Mayses out there? Wow!" Wes Westrum, the Giant catcher, grounded out, short to first, and the eighth inning was over. "One to go, one to go," Luther said. Then he jabbed me in the arm with his finger. "Hey, listen—I been thinking. Instead of an All-Star game every year between the leagues, what they ought to do one year is have the white guys against our guys. What you think?"

I shrugged. "I don't know," I said.

"Sure," he said. "Listen—we got Willie in center. Then we put Aaron in right and Doby in left. He's got the raw power. Some outfield, huh? Then we got Campy catching and Newcombe pitching. You can't beat that. That Newcombe—he's a mean son of a bitch, but he throws. Okay. I been thinking about this a long time—." He used his fingers to enumerate. He was excited, happy. "At first base we put Luke Easter, at second—Junior Gilliam, at short—Ernie Banks, and at third base we bring in old Jackie Robinson just to give the team a little class—you know what I mean? Man, what a line-up! Who could you match it with?"

When I said I didn't know, Luther eyed me suspiciously. "C'mon—Musial, Mantle, Williams, Spahn—you name 'em and I'll match 'em, man for man, your guys against ours." He stopped and cheered as a Cardinal popped out to Whitey Lockman at first. "What's the matter—don't you like the idea? Ha! Face it, man, we'd wipe up the field with you. Swish! Swish!" He laughed and slapped me on the knee. "Hey, I know what's bugging you, I bet—." He leaned toward me, cupping his hand over his mouth, and whispered in my ear. "Tell the truth now, would you have ever offered to help me if I wasn't colored?"

"Would I—?" I stopped. "Sure," I said. "Of course I would. Of course—."

Luther smiled; triumphantly, dubiously. "Look," I said. "As long as we're asking questions, let me ask you something."

"About the tickets, right?"

"No," I said. "Forget the tickets. No long lectures, either. Just a question. Just one: how come you steal?"

"Oh man," he said, laughing. "That's an easy one!—Because I'm not getting what I want and when you don't get what you want, man, you got to take. Don't you know that?"

I stared at him, not sure I had heard right. He winked at me. "Enjoy the ballgame, man! Say hey, Willie!" he shouted, as Mays caught a fly ball, bread-basket style, for the second out. "Ain't he the sweetest!"

A minute later the game was over and the players were racing across the field toward the clubhouse in center field, trying to escape the fans who scrambled after them. "They won't get Willie," Luther said. "He's too swift, too swift."

When we were outside I thanked Luther and told him how much I had enjoyed the game. "How about a Coke or something?" I offered.

"Nah," he said. "I got things to do." He extended his hand quickly and I shook it, the first time we had ever done that. "Okay. You go get spiffed up and get a wife. Time you were married." He tossed his head back and laughed. "Ain't you married yet? No, no. *Smile,* man—how you gonna get a wife, never smiling." He started away, through the crowd. "Stay loose," he called back. "Don't steal no fruits."

I NEVER questioned him again about stealing, but even if I had wanted to, I wouldn't have had much opportunity. He did not come to see me very often the rest of that year. When he returned to school in September of 1958 for his last year of junior high school, he had grown again. But not up. He never did go higher than the five-five or five-six he had reached by that time. He had taken up weightlifting over the summer, however, and his chest, his neck, his arms—they had all broadened incredibly. Instead of the dirty cotton and flannel shirts he had worn the two previous years, he now walked through the halls in laundry-white T-shirts, the sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, his powerful muscles exposed. There were always a half-dozen Negro boys following him around now also and they all dressed the way he did—white T-shirts, black chino pants, leather wrist straps, and—hanging from their necks on pieces of string—miniature black skulls.

The guidance counselor for the ninth grade came to me one day early in the term and asked me if I could give him any evidence against Luther. He claimed that Luther and his gang were going around the school, beating and torturing those students who refused to "loan" them money. All of the students, he said, were afraid to name Luther. "The kid's a born sadist," he added. I told him I didn't know anything.

The term progressed and the stories and rumors increased. I was told that the police in Luther's neighborhood were convinced that he and his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gang were responsible for a series of muggings that had occurred. I tried not to believe it, but Luther all but gave me conclusive proof one afternoon, right before Christmas. He came into my room at three o'clock, alone, and said he had something for me. He said he trusted me not to tell anybody about it or show it to anyone. I said I wouldn't.

"Okay, man—here it is—." His eyes leapt around the room, frenzied, delirious. He took a little card from his wallet. "You might need this sometime—but don't ask me no questions. Ha! And don't you worry none. I'm doing okay. Expanding all the time. Don't you worry." I took the card from him. "See you now, Mister Carter. See you, see you."

He left and I looked at the card. Across the top was printed: THE BLACK AVENGERS, and below it was written: "Don't touch this white man. He's okay." It was signed by Luther and under his name he had drawn a skull and crossbones. I put the card in my wallet.

In January, to no one's great surprise, Luther was sent away to reform school in upstate New York. I was never exactly clear about the precise event that had led to it—the policeman assigned to our school said it had to do with brutally beating an old man; Luther's friends said it had to do with getting caught in a gang war. They claimed the fight was clean but that the cops had framed Luther. There was nothing in the papers, Luther had not contacted me, and I did not find out about it all until he had already been shipped off.

I received a postcard from him that summer. It was brief.

> I hate it here. I can't say anymore or they'll beat shit out of me. I hate it. I'm reading some. I'll visit you when I get out and we'll have a session.

I answered the card with a letter. I told him I was sorry about where he was and that I'd be glad to talk to him whenever he wanted. I gave him some news of the school and included some current baseball clippings. I asked him if there was anything he needed and if there was anybody in his family he wanted me to get in touch with. I told him that in return for the time he'd taken me to the baseball game I had ordered a subscription to *Sport* magazine for him.

He replied with another post card.

> Visiting day this summer is August 21. I'd like for you to come.

When I arrived, he seemed glad to see me, but I remember that he was more polite than he had ever been before, and more subdued. I wondered, at the time, if they were giving him tranquillizers. I was only allowed an hour with him and we spent most of that time just walking around the grounds—the school was a work-farm reformatory—not saying anything.

The visit, I could tell, was a disappointment to him. I don't know what he expected of me, but whatever it was, I didn't provide it. I wrote him a letter when I got home, telling him I had enjoyed seeing him and that I'd be glad to come again if he wanted me to. He didn't answer it, and I heard no more from him for a year and a half.

Then one day in the spring of 1961, just about the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, I remember, he popped into my room at school. He looked horrible. His face was unshaven, his clothes were filthy and ragged, his eyes were glazed. Underneath his clothes, his body had become flabby and he bent over noticeably when he walked. At first I didn't recognize him.

When I did, I was so glad to see him, I didn't know what to do. "Luther—for crying out loud!" I said, standing up and shaking his hand. "How the hell are you?"

He smiled at me. "I'm superb, man—can't you tell from looking at me?" He laughed then, and I laughed with him.

"You've gotten older," I said.

"Past sixteen," he said. "That means I don't got to go to school no more—"

He waited, but I didn't offer an opinion. "How about going down with me and having a cup of coffee? I'm finished here for the day—just getting through with mid-terms."

"Nah," he said, looking down and playing with his hands. "I gotta meet somebody. I'm late already. But I was in the neighborhood so I thought I'd come let you know I was still alive." He came to my desk and looked down. He shook his head as if something were wrong.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Don't see no wedding ring on your finger yet." He looked straight into my face. "Hey, man—you ain't a fag, are you?"

"No," I said, laughing. "Not that I know of—."

He laughed, his mouth opening wide. "Okay. That's all the gas for today. I'll see you, man."

During the next few months he visited me several times. Sometimes he looked good, sometimes bad—but I never could find out what he was doing with his days. He never gave a straight answer to my questions. More and more, I felt that he was asking me for some kind of help, but when I would touch on anything personal or even hint that I wanted to do something for him, with him, he would become defensive.

I didn't see him over the summer, but the following fall he came by periodically. He seemed to be getting a hold on himself, and sometimes he would talk about going to night school. Nothing came of the talk, though. In November he was arrested and sent to Riker's Island—to P.S. 616, the combination prison-school for boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty. His sentence was for eighteen months and during the first three months I visited him twice. Both times

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all he wanted to do was to talk about the English class we had had, and the stories and compositions he had made up. He said he was trying to remember some of them for the English teacher he had there, but couldn't do it all the time. He seemed to be in terrible shape, and I didn't have much hope for him.

So I was surprised when I began getting postcards from him again. "I am studying hard," the first one said. "There is a Negro who comes here to help me. I like him. I will be a new man when I come out. Yours sincerely, Luther." It was neatly and carefully written. The ones that followed were the same and they came at regular intervals of about five weeks. He told me about books he was reading, most of them having to do with Negro history, and about how he was changing. "Improving" was the word he used most.

I answered his cards as best I could, and offered to come see him again, but he never took up any of my offers. When his eighteen months were up, I expected a visit from him. He never came. Sometimes I wondered what had become of him, but after the first few months passed and I didn't hear from him, I thought about him less and less. A year passed—two since we had last seen each other at Riker's Island—and then we met again.

I spotted him first. It was a beautiful summer night and I had gone up to Lewisohn Stadium for a concert. It had been good, I was relaxed and happy as I walked out of the stadium. Luther was standing at the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 138th Street. He was wearing a dark blue suit, a white shirt and a tie. He was clean shaven, his hair was cut short and he looked healthy and bright. He was stopping people and trying to sell them newspapers.

"How are you, Mister Carter?" he asked, when I walked up to him. His eyes were clear and he seemed very happy to see me. "Interested in buying a newspaper to help the colored people? Only a dime—."

"No thanks," I said. The paper he was selling, as I had expected, was *Muhammad Speaks,* the newspaper of the Black Muslims. "You look fine," I added.

"Thanks—excuse me a second." He turned and sold a copy to somebody. People snubbed him but this didn't stop him from smiling or trying. I waited. When the crowd had gone, he asked me where I was going. "Home," I said. "Cup of coffee first?"

"No thanks," he said. "Thanks, but no thanks."

"When did all this start?" I asked, motioning to the newspapers.

"At Riker's Island," he said. He put up a hand, as if to stop my thoughts from becoming words. "I know what you're thinking, what you hear on TV and read in the newspapers about us—but don't believe everything. We're essentially a religious organization, as you may or may not know."

"I know," I said.

"And it's meant a lot to me—I couldn't have made it without their help. They—they taught me to *believe* in myself." His eyes glowed as he twisted his body toward me. "Can you understand that?" It seemed very important to him that I believe him. "*Can* you?" He relaxed momentarily and shrugged. "I don't believe everything they teach, of course, but I follow their precepts: I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't curse, I don't go out with women who aren't Muslims—I feel good *inside,* Mister Carter. Things are straightening themselves out." He paused. "It hasn't been easy."

"I know," I said, and smiled.

He nodded, embarrassed, I thought. "I'm going back to school also—."

"I'm glad."

"Even my body feels good! I'm lifting weights again, too." he said. Then he laughed and the sound tore through the warm night. His eyes were flashing with delight. "Oh man—someday I'll be the head of a whole damned army! Me and my old hunchback." He laughed again, pleased with himself. Then his laughter subsided and he patted me on the shoulder. "Oh man, you are still so deep, so deep. Don't worry none, Mister Carter. I don't go around advocating no violence." He chuckled. "I've got to go," he said, extending a hand. "It's been good seeing you again. Sure you don't want to buy a copy?"

"I'm sure," I said, shaking his hand. "Good luck to you, Luther. I'm glad to see you the way you are now—."

"Thanks." We looked at each other for a minute and he smiled warmly at me. Then I started toward the subway station. When I had crossed the street he called to me.

"Hey—Mister Carter—!"

I turned.

"Let me ask you something—do you still have that card I gave you?" He howled at this remark. "Oh man, I'd save that card if I were you! I'd do that. You never know when you might need it. You never know—."

I started back across the street, toward him. He tossed his head back and roared with laughter. "You never know, you never know," he repeated, and hurried away from me, laughing wildly. I stared at him until he disappeared in the darkness. Then I just stood there, dazed, unable to move—I don't know for how long. Finally I made myself turn around, and as I walked slowly toward the lights of Broadway all I could feel was the presence of his muscular body, powerful, gleaming, waiting under his white shirt, his clean suit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vacuum Diplomacy

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

THIS SPRING IT WILL BE twenty years since Winston Churchill, in his Fulton address of March 12, 1946, officially inaugurated the Cold War between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union. The event gained additional distinction from the fact that Churchill at the time was not head of the British government—a post then held by Mr. Clement Attlee—but simply leader of the Conservative Opposition. Fulton made it clear that he was nonetheless the effective spokesman of the Western world, for although President Truman sat beside him while he spoke, it was Churchill who issued the challenge to the Kremlin. It is arguable that this was eminently convenient for the U.S., since Churchill's prestige enabled Washington to make its own policies plausible to public opinion. However that may be, there was in those distant days something like an Anglo-American alliance, and there were occasions when the long-term policy of the alliance was formulated in British terms. The Americans still lacked experience; Roosevelt was gone; and Washington was quite content to let Churchill speak on its behalf.

Today there is no such thing as an Anglo-American alliance. There is no British leader who carries real weight in Washington, and if one existed he would be hard put to find a suitable topic, for British foreign policy is determined by global considerations of which the most important is an unspoken determination to keep in step with the United States on all major issues. (The seating of Peking in the UN is not a major issue. It is a piece of shadowboxing, since everyone knows that American and British views on the subject are substantially identical, though for internal reasons Mr. Wilson's government pretends otherwise.)

The extent of this change in the relationship between the two countries is clearer to the British than to the Americans, and clearer to the Tories than to their Labour opponents who have always tended to put domestic matters first. Britain under Labour is becoming an annex of the United States, as Holland became an annex of England after its own independent role in world affairs had come to an end. In the present case, the change dates from the Suez affair, which represented a major catastrophe for Britain as a world power (and for the Conservative party, whose backbone was broken by the enforced withdrawal from Egypt). Since Suez there has not been an effective Anglo-American alliance. There has been American stewardship of the affairs of the Western world, with occasional consultation of the allies by way of NATO. If and when NATO is wound up or reorganized—as everyone now assumes it will be when France pulls out—there may come into existence an informal grouping of the North Atlantic powers (the U.S., Britain, and Canada), plus Western Germany and a few minor satellites, but policy will continue to be shaped in Washington, and Britain will continue to go along, while reserving the right to differ over details.

In principle, there are two ways in which the British could escape from this situation: by joining an autonomous European bloc with its own nuclear arsenal (the Gaullist solution), or by going neutral and "Scandinavian": the course advocated by the left wing of the Labour party. In practice, neither solution is likely to be adopted, though Gaullism is gaining ground among the Tories and there is some sentiment in favor of fusing the British "deterrent" with the French *force de frappe*. The great central bloc of opinion, running from the left wing of the Conservative party via the Liberals to the bulk of Labour, is reluctantly committed to the American orientation. It would take a major blunder on the part of the Washington policy-makers (such as handing nuclear arms to the West Germans) to upset this particular applecart. Almost anything is possible where the State Department is concerned, but even under its present management one doubts whether such an enormity will finally be committed. This particular folly will not, however, be prevented by what is known as "the pressure of public opinion." If there is such a thing as American public opinion on the topics mentioned above, the present writer has failed to notice its manifestations.

THERE IS INDEED plenty of discussion, at the academic level, about NATO and Europe; and there is a certain amount of unofficial froth about the wickedness of the French. But there is not, so far as one can see, anything like a coherent body of non-official opinion on any subject other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the war in Vietnam. When the French Foreign Minister visits Moscow, or when the chief defense expert of the British Conservative party argues in favor of abandoning Singapore, the fact is either not noticed at all or at any rate given no prominence. Quite possibly the public may wake up one day and find its customary picture of the world scene radically altered without due advance notice having been given. It is fair to say (and I emphasize the fact because I have recently dwelt on it at some length in another context) that in this respect the average European is better off: he at least is told what is going on. He can, for example, read in full what M. Couve de Murville told the Russians when he was in Moscow, or what Mr. Enoch Powell told the British Conservative party conference last October. Few people in America are in this position, and they certainly do not include the readers of the country's daily newspapers.

The case of Mr. Powell's speech of October 14 is of particular interest because—in addition to hinting at a gradual withdrawal from Asia and concentration on Europe—he also had something unusual (for a Tory) to say about the Cold War: namely, that the Asians and the Africans will eventually have to establish a balance with Communism by their own efforts, instead of invoking the intervention of the West. In substance, this amounts to saying that the United States should not try to "save" Vietnam, and that the British should stop trying to "save" Malaysia by defending Borneo against Indonesia. Mr. Powell, a former Cabinet Minister, has a distinguished army record and represents the right wing of the Tory party, at any rate in home affairs. This section of British opinion used to be the hard core of imperial sentiment. It is now being converted to Europeanism, which in practice means accepting the logic of Gaullism. It also means acceptance of the view that while a nuclear war between the Great Powers is increasingly improbable, a limited conflict in Europe is no longer impossible.

This last consideration is worth exploring a bit further. Western policy has for years operated on the principle that a war for the control of Europe would be an all-out nuclear conflict and that in consequence it was unlikely. This was the assumption underlying NATO strategy. It was also the chief consideration guiding the British Defense White Paper of 1957 which committed Britain to national ownership of what was then called the "independent nuclear deterrent." Possession of such a deterrent was justified on the grounds that "the overriding consideration in all military planning must be to prevent war rather than to prepare for it." Mr. Duncan Sandys, who laid this down in 1957, was Churchill's son-in-law and had inherited the Churchillian doctrine that the peace of the world was precariously, but effectively, guaranteed by what Churchill once called the "balance of terror" between the Big Two. It is this doctrine which influential people in Britain are now giving up. They are coming to believe that "conventional" war in Europe is no longer inconceivable, since neither the Russians nor the Americans are likely to respond with a full-fledged nuclear threat to a limited outbreak somewhere along the Iron Curtain. De Gaulle, of course, has been saying this for years. The British are simply beginning to come around to his viewpoint.

From this new emphasis on the possibility of limited war in Europe, two things follow. One is the need for home-made arms to sustain a lengthy conflict or, as Mr. Powell put it, "the capacity to produce by itself, and to cooperate with other European countries in producing, modern military aircraft, or whatever may be destined to replace them in the third dimension of warfare in the future" (see the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of November 4). The other consideration which follows from this appraisal is the undesirability (to put it mildly) of presenting the West Germans with an arsenal of nuclear weapons. West Germany is an artificial country, the rump of what was once the German nation, and it must be a standing temptation to any German right-wing politician or military leader to rectify this situation by fighting a limited *Blitzkrieg* against East Germany and Poland, under cover of the assumed Soviet-American stalemate. Fortunately, the number of Germans prepared to follow such a line is steadily shrinking, at any rate among the voters (though not necessarily among Defense Ministry personalities and army officers, a high percentage of whom are former Sudeten Germans). Unlike the American public, which lives in happy ignorance of these facts, and of much else that goes on in the world, the British and the French are quite aware of the situation. Hence the reluctance of their governments to sanction a German-American deal giving Bonn a share in the control of NATO's nuclear arsenal.

IT IS TRUE that Paris has taken the lead in this matter, so that its resistance to the idea of giving the West Germans a bigger military role tends to be subsumed under the general heading of de Gaulle's rapprochement with the East. But even the British Cabinet has dug its toes in on this issue. And it has been able to do so because the Conservative Opposition is now led by men who have seen the red light. Mr. Wilson's bluster about "being strong east of Suez" gets the headlines, but it is his Defense Minister, Mr. Denis Healey, who shapes military policy, and the Defense Ministry is beginning to accept the general logic of the proposition that Britain is a European country, not an imperial power. This, of course, leaves the Americans holding the bag: not only in Vietnam, but ultimately in India too. (Not everywhere, though: the Prime Minister of Singapore has made it clear that he will on no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

account offer them the facilities of a base if and when the British pull out. An Anglo-American foothold in the Indian Ocean will have to be secured elsewhere.)

There is, to be sure, a built-in contradiction between the Tories' crypto-Gaullism and the official British posture, which is one of playing second fiddle to Washington within the global alliance. Materially, the only major area in which Britain can still function as an important ally of the United States is the Indian Ocean. As long as this connection holds, there will be a residue of "imperial" sentiment in Britain and a corresponding disinclination to "go into Europe," if such a move means giving up the pretension to world status. At present Whitehall is trying to have it both ways. There is even a disposition to argue that the British connection may become more important to Washington if de Gaulle goes the whole distance toward an effective Franco-Soviet alliance "freezing" the territorial status in Europe. This last perhaps is unlikely, but the mere threat of such a development undoubtedly helps to cement the unity of the Anglo-American world (including such "rebels" as South Africa and Rhodesia, not to mention Australia and New Zealand). No real decision has yet been taken either way. In all probability it will not be taken before 1970, when NATO must either disappear or be given a new shape.

It is only in this context that talk of forming an "Atlantic Community," with or without France and Germany, takes on a definite meaning. Such a community, with political institutions designed to give the Europeans a share in the formulation of policy, was the aim of the Kennedy administration. In the long run it probably represents the answer to the problem of integrating at least the English-speaking world into a politically conscious whole. The snag is that few people outside the United States will be in doubt as to the practical significance of the whole enterprise: which is to camouflage the hegemony of the strongest partner by making it appear that a genuine community has been founded, when in fact the basic decisions will continue to be made in Washington. In Europe, only the West Germans are prepared to swallow the logic of this process, but then their "national sovereignty" isn't worth much anyhow. The French, with their customarily disagreeable clarity of mind, have already proclaimed that "Atlantic Community" is just a synonym for "American Empire." They are, of course, quite right, though probably not in a position to do much about it.

THE OBVERSE OF THIS steady elimination of Western Europe from the world picture is the silent Soviet-American partnership in the defense of India against China. This goes largely unperceived, though "the facts" are constantly brought before the public. Their meaning is not always grasped because the Cold War rhetoric obscures the real relationship between the Powers. In this respect, the brief and inconclusive war between India and Pakistan provided an instructive test. By the time it was over, certain new alignments had become pretty obvious, but it would be an exaggeration to say that their logic was fully grasped by the public. Officially, the "free world" and the Communist bloc remain antagonists, and indeed Moscow and Washington continue to make faces at each other. In practice, there is an increasing tendency toward convergence—a circumstance not lost upon the Chinese and their allies in the "third world." Neither side dares acknowledge the truth in public: the Russians because they are still bound by the myth of world Communist solidarity; the United States for obvious domestic reasons and because of the probable effect on the West Germans. But the trend is unmistakable. If not upset by a sharpening of tensions in Europe, it can only lead to an effective Soviet-American "containment policy" so far as China is concerned. Indeed, "containment" in this area may well go hand in hand with residual antagonism in Europe: the only part of the world where a forward move by either side could have dangerous consequences. Logically, all this points to an eventual decision to withdraw or "disengage" from the center of Europe where, strictly speaking, neither the Americans nor the Russians have any permanent business. Mr. George Kennan's longstanding recommendation to this effect was premature when he put it forward in the 1950's, but by now it is beginning to look more plausible.

The losers in this game—apart from the Chinese and their somewhat shrunken cohort of allies in Asia-Africa—are the proponents of nuclear control or "non-proliferation." Unlike "disarmament" (a fraudulent slogan, whether employed by East or West), "non-proliferation" is a serious issue, in the sense that a number of people in official positions actually believe in it, even though China has now joined the "nuclear club." For it can be argued that the investment in a nuclear-weapons program is prohibitive for all but the very rich or the very determined, and that the Big Five (USA, USSR, China, Britain, France) might tacitly agree to withhold nuclear arms from their allies—especially if China in the end gets the Security Council seat to which in law and common sense it is plainly entitled. This last seems unrealistic: not merely because (whatever the State Department may affect to believe) Peking is not really interested in joining the UN, but because membership in that body, if it finally comes about, won't make much difference. The opportunity to integrate Communist China into the world organization was missed in 1950. The real problem, of course, has never been how to keep China out, but how to get her in. By now it is no longer a live issue, for although the French are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right in thinking that the aim should still be pursued, as a matter of principle and in order to demonstrate that the UN is not America's private property, it is too late now to do anything about the basic attitudes of the Peking regime. Not that China is "aggressive" (to employ the infantile terminology favored by Western spokesmen on such occasions). But its leaders are thoroughly imbued with the conviction that a military showdown with the West is inevitable. In this respect at least they can claim spiritual cousinship with some of the policy-makers in Washington.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, an even better reason why "non-proliferation" is beginning to sound utopian. The recent flare-up between India and Pakistan has made it certain that India is going to abandon its previous posture even faster than might have been expected. Indian "pacifism" was always a hoax (Gandhi was not a pacifist, neither was Nehru: both were quite willing to use force, so long as it was safe), but it was a hoax with a purpose. While it was taken seriously abroad, it earned India some credit among the neutrals and it served to mask her real weakness. There was also a belief (unfounded, as events were to demonstrate) that the Asian countries would settle their disputes peacefully, since unlike the West they were too poor to afford costly military adventure. The mistake was to suppose that wars have to be expensive. In fact they can be fought on the cheap, especially if the United States makes available a gratis supply of arms to both sides, as in the case of India and Pakistan. Neither is the cost of a nuclear establishment prohibitive even for a poor country like India. It is now generally assumed that Delhi will shortly reverse its self-imposed restrictions in this domain and construct its own bomb. Nationalism is by far the strongest political force in India today, and nationalist sentiment demands that India be protected from Chinese nuclear blackmail.

The same argument applies to Pakistan, only in reverse; for after all, once India has its own bomb. . . . The difference is that Pakistan may run into technical difficulties, though one is told by the experts that making a plutonium bomb is not really all that complicated. On this subject, a writer in the London *Statist* of October 8, 1965, had this to say:

> There are two roads to nuclear weapons capability, one a high, expensive, but direct road, the other a low, cheap, long road with many side avenues. Most "Nth" powers in the near future will choose the latter, the plutonium road. The goal in both cases is the same: the provision of fission bombs, and of fusion bombs triggered with fission bombs. . . . A plutonium extraction plant was opened in India last year and such a plant costs perhaps $50 million to build. . . . Even in 1961 India probably could have built two 20-kiloton bombs a year from the 10 kgs of plutonium produced at that time: by this year (1965) her plutonium production was expected to reach 260 kgs a year.

The trouble with plutonium, it seems, is that it is less convenient for bomb production than the alternative process of isotope separation favored by the Big Five. The latter allows for the production of fission bombs which are simple and efficient, thus providing an economical trigger for hydrogen bombs. China seems to have opted for this solution, despite the extra expense. The economics of scale are such that, once the initial investment is made, bombs can be produced very cheaply. It was this kind of "cost per kiloton" consideration that in the 1950's led the United States to favor nuclear arms at the expense of conventional armaments. By now the Russians have caught up, while the Chinese are still far behind and the Indians, poor fellows, may have to content themselves with ordinary plutonium bombs. This, however, does not affect the principle of the thing, which is that, so far as India is concerned, "non-proliferation" is now a dead issue.

All this is bad news for those well-meaning people who expected India to give a lead toward nuclear disarmament. It does not bother the chancelleries and the general staffs, East or West, for whom the coming Indian decision to enter the nuclear game signifies no more than an additional complication, if that. Both from the American and the Soviet viewpoint, there are countervailing advantages, since India can now be played off against China. The real losers are the Chinese, as their propaganda makes clear. The principal gainers so far have been the Russians, who have managed to remain on good terms with both India and Pakistan, though in general favoring India's claims.

This exercise in peacemaking called for some tactical agility, of which the Russians seem to have a larger supply than the Chinese (when is someone going to draw public attention to the poverty-stricken intellectual level of Mao's performance in *all* fields, from "philosophy," so called, to foreign affairs?). It also involved a willingness to sacrifice the immediate interest of the Indian Communist party. By now, of course, such cynicism is an old habit in Moscow, but cynicism is not the whole explanation. The Russians are able to bank on anti-Western sentiment in both India and Pakistan so that when during last September's brief military flare-up they publicly warned both countries to guard against "outside intervention," their declarations fell upon receptive ears. "Outside intervention" to most Asians means Western intervention. At the very moment when Brezhnev and Kosygin warned Ayub and Shastri against letting "outsiders" interfere in their private quarrel, an Indian military delegation was in Moscow to make arrangements for supplies. The flow of Soviet arms to India was not stopped for a day, yet there was no outcry in Pakistan. On the other hand, there *was* an outcry in India when the British tem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porarily halted military supplies (a futile gesture which impressed no one).

The Soviet commitment to India can be combined with amiable noises in the direction of Pakistan, because all concerned know that Moscow's desire to localize the conflict is genuine. What the Russians want—a firm front against China along the Himalayas—happens to suit both India and Pakistan, though not everyone says so in public.

By contrast, the American involvement in Southeast Asia does not suit India, even if it is ostensibly directed against China. *Prima facie,* Washington and Moscow ought to be able to find common ground in a policy of backing India, patching up the Indo-Pakistani quarrel over Kashmir (a country with a good claim to independence), and helping Delhi to acquire a small nuclear stockpile for use against the Chinese dragon. But to engage in such large-scale maneuvering, Washington would first have to extricate itself from the Vietnamese bog. This is the sort of thing the Kennedy administration was good at. It appears to be too much for the intellectual resources of its successor.

No doubt there would be some difficulty in explaining to a puzzled Congress why an under-the-counter deal with Russia against China may be necessary, but one suspects that the trouble is at least partly rooted in an uncomfortable perception that in any such arrangement the Soviet Union would be the chief gainer. This may well be the case. The course of events since the Chinese attack on India in 1962 suggests that, if India cannot face China without foreign support, such aid is likely to be more effective when coming from Russia. It is partly a matter of geography: America has no land frontier with India and is too far away for the role of protector to be made plausible to Asians. But there is also the ideological tangle into which the American policy-makers have got as a result of their obsession with Communism. India simply wants to be protected on her northern frontier. Washington wants to crusade against Communism all over the globe. The two aims have little to do with each other. Their intersection may temporarily benefit the cause of anti-Chinese cooperation, but in the long run India has more to hope from Russia than from America. At least the Russians are indifferent to ideological considerations, whereas the self-proclaimed "pragmatists" in Washington are pragmatic only in their willingness to shower arms on incompetent military regimes. In all other respects they are encased in an ideological straitjacket so tight that it prevents them from breathing.

For the immediate future, then, one must expect Moscow to win the diplomatic race in that part of the world. If the Russians cannot promote a peaceful settlement over Kashmir—their maximum goal—they will at least make sure of India by backing her to the limit. Neither the Americans nor the British can prevent this. What they can do is make sure that Soviet military support for India is supplemented by Anglo-American naval and air support (this is where the American-British moves to secure new island bases in the Indian Ocean acquire some topical interest). If China is to be "contained" it can only be done through Russia and India, not by propping up comic-opera regimes in Laos and points further east. Quite possibly this has now been grasped even by the State Department. Can it be explained to the American public?

China has given Moscow and Washington something to cooperate in: that much is certain. The obvious field of cooperation is the provision of nuclear arms for India. How does this square with the ideology of the 1963 test-ban treaty? The treaty was an attempt to freeze a situation in which only the Big Two were fully armed, with Britain increasingly dependent on the United States for the provision of nuclear weapons. Since then, France and China have gatecrashed the club, much to the indignation of the original members. It now appears to be India's turn. Since this is going to happen anyhow, there is no purpose in resisting it, and there is much to be said for doing it jointly. Moralists who bewail this state of affairs might usefully concentrate on a more fruitful issue, namely self-determination for Kashmir—a country now occupied by Indian and Pakistani troops who have no business there and should be ordered out by the Security Council, so that the inhabitants can at last get the independence to which they are entitled. Self-determination for Kashmir is a perfectly suitable issue for an organization such as the UN. It also happens to be the only possible solution of that particular problem. If the Security Council came to grips with the matter, it would for once be doing something useful. There is a field of activity here for what, in the absence of a better term, must probably be described as American statesmanship. It will be interesting to see whether the challenge is going to be taken up. My guess is that it won't, and that the initiative will be left to the Russians. Nature, as they say, abhors a vacuum. History does likewise. If the United States has no foreign policy—and there is no evidence to the contrary that anyone except the professional sycophants in Washington can discover—then Brezhnev and Kosygin will have to do Mr. Johnson's work for him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LINCOLN CENTER: ACT II

Jack Richardson

BY NOW, even to those whose passion for the drama encompasses no more than an annual theater party, critical gossip has intimated that the second stage in the launching of the Lincoln Center Repertory Company was as unpropitious as the first. The fresh blood from San Francisco, while not tainted with old commercial notions of success, seemed to all at hand to be far too thin a sustenance for an ambitious body of work. Walter Kerr, an ofttimes henchman for Broadway expertise, called Mr. Blau and company "amateurs"—a, to him, ultimate epithet—and looked back almost fondly to the old triumvirate of Kazan, Whitehead, and Miller as being, at least in professional potential, far better suited to the management of a national theater. Literary sensibilities were heard from when Elizabeth Hardwick, who last year excoriated the founders of Lincoln Center for their insufficient attention to the written word, indicted their successors for defacing a masterpiece. It is pleasant to hear a writer defended against his production, but Miss Hardwick was so vehement in her exoneration of Georg Büchner and his play from any guilt over the torpid evenings at Lincoln Center that one had the feeling she thought the German playwright was anxiously pacing the Elysian Fields, praying for good first-night reviews.

Engaged as I was at the time in a faltering production of my own, it took me until the last week in the run of *Danton's Death* to see just how this new company had outraged it. I went feeling that I would be witness to an absolute theatrical nadir, to crimes compounded by commission against a noble play that had already had more than its share of difficulties with the sensibilities of the last century. I feared some modern interpretation—a production that would busy itself with sets, costumes, and, perhaps, an odd movie slide or two which would italicize the contemporaneity of Büchner's work. I was chary of finding performers who could not speak a set of English words without torturing them into incomprehensibility. I was prepared for what the theater has always been at its worst: inadequacy inflated by hysteria into embarrassing grandiloquence.

Instead, I observed a group of actors, obviously by no means yet an ensemble, who offered an adequate presentation of a play that would be far beyond the combined talents of what popular opinion holds to be our best men of the theater. It was no better or worse than the period dramas one sees every year shuffling about a Broadway stage; except that since the company is, by founding principle, an American repertory company, no foreign actor could be imported to take on the main role—no Olivier, Scofield, or Finney was present to disseminate a little magnitude and make lesser actors on stage seem grander than they ever were before or ever will be again. When I remember our completely national productions of Shakespeare, of Brecht's *Mother Courage,* of *The Changeling,* and consider the standards that they presented, I am surprised that so many people should only now discover that we do not have an over-supply of actors with a sense and style of history. Except for Alan Bergmann, who to all, *sans-culotte* and monarchist alike, was no Danton, and one or two very minor performances that froze the blood with their ineptitude, this Lincoln Center company was, relative to what is considered professional American theater, no disaster. To be more positive, I will even say that most of the actors are at least free from those mincing poses and smug countenances endemic to American and English performers when they become aware that the men they are depicting have important things on their minds and a felicitous way of expressing them. The main actors in *Danton's Death,* even including Mr. Bergmann, seemed capable of giving, if not oversubtle, at least direct and understanding readings of roles which, historically and theatrically, are elusive. Yes, there is much for this company to learn, but the important question is whether or not it is up to the curriculum. My feeling is that it showed as much promise as any chance collection of actors in this country could. Unlike the Lincoln Center Company of the past two years, these performers are not yet frozen into a narrow style which precludes at least three-quarters of dramatic literature. They are, for the most part, young, and, given time—I would say at least five years of it—they may do another *Danton's Death* that could astonish us.

SO MUCH for the actors. The direction, the conception of the production, must rest with Mr. Herbert Blau, and what can one say about it except that it didn't exist? If Büchner considered the dramatist a historian, Blau seems to feel that a director must be an antiquarian. He is content just to collect on stage the personages of a play he admires and show them off proudly to his audience. I never felt he really came to any conclusion about the play, the French Revolution, the Lincoln Center stage mechanisms, or the amount of make-up his actors were to wear. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Lacroix, Camille moved across the boards with nothing but nuances of rhetoric to distinguish them. The motives peculiar to each man, the idiosyncrasies of spirit that might have given particular purpose to his actions, were never allowed to peek through the dense battle of litotes and oxymorons of the text. Danton swaggered, Robespierre walked like an office clerk—that was the only ostensible difference between two so different characters. Philippeau and Camille, though one trembles and the other shrugs at death, remain indistinguishable in my mind because their lives throughout the play, their lives of calculation and discourse, were not informed with any but superficial individuality. That the mind has its personality

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the intelligence its passions, seems as alien a notion to Mr. Blau as it does to most directors. He seems to respect thought so much that he hardly considers it a human process, and thus he gives us a French Revolution that never seems more dramatic than a gathering of club *philosophes*.

This seemed to me to be the most serious flaw in the production, and yet I do not believe it was a fatal one. In the theater, sins of omission can almost be counted as virtue compared to the havoc heaped upon good plays by inexpert boldness out to be definitive. If Blau presented us with little illumination, neither did he conjure up an *ignis-fatuus* to lead us astray. Except for a few not injudicious cuts and the addition of an awkward pantomimic opening scene and an inapposite final line for Danton, the text did not suffer the disfiguration which is the fate of so many classics whose authors had the cheek to be oblivious of the Broadway two-hour limit. The translation, faced as it was with the difficulties of political and German rhetoric, was a fair success and managed now and then to turn up real touchstones to the power in the best moments of the original. Helped by not being mortally hindered, *Danton's Death*, as a play, filtered through the production drop by drop until, by the evening's end, a clear idea could be had, if one bothered to form one, of what the nature of this work, written over one hundred years ago by a twenty-one-year-old German genius, was.

CERTAINLY, in our time, Büchner's play needs no help from scholarly addenda. If one is ignorant of the particulars and persons of the French Revolution, there have been enough recent examples of similar political procedure to turn the characters in *Danton's Death* into our coevals. That, as Danton says, revolutions, like Saturn, devour their own children; that the conjunction of terror and idealism is no longer a stylistic surprise; that blood spilled for freedom may very well guarantee its opposite; that human life, no matter what social structure buttresses it, will still be shot through with the terrors of pointlessness, boredom, and death—these form the theme of Büchner's play. Sartre, Camus, Malraux, Silone, as well as lesser writers, have made themselves the heirs to these problems, and in a raw century, when every secret of mankind seems to have been uprooted and exposed, they have perhaps offered us more subtle analyses of them. But it was Büchner who sounded the major chord for these works, and we have lived, unbeknownst to so many, within his strange harmony ever since. No less remarkable than the young dramatist's insights into history is the language he expressed them with. I said before that Mr. Blau's translation offered solid hints of what the original dramatic prose has to offer. Unfortunately, these have proved insufficient for some, and many seem to have concluded that the author of *Danton's Death* was really a young Schiller when in fact Büchner held that poet in very low esteem.

IT IS not hard to understand why. Where Schiller's dramatic language was an abstract rhetoric swept along by noble, daring concepts, Büchner's is locked solidly in particularized images. When Büchner speaks of death it is not as a vague terminus, a noble end for tragic lives. He treats it as an almost tactile entity, something that, for all its corporeal horror and fascination, is a familiar object in men's lives. Thus Camille utters the following when threatened with an official state execution:

> *Aber so in allen Formalitäten wie bei der Hochzeit mit einem alten Weibe, wie die Pakten aufgesezt, wie die Zeugen gerufen, wie das Amen gesagt und wie dann die Bettdecke gehoben wird und es langsam hereinkriecht mit seinen kalten Gliedern!*
>
> [All these formalities make death like marriage to an old spinster—the agreements are drawn up, the witnesses called, an Amen is spoken and then the bed covers are pulled back and in she creeps with her cold limbs.]

Or take the description of "the people" which Büchner gives to Danton:

> *. . . das Volk ist wie ein Kind, es muss alles zerbrechen, um zu sehen, was darin steckt.*
>
> [. . . the people are like a child who has to break everything in order to see how it works.]*

This instinct to include grandeur in the common stuff of concrete and sensuous metaphor was Büchner's contribution to the German language. Indeed, if there is such a thing as modern dramatic rhetoric, then Büchner, in *Danton's Death* and *Woyzeck*, created it.

WITH ALL these points of admiration stated, there is one reservation to be made about the play, not as presented by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company, but as written; namely, the character of Danton. If Büchner's play is to be more than a brilliant historical tableau, if we are supposed to focus on a particular man who embodies a high moment of history, then I feel that there is a certain inchoateness in Danton that no production could disguise. Büchner himself stated that he considered his play unfinished, but he did not, to my knowledge, comment on where he thought additions were needed. I have no intention of offering him posthumous help, but I would wager that it was the main role that would have had his attention. I say this not because I feel Danton is shallow or anemic as a protagonist. Just the opposite. He seems to me far too complex for the space allotted him. Oddly enough, Büchner was more successful at presenting the inactive side of his hero. The lassitude, the indifferent debauchery, the nihilism earned from revolutionary politics—these, the hardest qualities to extract dramatic life from on a stage, are stroked vividly. It is the other Danton, the second half who must dress, eat, and sleep with the first but who has a fierce hold on life and its own fame, that remains a shadow. Because of this, even astute critics have seen in Danton only a *raisonneur* with a death wish. But obliteration, *le Néant*, fascinates only one side of him, and even that side is not certain of its sincerity. *"Ich kokettiere mit dem Tod,"* Danton says, and he is not using the phrase "flirt with death" in the

*My translations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try something different for a change

discover stamps

Israeli stamps, for instance. The vivid colors and modern design of ancient subjects make them unusually interesting to collect.

turn to Salem

for a taste that's *springtime fresh*

Yes, there's a very refreshing difference in the taste of Salem filter cigarettes. For Salem brings you rich tobacco taste plus menthol soft flavor. Salem refreshes your taste. So, enjoy the largest selling menthol cigarette in America. Turn to Salem—for a taste that's springtime fresh

©1965 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner of a modern sports writer. He is actually teasing death, leading it on, hoping almost to make it suffer the way a courtesan might torture an unpleasant suitor. He talks of nothingness but has an ego so grand that the thought of surrendering his memory of himself, even the terrorized memory of his revolutionary crimes, makes him want to fight death "the way a Christian fights the devil." He is capable of pride—"The people! My name!" he cries on learning of the threat against him—and his passions for the pleasures of this world drive him to take up with eloquence the charges against him.

In short, it is the revolutionary that Büchner only hints at throughout the play. The two images of Danton never really join together in action, and he seems to fade from importance in a general blaze of historical rhetoric and mass executions. If we could have seen at least as much of the man who threw Europe the head of a king as we do of the man who ruminates on the desire to lose his own, *Danton's Death* would have been a theatrical masterpiece.

IT IS perhaps always so with a great play that one wants more of it, and those of us who spend a great deal of time haunting the New York theater should be even less greedy than most. To have *Danton's Death* on the boards at all is enough for almost unqualified gratitude. And as for that company at Lincoln Center—well, it is attempting what has never been done before in the theater: the establishment of a repertory theater with no central aesthetic to bind it together. It is not a Comédie, a Moscow Art Theater, a Berliner Ensemble, or any other group that grew on the nourishment of a particular mind. It is only a collection of actors and directors who want to put on theatrical evenings that are a little better than those we have known. It is a modest ambition. Perhaps it will be realized.

JACK RICHARDSON, *the well-known young playwright, is the author of* The Prodigal, Gallows Humor, Lorenzo, *and* Xmas in Las Vegas. *He will be writing at regular intervals about theater in these columns during the coming year.*

CAMPING IN THE WASTELAND

Neil Compton

SINCE THE BIRTH OF network television, autumn has been open season for the exercise of critical wit. Each batch of new programs is held, with some justice, to be worse than the last. Though savage indignation was as common an emotion among the critics of 1955 as it is today, in some circles the mid-50's are now being celebrated as the golden age of American television: people are beginning to write of *Studio One,* Sid Caesar, and *The Honeymooners* with the reverence once reserved for Buster Keaton, Erich von Stroheim, or the Marx Brothers.

At the beginning of the 1965-66 season, the chorus of critical scorn reached almost orgiastic proportions when the networks, for the first time, unveiled all their new treasures during the course of one stupefying September week. The memory of *this* television season is unlikely ever to be bathed in a golden glow. Nevertheless, I shall try to avoid the supercilious tone that most of the new entries seem to call for, even though this self-denial may make it difficult to do justice to the prime-time wasteland. Most of the new programs seem to be bizarre collages, bits of previous successes improbably pasted together: *My Mother the Car* (NBC) is a kind of machine-age marriage of *Mr. Ed* and *Bewitched; A Man Called Shenandoah* (ABC) is a lugubrious Western half-breed, by *Branded* out of *The Fugitive; F Troop* (ABC) is a 19th-century *Sergeant Bilko* (redeemed, if at all, by the improbable casting of Edward Everett Horton as Roaring Chicken, an Indian medicine man); *Big Valley* (ABC) is a matriarchal *Bonanza,* with Barbara Stanwyck presiding over three sons, a daughter, and an illegitimate offspring of her late husband—a household that allows scope for sexual and emotional permutations by contrast with which family life at the Ponderosa seems even more improbably wholesome than we thought it was.

There are still plenty of cowboys about, but the new lord of the airways is undoubtedly the secret agent. Seven network shows are devoted to spies or domestic undercover operators. Some of them dare to be (at least slightly) different. *The FBI* (ABC), the only dramatic series ever to be authorized by J. Edgar Hoover, claims to be based on FBI files and shows mugshots of real-life Most Wanted Criminals; for all that, the plots are very dubiously authentic and the production pedestrian. *Amos Burke* (ABC), who was a millionaire cop last year, became a millionaire agent this year (before being taken off the air). *I Spy* (NBC) is stylishly produced and features an integrated pair of agents (played by Robert Culp and Bill Cosby) disguised as an itinerant tennis bum and his trainer. *The Wild, Wild West* (CBS) is a period piece about James West, a secret agent operating out of Washington in the 1860's. *Honey West* (ABC) (no relation) is a routine thriller except for the fact that the operative is a female karate expert. (Karate is definitely *in,* this year: all the agents use it—even the 19th-century ones.) *The Man from UNCLE* (NBC), which pioneered the offbeat treatment of international undercover skulduggery, seems to have lost its light touch this season; while *Secret Agent* (CBS), a British-made series, has been upgraded from a summer replacement in order to help plug the gap in the schedule left by the demise of *Slattery's People.* Two more secret-agent shows, to begin in January, have just been announced by ABC: *Blue Light* and *The Double Life of Henry Phyfe.*

THOUGH THE FATHERS of the tradition—Somerset Maugham, John Buchan, Graham Greene, and Ian Fleming—are all British, the secret agent is rapidly establishing himself as the heir of the two greatest American popular heroes, the cowboy and the gangster.* Both earlier myths merge in his identity. The secret agent resembles the cowboy in his loneliness and his melancholy. He acts out these qualities, however, not in shabby cow towns or lushly arid deserts, but amid urban affluence and stylishness in which he participates gracefully and knowledgeably, without ever committing more than a fragment

---

*See Robert Warshow's *The Immediate Experience.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his personality. His loneliness is that of the lonely crowd; and his stoic melancholy cannot be assuaged by the delights of the affluent society.

Like the gangster, the secret agent is incessantly active, but though he inhabits a similar "underworld" where normal law and morality do not govern human relations, he is a rather special kind of bureaucrat, not a criminal tycoon. Politically he is very square—a creature of the Cold War, and almost painfully respectable and conservative. His sex-life is not. It is more like the gangster's than the cowboy's—to him beautiful, well-dressed women are symbols of status rather than potential wives or even permanent mistresses. He demands quantity as well as quality. Those to whom he makes love are almost always enemies; in the midst of the most torrid embrace (TV embraces are getting warmer every season), his mind is always tensed against the possibility that his partner will try some kind of murderous trick.

All the agents share a passion for gadgetry which they presumably inherit from James Bond—or could it be Tom Swift? There is an obsessive preoccupation with devices for bugging conversations (an understandable obsession considering the revelations of "The Big Ear," NBC's excellent documentary special on listening devices in modern society, broadcast October 31). Walls, rubber plants, compacts, sun-glasses, telephones, and even martini olives bristle with microphones, transmitters, receivers, and miniature wire recorders. There are pistols which look like cigarette lighters or lipsticks (and vice-versa), hollow heels full of smoke bombs, rubber flapjacks which are really recordings, cufflinks with concealed razors for cutting loose bound wrists, earrings made of tear-gas capsules, and garters (Honey West's) which do double duty as gas-masks. Even James West, President U. S. Grant's favorite agent, makes the most of the primitive technology of the 19th century: he carries a dismembered Derringer in the heels of his boots, a pistol attached to a retractable rod up his sleeve, razor-sharp knives concealed in his belt, and canes that double as guns or

COMMENTARY REPORTS

Readers and organizations have asked for additional copies of many Commentary articles on vital, controversial issues. We are publishing these Reports as a public service to:

- Discussion groups
- Civic organizations
- Religious institutions
- Colleges
- Schools
- Libraries
- Business
- Government
- Interested individuals

ENTER THE NUMBER OF REPORTS REQUIRED IN THE BOX AT THE SIDE OF EACH TITLE

☐ **THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY:** Fundamentalism on the Right
Alan F. Westin 40 cents

☐ **NEGROES AND JEWS:** The New Challenge to Pluralism
Nathan Glazer 30 cents

☐ **MY NEGRO PROBLEM—AND OURS**
Norman Podhoretz 35 cents

☐ **BIG BUSINESS & THE DEMOCRATS**
David T. Bazelon 35 cents

☐ **HOW WE ARE:** Are Jews Still Different?
Milton Himmelfarb 25 cents

☐ **VATICAN II AND THE JEWS**
F. E. Cartus 25 cents

☐ **FROM PROTEST TO POLITICS:** The Future of the Civil Rights Movement
Bayard Rustin 25 cents

☐ **COMMUNISM IN ASIA**
Donald S. Zagoria 25 cents

☐ **THE AMERICAN READING PROBLEM**
Selma Fraiberg 40 cents

☐ **PIUS XII, THE JEWS AND THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH**
Guenter Lewy 25 cents

☐ **P. S. 165:** Portrait of an Integrated School
Richard Schickel 25 cents

☐ **FIVE YEARS OF CASTRO'S CUBA**
Theodore Draper 25 cents

☐ **UP FROM APATHY—The Woodlawn Experiment:** Self-Help in a Slum Neighborhood
Charles E. Silberman 25 cents

☐ **THE FAILURE OF URBAN RENEWAL:** A Critique and Some Proposals
Herbert J. Gans 40 cents

☐ **JEWISH RESISTANCE TO THE NAZIS**
Oscar Handlin 10 cents

☐ **A JOURNAL OF THE WARSAW GHETTO**
Chaim A. Kaplan $1.00

☐ **AMERICAN CATHOLICISM AFTER THE COUNCIL**
Michael Novak 50 cents

☐ **INTERMARRIAGE AND THE JEWISH FUTURE**
Marshall Sklare 50 cents

☐ **THE NEGRO AND THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS**
Midge Decter 45 cents

☐ **CHINA'S STRATEGY**
Donald S. Zagoria 35 cents

☐ **THE TRIAL OF JESUS**
Paul Winter 15 cents

☐ **NEW THIS MONTH: ON READING MATTHEW**
Milton Himmelfarb 40 cents

QUANTITY DISCOUNTS

25-49 copies less 10%
50-99 copies less 20%
100-299 copies less 25%
300-499 copies less 35%
500-1000 copies less 45%
more than 1000 copies less 50%

Reports can be combined for discount

Commentary Reports
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Complete list of 22 Commentary Reports at the special price of $5.95. (Single copy value — $7.65)

To order, enter the number of Reports required in the box next to the appropriate title, and then your name and address below. If you prefer, send your list on a separate sheet.

☐ Payment enclosed *Minimum order $1.00*

☐ Bill me *Orders over $5.00 can be billed*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swords. He travels about in a plush private railway car stuffed with mechanical marvels, including a secret arsenal and a billiard table with balls that are really hand grenades.

Except for *The FBI,* which is in many ways a rather old-fashioned program, the tone of all the secret-agent shows is cool. Just as in the James Bond movies, there is an air of parody and self-mockery about them which stops short of destroying the excitement and violence of the plot, but enables would-be sophisticates to watch them without excessive shame.

One of the few really successful and original new shows carries the spoof a stage further. *Get Smart* (NBC) stars an ex-standup comedian (Don Adams) as Maxwell Smart, the world's most incompetent agent. Though the first episode—involving a fight to wrest a disintegrating ray machine from the control of a criminal Mr. Big (played by the dwarf Michael Dunn, naturally)—was very funny, I didn't think it would be possible to keep the joke fresh for the length of a whole season. So far I have been proven wrong. Smart's struggles with the electronic technology of his profession, his bluffs that always get called ("Would you believe me if I told you that this house is surrounded by fifteen men? No? Would you believe ten? . . . five? . . ."), his apologies when things go wrong, as they always do ("Sorry about that, Chief"), and his imperturbable stupidity in the face of danger have acquired, like good vaudeville acts, a kind of ritualistic predictability.

The distaste with which intellectuals regard the products of a medium like television is often based on the idea that they are mere machine-made reinforcers of the status quo, the new opium of the people. There is plenty of evidence to support this view, much of it supplied by the very men who plan and pick the programs. Undoubtedly, many (even most) mass-produced TV series do seem designed to inculcate a kind of brutal conformity.

ON THE OTHER hand, the idea that popular art can always question and disturb, or that it should serve as a kind of storm trooper of the imagination, is an obvious oversimplification. Art with a strong popular element (Fielding, Hogarth, Scott, Dickens) has always combined reassurance and celebration of the common virtues with touches of fantasy which may be both critical and liberating. What Northrop Frye says of the action of comedy might be said of the successful TV series drama; both are intensely Freudian in shape: "The erotic pleasure principle explodes underneath the social anxieties sitting on top of it and blows them sky-high. But in comedy we see a victory of the pleasure principle that Freud warns us not to look for in ordinary life."

The best popular art, therefore, tends to provide an authentic and meaningful glimpse at the reality of our lives, but exploded or irradiated by fantasies of reconciliation or destruction, fear or joy. In the world of television, New York is identified with programs that emphasize the first half of this creative equation, Hollywood with those that stress the second.

As everyone knows, however, New York is on the way out as a center of production for TV drama. The realistic, documentary tradition survives today almost exclusively in the non-fictional specials put out by network news services. The classics of the fictional documentary, shot on location, are *Naked City* (earlier episodes), the first half-dozen episodes of *East Side, West Side,* much of *The Defenders,* and—perhaps the best of them all—*Z Cars,* the British series about Newtown, Liverpool (never shown in the USA, so far as I know). *Calhoun,* the project whose abortive history was traced by Merle Miller in *Only You, Dick Daring,* was to have been an attempt to translate this essentially urban style to rural New Mexico.

In such series, each episode is designed to illuminate a different facet of contemporary life. The camera and the story-line collaborate to dramatize part of the hidden reality behind the anonymous and discontinuous facade of a complex modern society: Puerto Ricans or Hasidic Jews in New York, blacklisted actors, jazz musicians, the children of divorced and quarreling parents—these are natural subjects for the New York school of documentary television just as they are for the novelist of "social realism" from Emile Zola to Hubert Selby, Jr.

Each hour-long episode has to focus upon a different problem or conflict and, more often than not, resolve it happily. This is where Frye's definition applies, and it is also where the trouble begins. The characteristic weakness of all problem-oriented documentary serials is to present the moving and convincing image of a human predicament, but to spoil it with an ending which is hasty, unconvincing, sentimental—or all three at once. This is not surprising; life is full of situations which are easier to dramatize than to resolve. The canons of popular art lay it down that a pseudo-solution is better than no resolution at all, and even aesthetic puritans might agree that ten minutes of unearned wish-fulfilment at the end of a program do not entirely nullify forty dramatically authentic minutes at the beginning.

FOR SOME REASON the tradition of documentary realism has been on the wane during the last few years. Near the end of its long run, *Naked City* began to depend more and more on perverse violence to provide the kick that had once come from its fresh and poetic view of the city; even after it had been all but drained of social content, *East Side, West Side* lost the ratings war; *The Defenders'* formula was running very thin during its last season. More recent contenders like *Mr. Novak* and *Slattery's People,* not content with pseudo-solutions, devoted themselves to dramatizing the pseudo-problems of pseudo-people. No one need feel any regret that these pathetic attempts to appear well-intentioned fooled neither viewers nor network executives.

The last and newest decent representative of the New York tradition is *The Trials of O'Brien* (CBS), in which Peter Falk, supported by a strong cast, plays a sympathetically disreputable lawyer who bets, gambles, lies, and is behind with the rent and the alimony. The off-beat love interest is supplied by his ex-wife (their divorce

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

ANNOUNCES A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION PLAN TO WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED

"THE MOST EXCITING DEVELOPMENT IN BIBLICAL STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD."*

THE 25-VOLUME DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR OLD TESTAMENT

The Anchor Old Testament gives a new rendering of each book of the Bible in the light of the knowledge now possessed by the sum of the biblical scholars and sets that translation in an account of the context and background drawn from every relevant branch of knowledge from archaeology to textual criticism.

Here, then, is an edition of the Bible in English that for the first time makes fully available to the laymen the extraordinary results of modern scholarship.

*David Daiches, COMMENTARY, September 1965

FACTS TO REMEMBER:

- The 25 volumes will be published, at the rate of 6 per year, in handsome durable linen cloth binding.
- Each volume contains a fresh translation in lively English with extensive notes and comments.
- Each volume contains an introduction dealing with the historical and literary background.
- The translators and editors are drawn from all faiths, and each is an eminent scholar.
- All volumes are uniform size and are printed in easy-to-read type.
- Volumes are individually priced, depending on length, between $5.00 and $7.00. NOTE: COMMENTARY readers receive a discount if they enroll.

COMMENTARY Bible Subscription Plan
165 East 56 Street
New York, New York 10022

I want to enroll in COMMENTARY's special subscription plan for the Doubleday Anchor Old Testament.

Please send me a copy of GENESIS at $5.00 (reg. $6.00) immediately. I understand that with GENESIS, as with all succeeding volumes, I may return the book within two weeks without cost or obligation. Otherwise, you may bill me for GENESIS at the special price for COMMENTARY readers, plus postage and handling.

I am assured that I may return any subsequent book without obligation; that I will be billed individually for the volumes that I receive every other month at a discount of $1.00 per volume; that the Doubleday Anchor Old Testament books will cost me $4.00, $5.00, or $6.00, depending on size; that I may cancel this subscription plan at any time without penalty.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is "very shaky," he says). The Prestons of *The Defenders* would not approve of either his life style or his professional standards, and neither does the American Bar Association. However, in this case art triumphs over morality. Falk's pleasantly mannered performance may owe a little too much to the study of old Cagney movies, and O'Brien's New York may be rather too Runyonesque for fastidious tastes; but the direction has style and the scripts are witty. As these comments suggest, documentary realism is not the sole mode of this program. Many scenes are shot on location, but the dominant spirit is one of comic exaggeration: two typical recent plots involved a thief betrayed by the wailing of a stolen caseful of "Patty Poo" dolls, and a murderer detected by a keen-nosed arsonist who sniffed out the killer's brand of cologne in a roomful of men at a fashion show. Newton Minow might not feel that *O'Brien* fertilizes the wasteland, but there is much to be said on behalf of a program which both avoids most of the respectable clichés of "family entertainment" and adds to our pleasure in the variety and absurdity of life. In its original early Saturday-evening spot *The Trials of O'Brien* did poorly in the ratings war; let us hope that it will do better on the late-Friday slot left vacant by *Slattery's People*.

Meanwhile, out in Hollywood the dream factory is turning out a more highly refined product every season. A year or so ago, even the most trivial program had to have a story-line which was held together by some semblance of continuity. Today, the plots of many television dramas seem no more than excuses for the display of technical and imaginative virtuosity. Probability, motivation, authenticity are out; the unnatural, the artificial, the exaggerated are in.

THESE HAPPEN TO BE just the terms used by Susan Sontag in a celebrated article, "Notes on Camp,"* to define the essence of Camp, the new avant-garde art- and life-style. According to Miss Sontag, Camp constitutes a private code, a badge of identity among small urban cliques. But her article was published seventeen long months ago. Thanks to the miracle of American mass communications, the delights of Camp can now be enjoyed during prime evening time in every living-room on the continent. "Affluent boredom," to which Miss Sontag relates the origin of the style, has become the privileged fate of millions.

Most Hollywood-produced programs now show traces of campiness, but a couple of obvious examples will be enough to illustrate the trend. *The Wild, Wild West* (CBS) features a leading actor (Robert Conrad) who resembles an impassive Raymond Burr, and a story-line of remarkable unimpressiveness, but it abounds in exotically anachronistic "period" settings and flamboyantly off-beat minor characters. Typical recent episodes have been set in a spectacularly imagined old-fashioned circus complete with skilled but sinister performers; and the den of a mad, blind criminal, full of objects beautiful to the ear or touch. The blind man feels his way about the room by running his saber along guidewires strung just below the ceiling. At the climax of this episode, the hero (temporarily blinded by powder-flash) fights a gun battle with his sightless opponent, to the accompaniment of shattering statuary, chiming clocks and tinkling music-boxes. In other episodes, Michael Dunn (a favorite guest performer this year for obvious reasons, apart from his brilliance as an actor) pops up again as a master crook whose right-hand man is about 6'6" tall; and John Drew Barrymore plays an impressively sophisticated Cheyenne chief who turns out to be a Dartmouth man.

Amos Burke (ABC) is not produced with quite the verve of *West*, but the program has become increasingly campy since the hero (played by Gene Barry) turned in his police badge and went to work for The Man. Predictably, Michael Dunn has already made an appearance this season as wicked Mr. Sin, diminutive visual amalgam of Sukarno and Nehru, whose jungle retreat boasts an efficient white army, an imaginative torture chamber and auctions at which captured secret agents are sold to the highest international bidder (*I Spy* showed us a similar event taking place in Hong Kong). Other episodes have involved an explicitly Lesbian villainess (the first I have seen on television—but probably a harbinger), a fight in a Spanish kitchen with meat axes for weapons and hanging carcasses for shields, a lady bullfighter, and a plot to loot Manhattan by infiltrating nerve gas into the central steam-heating system.

By now, Miss Sontag's subjects have no doubt broken Camp and pushed on to areas of sensibility yet unknown to someone who, like myself, observes the cultural scene from an unfashionable distance. It's hard not to feel sorry for the apolitical American avant-garde: when last year's outrage wins this year's high Nielsen rating, the effort to keep out in front must demand superhuman stamina and resourcefulness. Lesser reserves of these qualities are also demanded of television critics. I wish I could persuade myself that this season's programs are worth even such modestly heroic devotion.

* *Partisan Review*, Autumn 1964.

NEIL COMPTON'S *pieces on television now appear quarterly in* COMMENTARY. *He is a member of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal.*

* * *

THE GOLEM OF PRAGUE AND THE GOLEM OF REHOVOTH

Gershom Scholem

When, a year ago, Gershom Scholem, the foremost authority of our day on Jewish mysticism, heard that the Weizmann Institute at Rehovoth in Israel had completed the building of a new computer, he told Dr. Chaim Pekeris, who "fathered" the computer, that, in his opinion, the most appropriate name for it would be Golem, No. 1 *("Golem Aleph"). Dr. Pekeris agreed to call it that but only on condition that Professor Scholem would dedicate the computer and explain why it should be so named. What follows are Professor Scholem's dedicatory remarks, which were delivered at the Weizmann Institute on June 17, 1965.*—ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONCE upon a time there was a great Rabbi in Prague. His name was Rabbi Jehuda Loew ben Bezalel and he is known in Jewish tradition as the Maharal of Prague. A famous scholar and mystic, he is credited by Jewish popular tradition with the creation of a Golem—a creature produced by the magical power of man and taking on human shape. Rabbi Loew's robot was made of clay and given a sort of life by being infused with the concentrated power of the Rabbi's mind. This great human power is, however, nothing but a reflection of God's own creative power, and therefore, after having gone through all the necessary procedures in building his Golem, the Rabbi finally put a slip of paper into its mouth with the mystic and ineffable Name of God written on it. So long as this seal remained in his mouth, the Golem was alive—if you can call such a state alive. For the Golem could work and do the bidding of his master and perform all kinds of chores for him, helping him and the Jews of Prague in many ways. But the poor creature could not speak. He could respond to orders and he could sort them out, but no more than that.

ALL THIS went very well for a time; the Golem was even given his day of rest on the Sabbath, when God's creatures are not supposed to do any work. Every Sabbath the Rabbi would remove the slip of paper with the Name of God on it, and the Golem would become inanimate for the day, nothing but a massive conglomerate of clay cells (in those days they were not yet speaking of "little gray cells"). One Friday afternoon, however, Rabbi Loew forgot to remove the Name from the Golem's mouth and went to the Great Synagogue of Prague to pray with the community and to receive the Sabbath. The day had barely drawn to a close and the people were getting ready for the ushering in of the holy day, when the Golem began to get restive. He grew in stature and, like one mad, began tearing about in the Ghetto, threatening to destroy everything. The people did not know how to stop him from running amok. A report of the panic soon reached the Alt-Neuschul where Rabbi Loew was praying. The Rabbi rushed out into the street to confront his own creature which seemed to have outgrown him and become a destructive power on its own. With a last effort he stretched out his arm and tore the Holy Name out of the Golem's mouth, whereupon the Golem fell to the ground and turned into a mass of lifeless clay.

In another version of the same legend, which is recounted of a great Rabbi in 16th-century Poland, the Rabbi is successful in stopping the Golem, but the heap of clay falls upon and kills him. However, the most famous version in Jewish lore of the idea of the Golem as a human creature on a subhuman plane is the one involving Rabbi Loew. It is only appropriate to mention that Rabbi Loew was not only the spiritual, but also the actual, ancestor of the great mathematician Theodor von Karman who, I recall, was extremely proud of this ancestor of his in whom he saw the first genius of applied mathematics in his family. But we may safely say that Rabbi Loew was also the spiritual ancestor of two other departed Jews—I mean John von Neumann and Norbert Wiener—who contributed more than anyone else to the magic that has produced the modern Golem. It is the latest embodiment of this magic which we are privileged to dedicate today, the Golem of Rehovoth. And, indeed, the Golem of Rehovoth can well compete with the Golem of Prague.

NOW, THIS IDEA of the Golem is deeply ingrained in the thinking of the Jewish mystics of the Middle Ages known as the Kabbalists. I want to give you at least an inkling of what lies behind the idea. It may be far removed from what the modern electronic engineer and applied mathematician have in mind when they concoct their own species of Golem—and yet, all theological trappings notwithstanding, there is a straight line linking the two developments.

As a matter of fact, the Golem—a creature created by human intelligence and concentration, which is controlled by its creator and performs tasks set by him, but which at the same time may have a dangerous tendency to outgrow that control and develop destructive potentialities—is nothing but a replica of Adam, the first Man himself. God could create Man from a heap of clay and invest him with a spark of His divine life force and intelligence (this, in the last analysis, is the "divine image" in which Man was created). Without this intelligence and the spontaneous creativity of the human mind, Adam would have been nothing but a Golem—as, indeed, he is called in some of the old rabbinic stories interpreting the Biblical account. When there was only the combination and culmination of natural and material forces, and before that all-important divine spark was breathed into him, Adam was nothing but a Golem. Only when a tiny bit of God's creative power was passed on did he become Man, in the image of God. Is it, then, any wonder that Man should try to do in his own small way what God did in the beginning?

There is, however, a hitch: Man can assemble the forces of nature—identified by him as the basic forces of material creation—and combine them into a semblance of the human pattern. But there is one thing he cannot give to his product: speech, which to the Biblical mind is identical with reason and intuition. The Talmud tells a little story: "Rabha created a man and sent him to Rabbi Zera. The Rabbi spoke to him but he did not answer. Whereupon the Rabbi said: You must have been made by my colleagues of the academy; return to your dust." In Aramaic, the language of the Talmud, the academic colleagues are denoted by the same word that is used for magicians: quite a nice ambiguity. Just as the human mind remains infinitely inferior to the all-encompassing divine intelligence of God, so does the Golem's intelligence lag behind the human—that is to say, it lacks that spontaneity which alone makes Man what he is. But still, even on a subhuman plane, there is in the Golem a representation of Man's creative power. The universe, so the Kabbalists tell us, is built essentially on the prime elements of numbers and letters, because the letters of God's language

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reflected in human language are nothing but concentrations of His creative energy. Thus, by assembling these elements in all their possible combinations and permutations, the Kabbalist who contemplates the mysteries of Creation radiates some of this elementary power into the Golem. The creation of a Golem is then in some way an affirmation of the productive and creative power of Man. It repeats, on however small a scale, the work of creation.

BUT THERE IS a more sinister side to this too. According to one of the first texts we have on the Golem, the prophet Jeremiah was busying himself alone with the *Sefer Yetsirah* ("The Book of Creation") when a heavenly voice went forth and said: "Take a companion." Jeremiah, obeying, chose his son Sira, and they studied the book together for three years. Afterward, they set about combining the alphabets in accordance with the Kabbalistic principles of combination, grouping, and word formation, and a man was created to them, on whose forehead stood the letters, *YHWH Elohim Emeth,* meaning: God the Lord is Truth. But this newly created man had a knife in his hand, with which he erased the letter *aleph* from the word *emeth* ("truth"); there remained the word *meth* ("dead"). Then Jeremiah rent his garments (because of the blasphemy, God is dead, now implied in the inscription) and said: "Why have you erased the *aleph* from *emeth*?" He replied: "I will tell you a parable. An architect built many houses, cities, and squares, but no one could copy his art and compete with him in knowledge and skill until two men persuaded him to teach them the secret of the art. When they had learned how to do everything in the right way, they began to anger him with words. Finally, they broke with him and became architects on their own, except that what he charged a guinea for, they did for ten shillings. When people noticed this, they ceased honoring the artist and instead gave their commissions to his renegade pupils. So God has made you in His image and in His shape and form. But now that you have created a man like Him, people will say: There is no God in the world beside these two! Then Jeremiah said: "What solution is there?" He said: "Write the alphabets backward with intense concentration on the earth. Only do not meditate in the sense of building up, as you did before, but the other way around." So they did, and the man became dust and ashes before their eyes.

It is indeed significant that Nietzsche's famous cry, "God is dead," should have gone up first in a Kabbalistic text warning against the making of a Golem and linking the death of God to the realization of the idea of the Golem.

In the development of this conception the Golem has always existed on two quite separate planes. The one was the plane of ecstatic experience where the figure of clay, infused with all those radiations of the human mind which are the combinations of the alphabet, became alive for the fleeting moment of ecstasy, but not beyond it. The other was the legendary plane where Jewish folk tradition, having heard of the Kabbalistic speculations on the spiritual plane, translated them into down-to-earth tales and traditions like the ones I quoted at the beginning. The Golem, instead of being a spiritual experience of man, became a technical servant of man's needs, controlled by him in an uneasy and precarious equilibrium.

THIS IS WHERE we may well ask some questions, comparing the Golem of Prague with that of Rehovoth, the work of Rabbi Jehuda Loew with the work of Professor—or should I say, Rabbi?—Chaim Pekeris.

1. Have they a basic conception in common? I should say, yes. The old Golem was based on a mystical combination of the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are the elements and building-stones of the world. The new Golem is based on a simpler, and at the same time more intricate, system. Instead of 22 elements, it knows only of two, the two numbers 0 and 1, constituting the binary system of representation. Everything can be translated, or transposed, into these two basic signs, and what cannot be so expressed cannot be fed as information to the Golem. I daresay the old Kabbalists would have been glad to learn of this simplification of their own system. This is progress.

2. What makes the Golem work? In both cases it is energy. In the old Golem it was the energy of speech, in the new one it is electronic energy. In the case of the Kabbalists it was the *Shem ha-Mephorash,* the fully-interpreted and expressed and differentiated name of God. Now, it is still differentiation according to a given system and interpretation of signs and ciphers which makes the Golem work.

3. What about human shape? Here I must admit to some qualms. Certainly the Prague Golem was never very attractive as a human being, but he seems to have borne some resemblance to the human countenance—which, I am sorry to state, cannot be said of our present Golem of Rehovoth. It still has a long way to go, to be moulded into an acceptable shape. You can say, of course, that these external shapes are optical illusions and deceit, and that what counts, after all, is the mind at work. And here the Golem of Rehovoth may be at an advantage. External beauty has been denied to him. What kind of spiritual beauties lurk inside, we shall learn in due time, I hope.

4. Can the new Golem grow in stature and productivity? He certainly can, although with growing productivity we rather expect the Golem of Rehovoth to shrink in size and to take on a more attractive and becoming exterior. Whether the Golem of Prague could correct his mistakes, I doubt. The new Golem seems to be able, in some ways, to learn and to improve himself. This makes the modern Kabbalists more successful than the ancient ones, and I may congratulate them on this score. There is even more to it. The old Golem, we learn, served his master by bringing water to the house. The new one serves his Rabbi, Chaim Pekeris, by calculating the movement of the ocean tides—a somewhat more progressive type of activity, so far as water is concerned.

5. What about memory and the faculty of speech? As for memory,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we don't know how the old Golem scored. The new one certainly shows a great improvement—although he has, I am sorry to say, occasional lapses of memory and other momentary weaknesses which cause trouble to his makers. The progress of the new Golem is thus linked to a certain regression from the previous state. Adam never fell ill, according to the Rabbis, and the same goes for the old Golem of the Kabbalists. The new one, alas, shows a deplorable propensity in this direction. And as for speech, and all that it implies—I mean the spontaneity of intelligence—both the old and the new Golem are found to be sadly lacking. Everybody speculates about what is to become of the more advanced forms of the Golem. But it seems that for the time being and for quite some time to come, we are saddled with a Golem that will only do what he is told. There is still a long, long stretch ahead to that Utopian figure of a Golem, about whom the famous cartoon in the *New Yorker* spoke. It showed two scientists standing in great embarrassment before this end-of-days Golem as they scanned the tape giving out his latest information. The caption read: "The damned thing says: *Cogito, ergo sum.*"

6. And this brings me to my last question: Can the Golem love? In an old book, we read some sayings about the Golem attributed to the Rabbi of Prague. Here is one of them: "The Golem was never ill, for he was immune to every impulse to do evil, from which all illness stems. And the Golem had to be created without the sexual urge; for, if he had had that instinct, no woman would have been safe from him." Now I have to leave it to you to answer this query. For I am really at a loss what to think.

ALL MY DAYS I have been complaining that the Weizmann Institute has not mobilized the funds to build up the Institute for Experimental Demonology and Magic which I have for so long proposed to establish there. They preferred what they call Applied Mathematics and its sinister possibilities to my more direct magical approach. Little did they know, when they preferred Chaim Pekeris to me, what they were letting themselves in for. So I resign myself and say to the Golem and its creator: develop peacefully and don't destroy the world. *Shalom.*

* * *

IN PRAISE OF GUIMARAES ROSA

Emir Rodriguez-Monegal

SERIOUS CRITICISM of Latin American writers is still in its infancy in the United States. To be sure, there are very good teachers of Latin American literature in American universities; some very important publishers devote part of their time to seeking out new Latin American writers; an occasional novel like *Coronation,* by the Chilean José Donoso, or *The Winners* (*Los premios*), by the Argentine Julio Cortázar, may be widely reviewed when the American edition comes out; and once in a while a good piece on some Latin American novelist or essayist gets printed, like the one Paul de Man recently wrote on the great Argentine, Jorge Luis Borges, for *The New York Review of Books.* But the general state of affairs is still very primitive. For instance, one reviewer of Cortázar's novel stated that the author's familiarity with contemporary French literature could only be explained by his residence in France since 1952, although anyone who cared would have known that Camus and Sartre have been widely read in Argentina since the early 40's. To become acquainted with the new French writers, it isn't necessary to travel; their works are always on hand in the better bookshops of Buenos Aires.

The sad fact behind such misinformation is that not a single important American critic regularly reviews Latin American literature. Indeed, the traditional snobbishness toward anything written in Spanish is so deeply ingrained in the United States that even a man of catholic tastes and wide linguistic accomplishments like Edmund Wilson has disdained to learn a rich living language whose literature has such great relevance to (North) America and (North) Americans. Thus, while French, German, and Italian literature are generally in good hands here, Latin American literature continues to go largely ignored. And this despite the fact that in our century Latin America has already produced poets of universal status (like the Peruvian César Vallejo, the Chilean Pablo Neruda, the Mexican Octavio Paz), novelists of outstanding originality (like the Cuban Alejo Carpentier, the Uruguayan Juan Carlos Onetti, the Argentine Cortázar, the Mexican Carlos Fuentes), and at least one of the classics of 20th-century literature (Borges).

A TRAGIC case in point is *Grande Sertao: Veredas,** the great novel by the Brazilian Joao Guimaraes Rosa, which passed unnoticed when it was published in 1963 by Knopf under the title of *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands.* Another Brazilian novel, Jorge Amado's *Gabriela: Clove and Cinnamon* (*Gabriela, cravo e canela*), published the year before by the same house, immediately became a best-seller, but the success of *Gabriela* was misleading. A colorful panorama of sex and violence, it has all the superficial elements that are expected here of a Latin American novel. And, in fact, the same elements are present in *Grande Sertao: Veredas,* but not on the surface, where the general reader can see them. Still, the reviewers ought to have known better—and didn't.

In Germany, *Grande Sertao: Veredas* was proclaimed a masterpiece; in France and Italy, another book by Guimaraes Rosa (a collection of short novels published under the original title of *Corpo de Baile*) caught the attention of the best literary weeklies. The explanation of this apparent discrepancy in tastes is that in Europe Latin American authors are regularly reviewed by important European writers—well-known, expert hands who contribute to widely-read weekly and monthly periodicals. One of the results of this situation is that some European publishers have shown courage and insight beyond that of many Latin American publishers themselves in selecting books. In Spain, for instance, the firm of Seix-Barral of

*Literally: "Big Desert: Little Rivers."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barcelona has proved its willingness to break new ground by helping Borges to become an international figure through the 1961 Formentor Prize (which he shared with Samuel Beckett), and by betting on completely obscure names. So far, Seix-Barral has discovered two important novelists: the Peruvian Mario Vargas Llosa, whose *La cuidad y los perros* ("The City and the Dogs") was awarded a literary prize in Spain in 1962, and the Mexican Vicente Leñero, whose *Los albañiles* ("The Bricklayers") won a prize the following year. But in the United States, except for a few honorable exceptions, there is an appalling indifference on this subject: Latin America is still generally viewed as a cultural backwater.

OF COURSE it isn't always easy to translate and introduce a foreign writer and often his very originality (or the peculiarity of the culture he represents) only increases the difficulties. Twenty years ago, for instance, a number of American publishers were more interested in the mediocre novels of the Argentine Eduardo Mallea than in the incomparable stories that Borges was already writing. Similarly, in France many people believed for years that Charles Morgan was an important English writer, and even André Gide was impressed by the stylistic qualities of James M. Cain's novels. Or again, when the Swedish Academy gave the Nobel Prize to Pearl Buck it overlooked American writers like William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. Mistakes like these make good jokes (if you like such jokes) and they may be inevitable. But when an entire literature is in question, these jokes cease to be funny. So far as Latin American literature in particular is concerned, the moment seems more than ripe for reaction, and the case for Guimaraes Rosa provides as good an occasion as any to begin.

GRANDE SERTAO: VEREDAS is Joao Guimaraes Rosa's first and only novel so far. Born 57 years ago in the state of Minas Gerais, in the heart of Brazil, he spent his childhood listening to the old men telling stories of the fierce and bloody bandits who ran the backlands of his native state with the complicity or acquiescence of politicians, landowners, and the army. Later, as a country doctor, he traveled extensively through the strange, hard, haunting landscape of the Gerais; spent much siesta time surviving in very small towns or pacing through roads that led to nowhere; became intimately acquainted with the squalor and misery of his very wealthy country. Later yet, he began a completely new career as a diplomat. Living in Germany in and around the Second World War, in Bogota and Paris after the war, and then, since 1951, in Rio de Janeiro (where he occupies a high position in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs), Guimaraes Rosa developed a rather polite and distant relation to the world around him. Everything rural was erased from the make up of this tall, heavily-built, reticent Brazilian. But in his collections of stories—*Sagarana,* 1946; *Corpo de Baile,* 1956; *Primeiras Estorias,* 1962—and in the one novel on the *Sertao*—[literally, "backland," a waste desert area]—the young *mineiro* from the heart of Brazil is still very much alive.

ORIGINALLY published in Portuguese in 1956, *Grande Sertao: Veredas* is written in the form of a monologue. Riobaldo, the protagonist, was once a bandit or *jagunço,* as they are called in the backlands, but he is now an honorable rancher, and he is getting old. The monologue—which proceeds almost without pause, though the narrator stops occasionally to answer some unheard question put to him by an unknown listener—describes Riobaldo's life of love and adventure. This unknown listener is a more ambiguous character than the interlocutors used by Conrad, for instance, in his novels. Yet it is for his benefit that the protagonist tells his story. Every monologue needs a haunted listener (as the Ancient Mariner well knew) because his presence justifies the confessional attitude and implies at the same time that there is some deep secret hidden somewhere. And Riobaldo, of course, has a secret.

Riobaldo's monologue creates a world. It is the world of the Minas Gerais backlands, a high and deserted country that borders on that other desert, the Northeastern *Sertao,* already explored by Brazilian novelists and sociologists. This world that Riobaldo evokes is a violent one of treason and burning rivalries, of incredible misery and exploitation, a territory run by bandits, politicians, and by the ruthless army. The story is set in the late 19th century, but the problems Guimaraes Rosa describes are still very much alive, as today's headlines prove. Yet Guimaraes Rosa is not really concerned with the documentary aspects of the world he is writing about. The Brazilian novel—in fact, all Latin American fiction—was until quite recently plagued by the type of documentary realism that transforms every narrative into a political pamphlet or a social tract. The chaos and poverty of the continent, the social injustice and the endemic revolutions were the basic stuff of writers more or less ready to sacrifice their creative powers (if any) to the more urgent demands of political engagement. But in the last twenty years, the failure of social realism in Russia, and the utter boredom and insignificance of the novels of social protest in Europe and the United States, have taught a lesson and opened the way to a different, more "literary," attitude. Today, *"engagement"* is old hat even for the young Marxists, and Borges is no longer seriously called an "escapist" or a "foreigner" in his own country. Guimaraes Rosa's approach to the novel—an approach completely devoid of any political or social bias —has thus become normal. Like Carpentier or Cortázar, he doesn't overlook the misery or exploitation around him, but he knows that reality goes deeper than that.

BY MEANS of a technique and a sensibility that were moulded by the experimental writing of the 1920's and 30's (the debts to Joyce, Proust, Mann, Faulkner, and Sartre are obvious), Guimaraes Rosa plays in *Grande Sertao: Veredas* with time and space, telescopes events and persons, makes the blood run cold and desire burn obsessively; and he makes use of the most shameless conventions of melodrama without once slipping back into the stale conventions of docu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mentary realism. Indeed, he even makes fun of these conventions, sustaining (like Cervantes) a subtle note of parody from the beginning to the end of his tale. One of the best-kept secrets of Riobaldo's monologue, for example, is the real identity of Diadorim, the protagonist's closest friend and constant companion, a young man of unusual beauty and purity to whom Riobaldo feels sexually attracted though he fights against his feeling. Playing on the ambiguity of this relationship, Guimaraes Rosa transmutes one of the cliché situations of today's melodramas into a deep insight concerning the nature of desire. Thomas Mann would have loved this book.

The theme of *Grande Sertao: Veredas* is diabolic possession. Riobaldo is convinced that he has entered into a pact with the Devil, that it was the Devil who first drove him to a life of perversity and crime. But this is not the classical Devil of cloven hoof and ironical mien. Guimaraes Rosa's Devil is everywhere: a voice in the desert; a whisper in the conscience; a sudden glance that is full of temptation; the irresistible depravity of a powerful bandit. By the Devil's side, in this modern morality tale, stands the figure of an Angel, the beautiful and ambiguous Diadorim. But this is a *modern* morality tale, and therefore not a simple one, so Guimaraes Rosa's Angel and his Devil are not always clearly distinguishable. Torn between Good and Evil, unable often to decide which is which, Riobaldo vacillates, beset by doubt and anguish.

At the center of this epic tale, then—full of battles, murder, and sudden death—is the story of a soul divided between love and hatred, friendship and enmity, superstition and faith. What we have here is nothing less than a literary microcosm of the component elements of Guimaraes Rosa's own huge, chaotic, God-and-Devil-ridden Brazilian motherland.

BUT IF *Grande Sertao: Veredas* is an allegory, it is an allegory that is saved from pure abstraction by the concrete poetry of action and character. Reluctantly at first, then more and more easily as the long tale gathers momentum, it manages to take on the pure narrative charm of a Western. And as the sheer force of the narrative takes over, a whole world is re-created.

A similar world had already been explored in several important Latin American works of the past like the Argentine Sarmiento's *Facundo* (a polemical biography of a leader of the gauchos) or *The Purple Land,* the picaresque novel by the Anglo-Argentine William Henry Hudson. But in Brazilian literature, the most obvious antecedent of Guimaraes Rosa's novel is the work, *Os Sertoes* ("The Backlands"), written by the great imaginative sociologist, Euclides de Cunha, and originally published in 1902. Da Cunha served as a reporter during the military campaign that ended the bloody rebellion of one of the most famous Northeastern *jagunços,* Antonio Conselheiro; but if this gave him, in one sense, an advantage over Guimaraes Rosa, who was writing many years after the events he describes, it is also possible that such close intimacy with events is more of an advantage to a historian and sociologist than to a novelist. For Guimaraes Rosa, perhaps, the detachment that comes with remoteness is a better advantage.

Guimaraes Rosa's relation to the world of the *jagunços* is indirect and distant; the paradox is that by means of this very distance he is able to get nearer to the core of things. What happened to him while he was writing about the *jagunços'* world is similar to what happened to Sarmiento when he wrote about Facundo and the *pampa.* The Argentine author had never been in the *pampa,* although he had lived not far from it; what he knew about it came from the accounts of English travelers, who were the first to use language in attempting to describe its vastness and desolation. In effect, Sarmiento re-created in Spanish what was actually a foreign vision, but his style "nationalized" the *pampa* nevertheless. The same double point of view operates in *Grande Sertao: Veredas.* Guimaraes Rosa has used his own experience of the *Sertao,* plus documents gathered by people like da Cunha, to evoke, in the language of an imaginary *jagunço,* the world of the Brazilian backlands in the late 19th century.

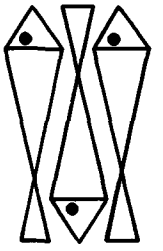
EVERY PHRASE of this novel is written by Guimaraes Rosa as if it were a line in a poem. The invisible but omnipresent structure of verbal sound is as important as the story itself. The distribution of accents in the phrase, the general movement of each paragraph, sometimes reveal more about the real mood of the protagonist than any given situation or episode. That is the main reason why at the beginning of the long monologue, Guimaraes Rosa makes his protagonist so reluctant to tell the full story of his life; why Riobaldo is so reticent and ambiguous about Diadorim or about his pact with the Devil; why he only begins to confess in earnest when the flow of memory, the incessant stream of evocation, possesses him completely. The narrative then mounts and accelerates, and the last quarter of the novel is completely free of asides, of mental reservations, of the relentless activity of the inner censor. When the confession comes to a climax, the novel ends.

It is this peculiarity of style that accounts for the difficulties Guimaraes Rosa presents to translators and even to readers of Portuguese. In fact, the American translation (done with tremendous care by James L. Taylor and Harriett de Onís) reads much more easily than the original, for to a certain extent the translators were forced to simplify and explicate the text. (Something similar occurs in the French translations of his short novels.) According to the author, only the recent Italian translation of *Corpo de Baile* and the German version of *Grande Sertao: Veredas* achieve the almost impossible task of being at the same time faithful to the original and readable. Translating Guimaraes Rosa, is, *mutatis mutandis,* like translating Joyce.

A work of this importance—it is perhaps the best Latin American novel of this century—cannot go on being unnoticed in the United States. It is obvious to me that both critics and readers ought to give *Grande Sertao: Veredas* a second chance. They deserve it.

A new contributor to COMMENTARY, EMIR RODRIGUEZ-MONEGAL, of Uruguay, *is a leading Latin-American critic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Some books and authors published recently by FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

QUESTIONS OF TRAVEL
By Elizabeth Bishop

YES I CAN
By Sammy Davis, Jr.
with Jane and Burt Boyar

THE KING OF THE CATS
By F. W. Dupee

TO CRITICIZE THE CRITIC
By T. S. Eliot

AURA
By Carlos Fuentes

DEITIES AND DOLPHINS
By Nelson Glueck

THINGS AS THEY ARE
By Paul Horgan

CYNTHIA
By H. Montgomery Hyde

LA BÂTARDE
By Violette Leduc

THE OLD GLORY
By Robert Lowell

CORDELIA and Other Stories
By Françoise Mallet-Joris

A SENSE OF WHERE YOU ARE
By John McPhee

SEASONS OF CELEBRATION
By Thomas Merton

THE FETISH
By Alberto Moravia

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE
By Flannery O'Connor

CABOT WRIGHT BEGINS
By James Purdy

THE MYTH AND THE POWERHOUSE
By Philip Rahv

THE THIRD SESSION
By Xavier Rynne

SQUARE'S PROGRESS
By Wilfrid Sheed

BAD CHARACTERS
By Jean Stafford

THE FLIGHT FROM WOMAN
By Karl Stern

LADIES OF THE RACHMANINOFF EYES
By Henry Van Dyke

THE ESCAPE ARTIST
By David Wagoner

THE MULE ON THE MINARET
By Alec Waugh

THE BIT BETWEEN MY TEETH
By Edmund Wilson

THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY
By Tom Wolfe

COMING IN 1966:

A memorable new book by Isaac Bashevis Singer
IN MY FATHER'S COURT

Earlier works by Isaac Bashevis Singer:

SHORT FRIDAY
Clothbound $4.95. Noonday Paperback $2.25

THE FAMILY MOSKAT
Clothbound $5.95. Noonday Paperback $2.25

THE SLAVE $4.95

GIMPEL THE FOOL and Other Stories
Noonday Paperback $1.65

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN
Clothbound $3.50. Noonday Paperback $1.65

THE SPINOZA OF MARKET STREET
Clothbound $3.95. Noonday Paperback $1.45

Now at your bookstore. FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROSENBERG AFFAIR

INVITATION TO AN INQUEST. By WALTER AND MIRIAM SCHNEIR. *Doubleday. 467 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by
ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

United States v. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg wasn't the Dreyfus, the Mooney, the Sacco-Vanzetti case of the early 1950's. But much has been written as if it were. Walter and Miriam Schneir's addition to the literature is an earnest, industrious, long, artless, tedious, and finally intemperate book, which mounts the most uncompromising argument yet for the innocence of the Rosenbergs. It makes a radical charge, to mince no words, of malicious prosecution and judicial murder, conceding nothing on the score of forgery, perjury, and rank prejudice to the Dreyfus and Sacco-Vanzetti affairs. But the book fails; these charges will not stick. For other reasons, relatively slighted by the Schneirs, the Rosenberg case was nevertheless an unforgivable disgrace to the American administration of justice. By misdirecting the sense of outrage that the case should never cease to provoke, *Invitation to an Inquest* blurs and dilutes it.

Putting aside marginal issues, and also the charges against Morton Sobell, the basic prosecution case against the Rosenbergs was as follows. David Greenglass, a machinist, was the brother of Ethel Rosenberg. In July 1944, being then an enlisted man in the army, he was assigned to Los Alamos, New Mexico, where his work in a machine shop involved, of course, the development of the atom bomb. In November 1944, David's wife, Ruth, visited him in New Mexico. Before Ruth left New York, Ethel Rosenberg and her husband Julius, acting in the interests of the Soviet Union, asked Ruth to obtain information from David about his work. David cooperated. When, in January 1945, David came home to New York on furlough, he gave Julius some additional information, which was in writing and included a sketch of a high-explosive lens mold of a sort being experimented with for use in an atom bomb. A few nights later, at the Rosenberg apartment, it was agreed that David would continue to transmit information from Los Alamos, directly or through Ruth, who was going to return with him and live in Albuquerque. Someone would approach Ruth, or both Ruth and David, in Albuquerque. Since the Greenglasses might not know this person, Julius and Ethel cut the side of a jello box in half along an irregular line, giving one half to the Greenglasses and telling them that the person who would visit them would have the other, fitting half.

To continue with the prosecution's case: On the evening of June 2, 1945, Harry Gold, who had had no contact with Julius or Ethel Rosenberg but was following the instructions of a Russian agent, arrived in Albuquerque after a meeting in Santa Fe with the British scientist and spy, Klaus Fuchs. Gold spent the night in a rooming house. First thing the next morning (Sunday, June 3), he registered at the Hilton Hotel in Albuquerque for the day. Then he appeared at the Greenglass apartment, announced that he came from Julius, presented the appropriate half of the jello-box side, and gave Greenglass an envelope containing five hundred dollars. Greenglass asked him to return later in the day. He did, in early afternoon, and received from Greenglass an envelope with information. David Greenglass said that he expected to be in New York on furlough around Christmas, and that if Gold wished to get in touch with him then, he could call his brother-in-law, Julius, whose telephone number David produced.

IN FEBRUARY 1950, after Klaus Fuchs had been arrested in Britain, Julius—still according to the prosecution—came to the Greenglasses and advised them to leave the country. David insisted he needed money, and Julius eventually brought $4,000 wrapped in brown paper. Gold was arrested on May 23, 1950. David Greenglass, who had made no attempt to leave the country, was taken into custody on June 15, and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were arrested respectively on July 17, and August 11, 1950.

The evidence supporting this case—again, marginal issues and Morton Sobell aside—consisted of the testimony of David and Ruth Greenglass and Harry Gold; of a photostat of an Albuquerque Hilton registration card indicating that Harry Gold was there on June 3, 1945; of a deposit by Ruth Greenglass of four hundred dollars in cash in an Albuquerque bank on June 4; and of the testimony of another brother-in-law of David Greenglass, to whom David in the spring of 1950 gave $4,000 wrapped in brown paper to keep for him. (This money, in the same wrapping but minus a hundred dollars that Ruth had withdrawn from it, went to pay the Greenglasses' lawyer after the arrest of David and Ruth.)

David Greenglass and Gold, both of whom had made full confessions, pleaded guilty to the crime of espionage. Gold received the maximum sentence short of death, thirty years; Greenglass was given fifteen. Ruth Greenglass, although she also confessed, was never tried. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg consistently maintained their innocence, were convicted, sentenced to death, and executed before nightfall on Friday, June 19, 1953. The theory on which their defense maintained their innocence was that the Rosenbergs had had nothing to do with, and no knowledge of, the crime of the weak, foolish, and malicious David and of his strong-willed, money-mad virago of a wife. David and Ruth bore false witness against the Rosenbergs, making up a story out of whole cloth, and picturing themselves as minor figures manipulated by a master spy, in order to curry favor with the prosecution and es-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cape the death penalty. Harry Gold, according to this story, told the truth—the Rosenberg defense never cross-examined him at the trial—and so did the Greenglasses insofar as their own crime was concerned; indeed, the guilt of the Greenglasses was essential to this theory, since it constituted the motive for implicating the Rosenbergs.

This defense requires one to accept not only that the Greenglasses committed perjury, but that at least two other witnesses who implicated the Rosenbergs in broader espionage activities also lied. And it requires a belief that someone else, undiscovered and unhinted at anywhere by anyone, acted as the intermediary between Greenglass and the Russian agent who sent Gold to Albuquerque. Yet if this were all, the possibility would have to be admitted, although it is a remote possibility, for concerted and consistent perjury on the part of a number of people is a rare occurrence. But there is at all events a serious flaw in the defense. Harry Gold represented himself as coming from "Julius," and testified that he was directed by David to call David's brother-in-law in New York. Unless Gold was here supplying David with a convenient lie of his own, this is a damning bit of evidence that makes everything else fall into place against the Rosenbergs.

Invitation to an Inquest abandons this difficult theory of the Rosenbergs' innocence, only to adopt an even more improbable one. The thesis of Walter and Miriam Schneir is that everything in the case was a tissue of lies. There never was such a crime as the indictment charged. Not only were the Rosenbergs not implicated, but neither were the Greenglasses or Harry Gold. There was nothing to be implicated in. David Greenglass never did anything more serious than to take a bit of uranium out of Los Alamos for a souvenir. Harry Gold never visited him in Albuquerque. It was all made up, from beginning to end, with the active cooperation, indeed at the behest, of the F.B.I., and with the connivance of the prosecution. Harry Gold was a psychotic in search of punishment. David Greenglass hated his sister, and he and his wife were in a frenzy over the possibility that they might be punished for the theft of uranium, and very likely in a frenzy over other unknown troubles as well. Two other witnesses, the famous Elizabeth Bentley and one Max Elitcher, were also pathological liars.

AGAIN, SO FAR, this is highly improbable, but barely possible. It is improbable, to say the least, that David Greenglass, fearful of detection and conviction on a relatively minor charge, would invent an elaborate and monstrous story convicting himself of a capital offense, and then curry favor by implicating his sister and brothers-in-law. He might, after all, more easily have implicated them in the uranium theft, the charge, so to speak, that set him off. But there are greater difficulties. What of Gold's registration in the Albuquerque Hilton? It was, we are asked to believe, forged by the F.B.I. This hypothesis begins with a curious defect in the registration card, which was never brought to light at the trial. On the face of the card appears a notation by the hotel clerk of the date, June 3, of the day rate, and of the intended check-out at 8:00 P.M.—specific and detailed entries bearing out Gold's story with precision. The back of the card, however, carries a machine stamp with an inconsistent date and time —June 4, 12:30 P.M., 1945. There is no known explanation for this inconsistency. Some sort of error or mix-up no doubt occurred in June, twenty years ago, which is likely to remain unraveled for all time. The poorest possible explanation is F.B.I. forgery. Surely anyone going to the trouble to forge evidence in support of Gold's presence in Albuquerque on June 3, 1945, would not make the idiotic mistake of putting an inconsistent date on the back of the card. And what of the $400 deposited by the Greenglasses on June 4? The Greenglasses made other deposits in Albuquerque banks, say the Schneirs, and their financial affairs are indeed altogether not easy to understand. But there were no other deposits of this size, and the coincidence in dates demands explanation. Well then, the argument goes, the F.B.I. knew of this deposit, told Gold about it, and he accommodatingly made up a story of giving money to the Greenglasses the day before. But then why did he not say that he gave them $400? Why did he say $500?

There is no need to profess any faith in the unvarying, saintly regard of the F.B.I. and of its present head, for truth and justice. Police and prosecutors, the F.B.I. among them, when in pursuit of a suspect, are capable of persuading themselves that something is true which would not appear necessarily so to an objective observer, and then of cutting corners in the sincere and passionate belief that the end—capture of the criminal whose guilt appears to them certain—justifies the means. But they do not routinely suborn perjury and commit forgery. To be sure, this was no routine case. Unquestionably the pressure was on. Undoubtedly the hysteria which Joseph R. McCarthy would then go on to exploit was upon us. And yet more than speculation is needed to make out forgery by the F.B.I. Do the Schneirs adduce anything more?

Harry Gold was a curious little character, quite capable of lying, as apparently Miss Bentley was also —capable of lying, that is; a curious little character she was not, rather an odd and extremely disagreeable one. These latter adjectives would seem to be applicable also to David Greenglass and his wife, and there is some color to the hypothesis that David at least was no stranger to the occasional untruth. That is all very well, but how did Gold and Greenglass independently come to tell lies that were not only consistent but that also meshed precisely at crucial points? The Schneirs' answer is that the F.B.I. coached them both. The Schneirs, who generally took enormous pains to uncover much new material, dug up the record of Gold's story as told to his counsel in Philadelphia before the arrest and interrogation of Greenglass. They attempt to demonstrate out of this record that Gold manufactured great portions of his story after the F.B.I. had got hold of Greenglass, thus supporting the hypothesis that the F.B.I. was the conduit through which the two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

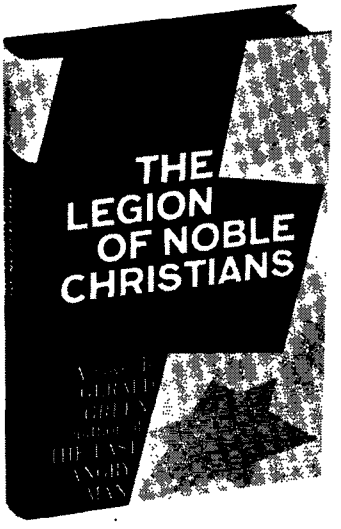
What would you do if the government began to execute your neighbors because of their religion or national origin?

☐ *I'd mind my own business.*

☐ **I'd write letters of protest.**

☐ I'd help the secret police in my spare time and make extra money for being patriotic.

☐ ***I'd try to save them, even at the risk of my own life.***



Gerald Green

author of **The Last Angry Man,** has produced a novel dedicated to those who were *compelled* to answer. **The Legion of Noble Christians** is the year's most challenging novel... written with anger, tempered by irony, wit, and a Chaplin-like flair for the unexpected.

During Hitler's reign of terror, a small band of Catholics and Protestants—with no knowledge of espionage or sabotage — helped thousands of Jews escape the bloodiest holocaust in history.

To show you how and why, Gerald Green has created a fast-paced picaresque novel set in the present time, with the most unlikely hero since Don Quixote. He's Buck Sweeney, a likeable but backslid Catholic, jet-set freeloader, a carouser straight out of Rabelais. When he finally takes a job, it's for a Jewish-operated foundation dedicated to honoring Christians who, years ago, risked their lives to save the lives of strangers. Told to find them, Sweeney turns into a reluctant Ulysses.

His "Odyssey" is to a nightmare... to a plague of questions such as "How could it happen?" and "Could it happen again?" and "Is it happening *now?*"

$4.95 at all booksellers

TRIDENT PRESS 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men arrived at mutually consistent lies. The Schneirs wind up proving, however, quite the opposite.

The remarkable feature of this early record is that the rudiments of Gold's story were there. Of course, at the very beginning, his head was full of Klaus Fuchs; so was everyone else's. Only under prodding did Gold recall that he had also met a G.I. and his wife in Albuquerque. Was there a recognition sign? "I believe that it involved the name of a man and was something on the order of Bob sent me or Benny sent me or John sent me or something like that." The names of the G.I. and his wife were lost to Gold's memory until the F.B.I. gave him a series of names, including David and Ruth Greenglass, and he picked them out. But Gold also remembered at this early date that the G.I. told him that he was to have a furlough, and gave him "the name and the telephone number, of I think his father-in-law, or possibly an uncle of his, who lived somewhere in the Bronx of New York. Unfortunately, I have been unable to recall the name and the telephone number. . . ."

This is the not unusual state of an unrefreshed memory. The Schneirs seem to rely on a notion that the only proper method of interrogation is for the questioner to sit and listen to a suspect, without prodding his memory or asking him to confirm or deny evidence gathered elsewhere. But there is no such pristine obligation, nor should there be. If, then, the F.B.I. prodded Gold into elaborating these rudiments into a full story by putting to him material from the Greenglass confession, and prodded Greenglass to confess by asking him to affirm or deny so much as was known of Gold's story—if this was the method of interrogation, as no doubt it was, it was normal and proper, and does not in itself destroy or even substantially weaken the credibility of Gold and Greenglass. It remains probable and more than probable that the Greenglasses and Gold told a basically true story, and that the essence of the charge against the Rosenbergs was demonstrated.

THE ROSENBERG CASE is nevertheless a ghastly and shameful episode. There is first of all the death sentence, and secondly the death sentence, and thirdly the death sentence, and then again the death sentence. The prosecution had not in so many words asked for it, but the trial judge, Irving R. Kaufman of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, since elevated to the Court of Appeals, imposed it on these young parents of two small boys. Despite a world-wide clamor, no one in the government of the most powerful civilized nation on earth —not the Court of Appeals, not the Supreme Court of the United States, and not President Eisenhower—could bring himself to stop the execution.

Judge Kaufman justified the ferocity of his sentence in the following statement:

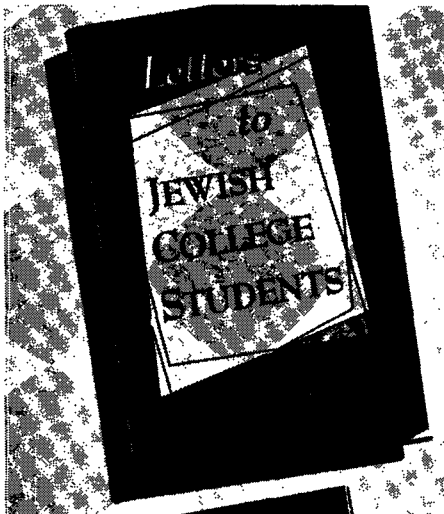
> I consider your crime worse than murder. . . . In committing the act of murder, the criminal kills only his victim. . . . But in your case, I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb has already caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualties exceeding 50,000 and who knows but that millions more of innocent people may pay the price of your treason. Indeed, by your betrayal you undoubtedly have altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country. . . . We have evidence of your treachery all around us everyday —for the civilian defense activities throughout the nation are aimed at preparing us for an atom bomb attack. . . . In the light of the circumstances, I feel that I must pass such sentence upon the principals in this diabolical conspiracy to destroy a God-fearing nation, which will demonstrate with finality that this nation's security must remain inviolate; that traffic in military secrets, whether promoted by slavish devotion to a foreign ideology or by a desire for monetary gains, must cease.

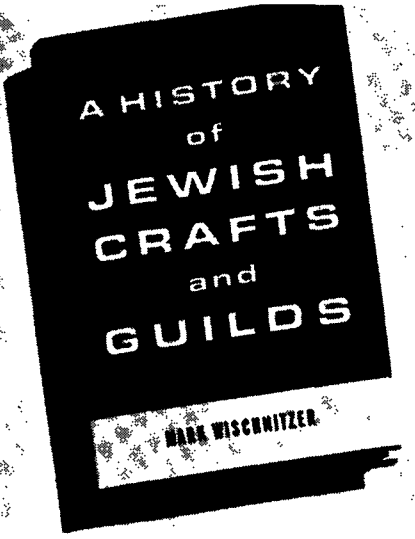
Now this statement is without foundation in any known facts, least of all in the record of the Rosenberg case itself, and it is a terrible heartbreak that in the second half of the 20th century, in the United States, a man and a woman should have been put to death by this unchecked onslaught of anxiety and mindless surmise.

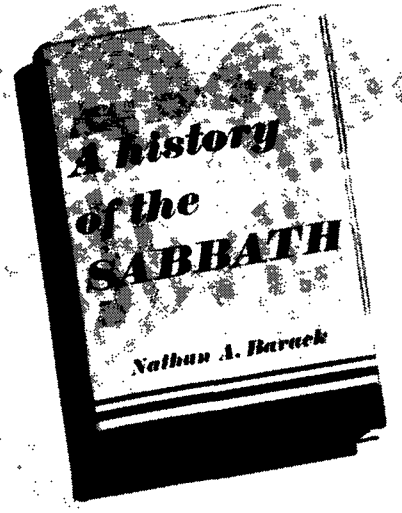
There is utterly no reason to believe that Greenglass, a lowly machinist and not a very intelligent one, carried the secret of the atom bomb out of Los Alamos in his head, and through numerous intermediaries transmitted it to scientists working in Russia. The only scientific testimony at the trial was at best ambiguous concerning the value of the information transmitted by Greenglass. And if "our best scientists" predicted that the Russians would take a while to manufacture their own bomb, that was not because the basic secret was impenetrable to them, any more than it has proved to be to other nations, but because of difficulties and expenses of production which have since also delayed other nations. It is true that espionage systems are not run by atomic scientists, and are meant to collect information, any information: others elsewhere put together the pieces, discard the high percentage of dross, and use what is of value. Conceivably, Greenglass contributed something of value. But it was nothing short of unthinking, fretful guessing to arrive at the conclusion that he put the bomb "into the hands of the Russians" in any sane sense of these words. And to have proceeded to pile on the heads of the Rosenbergs guilt for the Korean war was an act of judgment in the best traditions of some superstition-ridden tribe.

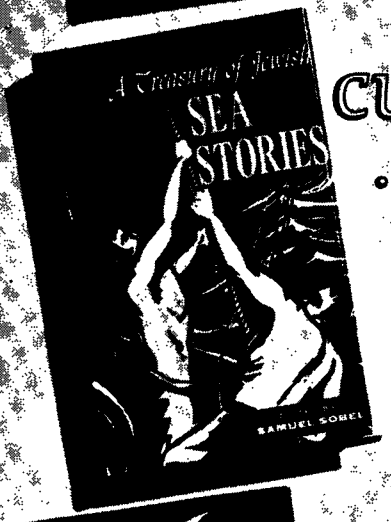
NEITHER THE Court of Appeals nor the Supreme Court re-examined the sentence. The obstacle that stood in the way of re-examination is a judge-made rule that appellate courts will not review sentences, but only the validity of the conviction. Yet this was a death sentence unprecedented in the United States in peacetime, and one demonstrably resting on preposterous reasoning. Part of the rationale of the general rule is that an appellate court will not normally know the considerations that moved the trial judge to impose a particular

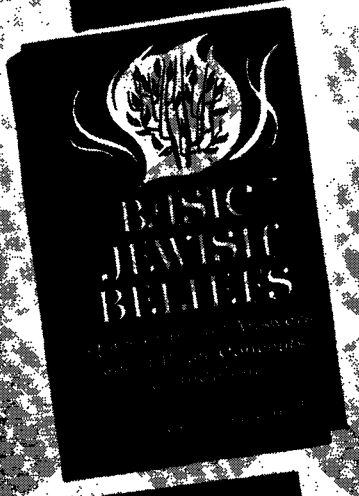
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

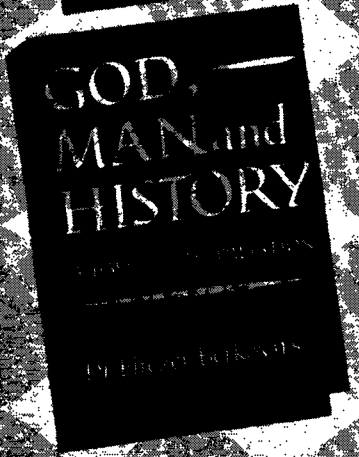












CURRENTLY POPULAR JUDAICA ... FROM JONATHAN DAVID

A History of the Sabbath

by Nathan A. Barack

The development of the Sabbath from pre-Torah days, through the period of the Talmud. Includes references from later sources that reflect the spirit of the molders of the Sabbath. The author discusses legal problems and injects elements of inspiration that may guide the modern Jew in his quest to find meaning in his observance of the Sabbath day. **$5.95**

"I commend your methodology and the scientific way you treat the subject. I have learned a great deal from it and shall certainly recommend it to my students."

Professor M. Mansour
University of Wisconsin

A History of Jewish Crafts and Guilds

by Mark Wischnitzer

The first documented history of Jewish crafts. It does away with the old prejudice about Jewish reluctance to do manual labor. The Bible, the Talmud, medieval rabbinic responsa, and travelers' accounts yield abundant material on Jewish artisanship. Jewish guild statutes shed light on labor policies. Published by Jonathan David for Yeshiva University, and sponsored by the Conference on Jewish Social Studies. **$7.95**

"Scholars, as well as interested laymen, will be grateful to Dr. Wischnitzer for this comprehensive and well documented story."

Professor Salo W. Baron
Columbia University

Basic Jewish Beliefs

by Louis & Rebecca Barish

For the first time, an impartial presentation of every basic concept in Judaism. Through more than 100 probing questions, the basic views of orthodox, conservative and reform Judaism are accurately presented.

Paperback **$1.95**; Cloth **$4.95**

"A helpful handbook to readers in public libraries." *Library Journal*

Letters to Jewish College Students

by Theodore Friedman

Informal letters on vital problems that concern the Jewish college student. Among the 58 topics clearly presented are: Can We Still Believe in the Bible? — Sex, Marriage and Intermarriage — Does Ritual Make Sense? etc. Every thinking person will find this book of great interest. Cloth **$4.95**; Paperback **$1.95**

"A well-written, authoritative introduction to the values of Judaism . . . Very useful as a basic text." *Rabbi Marvin S. Wiener*
Director, National Academy for Adult Jewish Studies

A Treasury of Jewish Sea Stories

Samuel Sobel, Editor

World's best sea stories, by or about Jews, of high dramatic content. The editor, a U. S. Navy Chaplain, has compiled an unusual anthology that will appeal to readers of all faiths. Among the authors: Meyer Levin, Herman Wouk, Andre Spire, Leon Uris, Jerome Weidman, S. J. Agnon, William Lederer, Sholem Asch, Francis Thornton, Walter Lord, and many others. **$5.95**

"Chaplain Sobel has put together a unique collection of 44 sea stories which should appeal to everyone who loves a good sea story . . . A must for all libraries."

The American News of Books

God, Man and History

Eliezer Berkovits

The head of the department of philosophy at the Hebrew Theological College, Skokie, Ill., presents an exciting up-to-date philosophy of Judaism, that sees the encounter between Man and the Divine as the basis of Judaism. Revised edition. Cloth **$4.95**; Paperback **$2.45**

"A well articulated view which excludes extremes and contains genuine logic."

The Christian Century

Available at your bookstore, or from:

JONATHAN DAVID *Publishers, Inc.* 131 E. 23 St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Please send the items checked:

_____A History of the Sabbath, @ 5.95
_____A History of Jewish Crafts & Guilds, @ 7.95
_____Letters to Jewish College Students, (Cloth) @ 4.95
_____Letters to Jewish College Students, (Paperback) @ 1.95
_____A Treasury of Jewish Sea Stories, @ 5.95
_____Basic Jewish Beliefs, (Cloth) @ 4.95
_____Basic Jewish Beliefs, (Paperback) @ .195
_____God, Man and History, (Cloth) @ 4.95
_____God, Man and History, (Paperback) @ 2.45

Please add New York sales tax as applicable.

Enclosed find check or money order for $_____, in full payment.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the signature of Esther Peretz Arad. You can see her paintings—and those of 35 other pioneering Israeli artists—at the **Ross Gallery of Israeli Art.** Some are established, some are fresh talent. Treat yourself to an unhurried visit among original oils, gouaches, lithographs, etc. Saturdays 10:00 to 3:00, weekdays 1:00 to 5:00. Or phone 799-2854 for appointment. 180 West End Ave. (68 St.) New York 10023.

"A STUNNING PLAY, ONE OF THE FINEST OF OUR AGE. YOU SHOULD NOT MISS IT."
—Howard Taubman, The N.Y. Times

JASON ROBARDS ANNE BANCROFT

THE DEVILS

Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs., Orch. & Front Mezz. $7.95; Rear Mezz. $6.25, 5.50, 4.50, 3.50, 2.95. Fri. & Sat. Evgs., Orch. & Front Mezz. $8.75; Rear Mezz. $6.50, 5.75, 4.75, 4.00, 2.95. Wed. & Sat. Mats., Orch. & Front Mezz. $6.25; Rear Mezz. $4.75, 4.00, 3.50, 3.00, 1.95.

BROADWAY THEATRE 53rd St. & B'way, 247-7992

The Academy for Jewish Religion

The Academy is a general school of Jewish Theology, for the training of rabbis, combining both students and instructors of the Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform groupings.

For information write:
The Academy for Jewish Religion
112 East 88th Street
New York, New York
Telephone: SAcramento 2-5811

1966 HOLIDAY SPRING TOURS TO SUNNY

israel

(Many With Stopovers in Europe)

Featuring:

CHOICE OF 20 EL-AL JETOURS & CRUISES FOR

- PURIM
- PASSOVER
- YOM HAATZMAUT

All inclusive from **$845**

also

100 GROUP FLIGHTS (from 2-12 weeks) only **$535**

For further information and FREE BROCHURE contact:

HISTADRUT TOURS

(Specializing in Israel Travel for Every Member of the Family)

33 East 67 Street, New York 31, N.Y.
Tel: RE 4-6010 or RE 4-7440

sentence, and might by its episodic interference disturb such consistency as the sentencing process can attain in any judge's courtroom. Neither of these factors was applicable here. The circumstances were special, and there have since been cases in which the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has departed from the general rule in special circumstances. At any rate, no such rule binds the President's exercise of his commuting and pardoning power. There is reason to believe that President Eisenhower's Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, Jr.—under pressure from the F.B.I., no doubt—tried to use the overhanging threat of the death sentence to persuade the Rosenbergs to confess and possibly implicate others. The Rosenbergs didn't, and their bluff was called. The sentence was carried out, in effect, in retribution for their silence. This action is disgusting. There is no other word for it.

NOTHING ELSE in the Rosenberg case equals the inexpiable horror of the death sentence. But there are other disturbing aspects—for example, a certain statement to the press by the chief prosecutor, U.S. Attorney Saypol, about evidence that he did not introduce in court. "Such a statement to the press in the course of a trial," said Judge Swan on review in the Court of Appeals, "we regard as wholly reprehensible." Nevertheless, the Court of Appeals held, properly enough perhaps, that the jury's verdict was not thus vitiated. More important and disturbing are the events of a few days before the execution.

On June 16, 1953, three days before the Rosenbergs were executed, counsel for one Edelman, acting as a friend of the court, appeared before Mr. Justice Douglas in chambers, the Supreme Court having just adjourned for the summer. Counsel asked the Justice to grant either a writ of *habeas corpus* or a stay, on the ground that the death sentence was unauthorized, since the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 had superseded the Espionage Act of 1917, under which the Rosenbergs were tried and sentenced. The Atomic Energy Act permits a death sentence for the crime with which the Rosenbergs were charged only upon recommendation of the jury, and where the offense was committed with an intent to injure the United States. These conditions were not fulfilled in the sentencing of the Rosenbergs. Here was a brand new argument. Edelman's attorneys had asked counsel for the Rosenbergs to raise it some two months earlier. The Rosenbergs' lawyer had refused to do so—one of a number of curiously weak and ineffective decisions made in the conduct of their defense—and that was why it had not been put forward till now.

Justice Douglas thought that the argument had substance, and he granted a stay of execution, as any single Justice is undoubtedly authorized to do. Under the stay, the Rosenbergs would have lived through the summer while the new issue was argued out in the lower courts, and possibly brought on appeal to the Supreme Court. But there was a rage upon the country to get the Rosenbergs over with, and the rage, sad to relate, was upon a majority of the Court as well.

At the request of the Attorney General, the late Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson convened what is assuredly the most extraordinary special session in the Court's history. Justice Douglas granted his stay on June 17. At about noon the following day, Thursday, June 18, all nine Justices, some of whom had begun to scatter out of Washington three days before, were sitting in the courtroom listening to the arguments of the government, which was asking them to vacate the stay and let the execution proceed. The relevant papers in the case and the government's briefs were in the Justices' hands no more than three hours before the session, and where a few of the Justices who arrived late were concerned, no more than minutes before. By noon on the next day the Court had decided the issue against the Rosenbergs, and vacated the stay. During the afternoon, a further petition for a stay pending disposition of another appeal for executive clemency was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters from the Paris Peace Conference
Charles Seymour

Charles Seymour, a perceptive young man who later became one of the most respected authorities on the Peace Conference, wrote long letters home in lieu of keeping a diary of the exciting and historically crucial days of the peace negotiations after World War I. Published here for the first time, we have Seymour's candid comments on the personalities he observed at close range—Wilson, Lansing, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Paderewski and others—as well as his running commentary on the negotiations, his observations of daily life in Paris, and his concern about his own behavior as a diplomat in this first exposure to the world of power politics. **$7.50**

Beyond the Cold War
Marshall D. Shulman

Written by an eminent authority on the Soviet Union, this book is for readers who are not specialists in Soviet affairs. Here Mr. Shulman points out that "the language and ideas of the Cold War are no longer adequate as a guide to international relations" and he argues that a shift of emphasis is required in Western policies. **cloth $3.75; paper $1.25**

A New China Policy
Some Quaker Proposals

A Report Prepared for the American Friends Service Committee

The US and Communist China have become almost completely separated by a wall of mutual hostility, in an atmosphere of war. Believing in a peaceful solution to all differences between men, this group of distinguished Quakers presents a new China policy, a policy which recognizes the tremendous changes here and on the international scene. "It [the book] could be one of the most important publishing events of the year... the calm, simple reasoning of the ideas presented here are almost shocking. It is the sort of thing one hopes will be studied in the chancelleries of the world, and also by plain citizens, no matter what their prejudices, fears or despair." — William Hogan, *San Francisco Chronicle.* **cloth $3.00; paper 95¢**

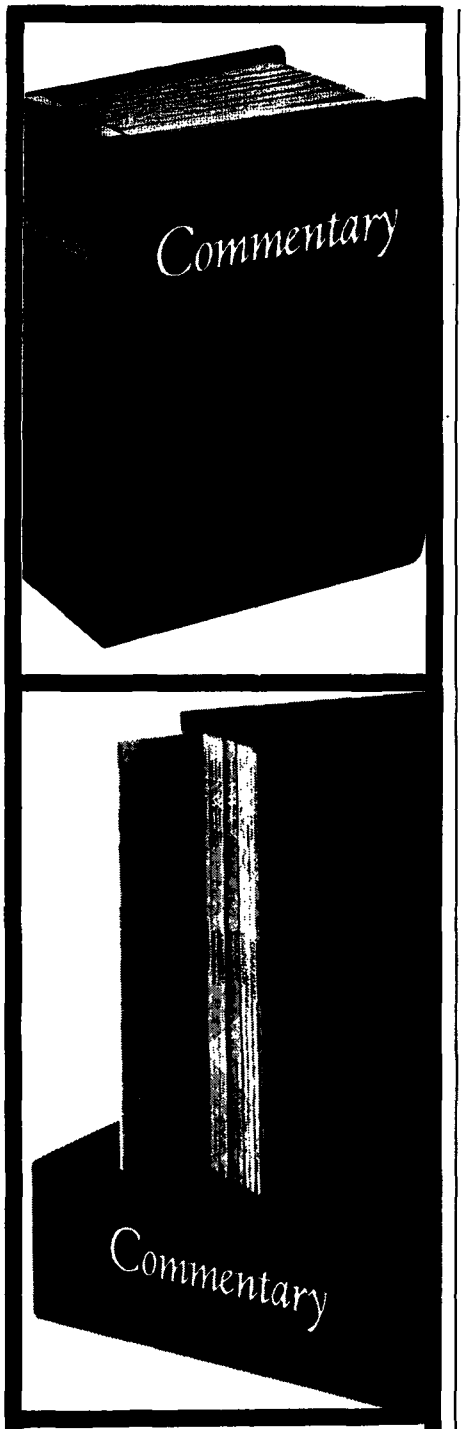
Paradise on Earth
Some Thoughts on European Images of Non-European Man
Henri Baudet

Comparing myth and reality through the centuries, the brilliant Dutch social historian traces Europe's contacts with the people of Africa, Asia and America. Utopian literature, the "noble savage," orientalism, and the search for the geographical location of paradise are some of the themes taken up in this provocative book. **$4.50**

available through your bookstore

Yale University Press YA
New Haven and London LE
in Canada: McGill University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COMMENTARY
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Choose either one

THE SLIPCASE
☐ One for $4.00
☐ Two for $7.50
☐ Five for $15.00
I enclose check for $.....

THE BINDER
☐ One for $4.00
☐ Two for $7.50
☐ Five for $15.00
I enclose check for $.....
(You can combine if you choose)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

also denied, and that same evening the Rosenbergs were put to death.

WHAT WAS WRONG with these proceedings is stated in the late Justice Frankfurter's dissent:

> Painful as it is, I am bound to say that circumstances precluded what to me are indispensable conditions for solid judicial judgment. They precluded me, and now preclude me, from saying that the legal issue that was raised before Mr. Justice Douglas was without substance.

It is inexplicable that this substantial issue was not raised earlier by the Rosenbergs' counsel. But it was not. When at last it emerged, the Supreme Court of the United States did *not* take anything like the normal time that it gives to the deliberate decision of such issues. It was a mistake for the Court not to have entered, much earlier, upon a full-scale review of the entire case.* The Court's pliant cooperation, at the last, in rushing the case to a conclusion in the death-chamber—that was not a mistake, but a denial of its own function, a sin against its very reason for being.

And so the Rosenbergs were electrocuted. Just before, Ethel scribbled on a scrap of paper: "I cry for myself as I lie dead—for shall they know all that burned my brain and breast. . . ." Who shall forget these words, and that this nation killed her, because one of its judges thought that she had caused the Korean war? And there was no one to stop him!

* There were several opportunities for granting review, all of which the Court declined. But the Schneirs are wrong in stating categorically that only Justice Black consistently favored review. Only Justice Black consistently noted dissent from orders refusing to entertain the various petitions for review. But practice varies with respect to noting dissent from such orders. Justice Black habitually does, as does Justice Douglas, who, it may therefore be surmised, was not consistently in favor of review. Habitually and on principle, the late Justice Frankfurter followed the practice of *not* noting his dissents from orders refusing review. From the first, however, beginning with a memorandum filed in November 1952, Justice Frankfurter hinted as broadly as his otherwise unvaried practice permitted—actually, more broadly than his practice should have allowed—that he too was consistently in dissent.

HARMONIES

TESTIMONY: THE UNITED STATES (1885-1890), RECITATIVE by CHARLES REZNIKOFF. *New Directions-San Francisco Review. 115 pp. $3.75.*

Reviewed by MILTON HINDUS

IDEALLY, the identity of the artist and his personal loyalties and attachments should be as unobtrusive in a work of art as the Bond watermark in paper, which becomes visible only when held up to the light of analysis. Such a position, however, is less taken for granted today than it was a few years ago, for we have entered an age of multiple conflicts whose pressures tend to turn art, as Dos Passos once said, from a noun into an adjective.

Moreover, we know that racial, regional, national classifications of art (and especially the art of literature) are useful and do make sense, though new categories take a long time to be recognized and accepted. Until the 20th century, those who spoke of an American language or even of an American literature were regarded by the dominant anglophiles as hopelessly parochial, eccentric, or chauvinistic. At the present time, the term "American-Jewish writing" is increasingly used and also increasingly challenged by both thoughtful and thoughtless people. They want to know why so-and-so is spoken of as a "Jewish writer" when they can see no essential difference between him and other American writers. The very term "Jewish writer" is often felt to be opprobrious, as if it were a way of consigning a man to the literary minor leagues.

It would be interesting to inquire, by the way, why the classification of a man as a "Negro" writer or of Faulkner as a "Southern" writer or of Frost as a "New England" poet has not generally been felt to be similarly disparaging. It is well understood that one can be a Negro, a Southerner, or a New Englander without ceasing to be an American. Is the answer any different for a Jewish writer?

NOT, I THINK, if the question were put to Charles Reznikoff. Throughout his long literary life he has ex-

LICENSED COPY CCNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perimented with making the American in himself work harmoniously with the Jew. While some writers have more or less suppressed one or the other side of themselves or else have fallen between two stools, both the American and the Jew in his work move together smoothly in the same direction. Born in Brooklyn in 1894, Reznikoff has achieved a quiet mastery of the American idiom, which is all the more impressive to the sympathetically attuned ear because of its avoidance of the kind of sensationalism, smut, and slang which are designed to exhibit an easy familiarity with the national life. He went to school first with the Imagist poets, and his early work shows the scrupulously disciplined idiom of common speech that was developed by this movement. But he was also, from the beginning, concerned with Jewish materials, and over the course of his career he helped to write a history of the Jews of Charleston, South Carolina; translated from the German I. J. Benjamin's *My Three Years in America—1859-1862*; wrote a historical novel, *The Lion-Hearted,* about Jewry in 12th-century England; and edited the papers of Louis Marshall. In addition, Jewish material enters naturally and unselfconsciously into his prose: *By the Waters of Manhattan* (an autobiography covered by a fig-leaf of fiction, published in 1930) and his *Family Chronicle* (a straight autobiography, published privately in 1963). In his verse, of which he has published more than half a dozen volumes over the past forty years, he has made numerous translations from the Mishnah and other classic Jewish sources and has also dealt with contemporary Jewish characters and themes.

In general, Reznikoff seems to have kept to the same resolution with which Joyce's Stephen Dedalus confronted his proselytizing nationalist friend Davin in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "This race and this country and this life produced me . . . I shall express myself as I am!" What is remarkable to me is the rightness and naturalness of the relation which he has achieved between his Jewish and American traits. He is neither apologetic about his identity nor deprecatory about it. He has somehow succeeded in bypassing the tensions, temptations, and dilemmas of allegiance that are the rule rather than the exception among the Jewish writers of our time, and that partly account for the paradox that the Jewish writers who have satisfied "the world" have rarely pleased most of their fellow Jews very much, and vice versa. Reznikoff has retained a quality of "innocence," which to me seems very precious and is the source of the purity of his best work.

Committed to this effort to express himself as purely and unselfconsciously as possible, Reznikoff could never be one of the writers for whom art became an adjective rather than a capitalized noun. While some of his fellow Imagists like Ezra Pound were threatening to disappear down the vortex of Fascism in the 1930's, and some of his fellow Jews in the same period like Michael Gold were being swallowed up by Communism, Reznikoff hewed patiently to his original, unfashionable course. Stanislaus Joyce writes that when he once tried to talk to his brother James about Italian Fascism, the latter rudely interrupted him with the remark: "Don't talk to me about politics. I'm interested only in art!" Much the same attitude has always guarded Reznikoff against aesthetic perdition, and the modest triumph he celebrates in the following poem is undoubtedly earned:

Te Deum

Not because of victories
I sing,
having none,
but for the common sunshine,
the breeze,
the largess of the spring.

Not for victory
but for the day's work done
as well as I was able,
not for a seat upon the dais
but at the common table.

His acceptance of himself and his values is so natural here that he can give his whole attention to technical problems of poetic form: the subtle choice and placement of the rhymes (victories/breeze; sing/spring; none/done; able/table) or the skillful parallelism that gives symmetry to the two stanzas. He enjoys precision work with words, the

"I AM A JEW . . .

. . . I am not sure about God . . . I just don't know. I have always been proud to be a Jew because I am proud of the Jewish heritage. Still, moments find me groping . . . longing for my Jewish identity."

To help the Jew by birth become a Jew in belief as well, to overcome dogma and disbelief, "CONTRACT WITH GOD" was written. Here is a clear, timely explanation of the essence of Judaism and its Biblical origins.

Whose story is the Bible? For whom was it written and by whom? In fascinating, almost journalistic delivery, CONTRACT WITH GOD deals with these and other vital topics, including faith and reason and the contributions of modern biblical research.

Dr. Alfred Jospe, B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, calls it "one of the clearest and educationally felicitous presentations I have seen in a long time." William Foxwell Albright, eminent biblical archaeologist rates it "a remarkable achievement, since it presents the essence of the religious content of the Hebrew Bible in simple and clear language."

CONTRACT WITH GOD by Reed and Reed. Foreword by Dr. Trude Weiss-Rosmarin.

$3.95 *at book stores or*

FOUR SEASONS PUBLISHERS, INC.
Dept. 30
617 Grant Ave., Plainfield, N.J.

COMMENTARY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Please include a Commentary address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

Mail To: Commentary Subscriber Service
165 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

To Subscribe, mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

Subscription Rates: ☐ 1 year $8 ☐ 3 years $19. Add $1 a year postage outside U.S.A.

☐ payment enclosed
☐ bill me later

attach label here

Change of Address

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name (please print)

address

city state zip code

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effort to solve the problems of style.

In *Testimony,* his new volume of what he chooses to call "recitative" (to distinguish it from poetry, verse, and prose), the watermark of his individuality is still more invisible, yet just as indelible. The first of five volumes of historical snapshots chosen from the voluminous law-records of the United States, *Testimony* is confined to five years (1885-1890) and is divided into three sections: The South, The North, and The West. These sections are further subdivided into sections entitled "Domestic Scenes," "Property," "Chinese," "Negroes," (both North and South), "Railroads," "Machine Age," etc. As far as I can make out, only one of these selections is possibly concerned with a Jew, a man named Rosenzweig, who is a traveler (perhaps a salesman, though we never learn). It is a vignette of a sadistic incident in which a conductor orders a man off a train in the middle of nowhere at night because he does not have the right ticket. No argument, plea, or offer to pay the fare avails, and the man, wandering dazedly around in the dark among the tracks of a complicated railroad junction, is finally struck from behind by a locomotive. One assumes that Reznikoff found the incident recorded in some obscure old transcript of a suit for damages against the railroad. No hint of motivation for the conductor's action is given. We do not know anything for certain, except that here is one example among a hundred marshalled by the author to show man's inhumanity to man.

The weak and the helpless in these pages attract cruelty and evil like magnets. Animals, children, the sick, the ignorant, women, "minorities" of various kinds, are the usual victims. The cruelty is often purposeful but just as often it is aimless and exists only to appease some incurably vicious streak in human nature itself:

Tilda was just a child
when she began to work for the Tells.
Her mother was dead
and her father had given up their home.
When, as is the way of women,
her monthly sickness first began,
she was frightened
and told Mrs. Tell about it:
"That is bad," the farmer's wife said,
"and dangerous:
you might go crazy and die.
There is only one thing to do:
word hard!
Work as hard as you can,
and you may still get well!"

She was up at five in the morning
and on her feet
until ten or eleven at night:
milked fourteen cows daily;
carried water uphill
for forty head of hogs;
dug and brought potatoes
from the field;
and helped cook for a family of eight;
scrubbed the floors
and took care of the little ones—
did the work
two stout girls had done.

A good epigraph for this work might have been a remark Whitman once made to Traubel: "Oh, the human being is a bad critter: as the old Emperor Frederick would say, we're a bad lot—a bad lot, taken all in all." Instead, Reznikoff has chosen a text from Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians to emphasize the necessity of religious resignation, of leaving vengeance to the Lord and *not* returning evil for evil, the beauty of stoicism, and perhaps the disparity between the Christian ideals of our civilization and its actual day-to-day practices: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice."

There is never any end to the wrongs of the world or to man's effort to right them. In a sense, these wrongs are ineradicable, for the root of them all is deep in the heart of man himself. An objection may be made against Reznikoff's method of deriving his picture of life from cases that had to be settled in the courts. After all, life in general during this period may have been much more benign and filled with instances of generosity, kindness, mutual aid. These are things that never get into the papers or reach the magistrate. But it may be said on the other side of the question and in defense of Reznikoff that there is also a great deal of cruelty in everyday life which evades the nets of the law.

Sail away to the Mediterranean on the

S.S. FRANCE
FRENCH REGISTRY

March 5, Special Spring Crossing
from N. Y. to Cannes via Gibraltar and Naples.
First Class from $492.50 • Tourist Class from $280

March 15, Mediterranean Cruise
from Cannes*. 16 days, 5 ports. From $585
Optional extension, Cannes-Le Havre, 3 days.
*Return via S.S. FRANCE from Le Havre, Apr. 8, 1966.

French Line®
610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stop

gas line freeze

(before it stops you cold!)

"My advice, sir – get De-Icer!."

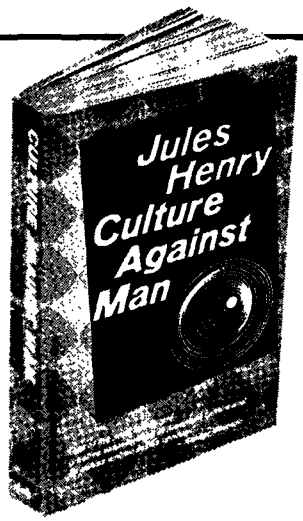
Here we go again. Wintertime driving is here and with it, those built-in problems that make life miserable. Like a frozen gas line. When moisture collects in your gas line, then freezes, the supply of fuel to the engine is choked off. You're stopped cold. But you can avoid the tow truck trip—just use Certified Lead-Free Amoco. Gasoline or American. Regular. Each contains the real thing—DE-ICER—to prevent gas line freeze down to 40° below. At American Oil Dealers, "It's like Summertime driving all Winter long!" You expect more from American and you get it!*

© 1965, THE AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. *Trademark

"DE-ICER" is the trademark for American Oil Company's gas line anti-freeze additive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW VINTAGE PAPERBACK



CULTURE AGAINST MAN
By Jules Henry. A penetrating critique of contemporary American society by a noted anthropologist.
$2.45, now at your bookstore
VINTAGE BOOKS are published by ALFRED • A • KNOPF and RANDOM HOUSE
For catalog, write Random House, 457 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022

"Miracle of Israel"
BY
ROBERT GAMZEY

MIRACLE OF ISRAEL carries on the fascinating story Robert Gamzey began to tell in his previous book, Ingathering, which was acclaimed by critics and experts as one of the finest presentations of the problems and achievements of Israel.
Rabbi Ira Eisenstein, editor of "Reconstructionist", said of Mr. Gamzey's writings on Israel: "I have been very much intrigued by your reports from Israel. They should certainly make a fascinating book." $5.95

THE HERZL PRESS
515 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

A WINDOW OR A MIRROR?

Should art reveal, or merely reflect? And in either case, what and whom? You'll find some provocative answers in

Art in America
Magazine
The one that gives reasons why.

Interested? Write us at 635 Madison, or call MU 8-7500

What he has done is to follow F. Scott Fitzgerald's advice to the writer to take extreme cases and write about them as if they were perfectly normal. And no one can deny that there is a truth attainable through such exaggeration.

And along with these dominantly somber tonalities, Reznikoff has a balancing lighter side. Some of his pictures are composed with an eye to humorous possibilities, which recall, to my mind at least, such a poem as "Tract" by the late William Carlos Williams. Here is one of them—a foolish robber in The West:

He entered the store with barley
sacks upon his feet
and a barley sack over his head—
holes cut in front through which
to look—
and carried a shotgun,
both barrels loaded with bird
shot.

But the barley sack upon one of
his feet
caught on something at the end
of the counter;
the mask became displaced so
that he could not see,
and the gun was jerked from his
hand.

There is no disputing of tastes, though we go on doing it just the same. My own taste has long told me that Reznikoff's work is genuine and far more valuable than is generally recognized. On the occasion of the publication of another new book by him, I'd like to pass that word along to other readers, who have not discovered it and who may be interested.

THE DEFENSE ECONOMY

OUR DEPLETED SOCIETY. By SEYMOUR MELMAN. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 366 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS military Keynesianism has sustained the American economy. Year after year the defense budget and the space program have absorbed a tenth of our manpower, capital equipment, and raw materials. When economists say that the federal budget is an important stabilizing influence and one of the reasons why business cycle fluctuations since 1945 have become so gentle, they are really talking about military outlays which amount to considerably more than half of all federal spending. Yet in spite of the dependable $50 billion or so that the Pentagon and the National Space Agency disburse each year, unemployment has been unsatisfactorily high and factories have operated at unsatisfactorily low percentages of capacity. In other words, the private sector of the economy has definitely failed to generate the jobs and the incomes necessary for full employment.

This persistent economic slack explains the fears of lost profits and of additional unemployment which have given powerful support to the operations of the military-industrial complex recognized so astonishingly by General Eisenhower in his last Presidential address. These fears compel Congressmen, on pain of political demise, to protest the closing of defense installations in their districts (however unnecessary such installations may be) and to clamor competitively for the military contracts which their constituents see as the difference between idleness and prosperity. And it is these same fears that help to explain why Congress has appropriated only trivial sums for the study of reconversion and has expended no real thought upon the requirements of a peaceful society.

As HIS previous writings document, Seymour Melman is no partisan of the military path to prosperity. In *Our Depleted Society* he devotes himself to the demonstration of three major propositions. The first alleges that we waste huge amounts of resources on the creation of additional over-kill capacity—the still larger stocks of missiles in additional Polaris submarines and "hardened" land missile sites, which even Secretary McNamara concedes are a poor insurance of real security. In Congressional testimony Mr. McNamara has said that "we are approaching an era when it will become increasingly improbable that either side could destroy a sufficiently large portion of the other's strategic nuclear force, either by surprise or otherwise, to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preclude a devastating retaliatory blow. This may result in mutual deterrence, but it is still a grim prospect."

From this analysis the Secretary drew the inference that "until we can find a safe and sure road to disarmament, we must continue to build our own defenses." From the same line of reasoning, Mr. Melman derives a very different line of conduct: since the arms race is itself highly dangerous, we should turn to arms limitation and competitive disarmament. Our superiority in missiles to the Russians does not seem to have improved our position in the world. Would we feel safer or stronger if our missile superiority were 6 to 1 instead of 3 to 1? On the face of it, Mr. Melman has the better of the argument, even if one quarrels about the exact amount of arms reduction which is desirable.

Mr. Melman's second major point is implied by the title of the book. An industrial engineer by profession, Mr. Melman is convinced that military and space programs have drained the civilian sector of the first-class talents that once made America the competitive star of the world. Today, as scientists, technicians, engineers, economists, psychologists, and sociologists respond to the lures in pay and prestige of the aerospace industry, the Pentagon, and the think-factories, the civilian economy stagnates. Swedish and Japanese shipyards overwhelm our inefficient civilian shipbuilders. Italian managers instruct Americans in the manufacture of typewriters. Japanese mass transportation puts the decrepit American railroads to shame. European sewing machines swamp the products of the land which invented the device. Worse still, the ingenious, inventive minds that might have turned to the making of revolutions in social welfare and mass housing, or to more radical assaults on poverty, are instead wasting themselves either on the improvement of nuclear technology or the production of the "military science fiction" which is the specialty of the Rand Corporation, the Hudson Institute, the Institute of Defense Analysis, and other lesser fabricators of hurtful dreams.

ALL THIS MAKES an important theme, and it is a pity that Mr. Melman damages his statement of it by inconsistency and exaggeration. Thus on page 50 the American auto industry is listed among those which continue to use inordinate percentages of elderly machines, and are therefore "depleted." But only seven pages later, the auto industry is praised for its ability "to produce cars at the lowest price per pound of fabricated vehicle in the world." Is this an argument for old equipment? Nor does Mr. Melman's conclusion that American industry has become less competitive jibe either with the economic fact that we have been running persistently favorable merchandise balances of trade with the rest of the world (including Western Europe, Scandinavia, and Japan), or with the political reality that countries in the Common Market (not France alone) have been alarmed enough by the competitive threat of "depleted" American firms to examine various ways of limiting American investment in European industry and facilities. Finally, it is odd to cite Russia's newer machines and more efficient shipyards as evidence of the depletion thesis. If military expenditure has really weakened the American economy, what should the condition be of a Russian economy which has been devoting twice as large a percentage of its GNP to defense and space?

The third element in Mr. Melman's assault upon how we spend our money is an ingenious description of the many ways in which the resources released by disarmament could be used to relieve American destitution, improve the public amenities available to Americans in general, and assist the underdeveloped countries. For example, at current prices, one Polaris submarine armed with 16 missiles costs $122,600,000—a sum which could purchase 331 elementary schools, or 6,811 hospital beds, or 13,723 public-housing units. Take an even more evident boondoggle, the $358,000,000 spent on civil defense. With that amount of money, we could build 40,071 public-housing units, 967 elementary schools, 249 secondary schools, or 32,545 nursing-home beds. More-

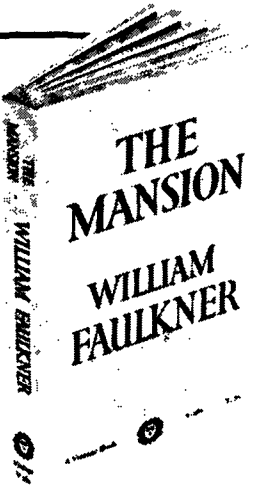
The first comprehensive record of the significant documents and other writings about the war in Viet-Nam

Including material from State Department White Papers, critiques and dissents by Fulbright, Bundy, Morgenthau, and many others, major comments by de Gaulle, Mao Tse-tung, U Thant, The Geneva Declaration, and essential background information not generally available. With critical introductions by the editors.

THE VIET-NAM READER

Edited by MARCUS G. RASKIN
Co-Director of the Institute for Policy Studies, and BERNARD B. FALL,
Professor of International Relations, Howard University
$5.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE
457 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

NEW VINTAGE PAPERBACK



THE MANSION
By William Faulkner. The third book in Faulkner's trilogy of the Snopes family, of which *The Hamlet* and *The Town* were the first two.
$1.65, now at your bookstore
VINTAGE BOOKS are published by ALFRED • A • KNOPF and RANDOM HOUSE
For catalog, write Random House, 457 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over, the kind of employment such outlays would create is of the kind least threatened by automation.

In other words, we can have full employment in a peacetime economy if the will to disarm and the will to plan are both present. Unfortunately, it is precisely at this point that Mr. Melman's argument begins to take on a tone of optimism little supported by current events. Would Congress transfer resources in these eminently sensible ways? A little experiment which bears on the prospect has just been run. Two successive Chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers, Walter Heller and Gardner Ackley, have persuaded two Presidents that the progressive tax system produces dangerous tendencies toward surplus. Unless the $7 billion which a prosperous economy adds to federal receipts is returned to the economy, recession looms. Here are annual sums for the social goals Mr. Melman talks about.

Yet, two Presidents have decided that the bulk of largesse should be disbursed in tax reduction, and Mr. Johnson has held out hope of still another tax cut in 1966. It would seem, then, that for many Americans reconversion looks like a major economic catastrophe; for them expenditure on social programs is not an acceptable alternative to defense spending. The political obstacles to rational use of public funds which Keynes identified in 1936 are still high. They remain the strongest allies of the military-industrial complex.

HOWEVER, none of these reservations seriously impairs the value of *Our Depleted Society*. The book's major arguments make good sense. We *are* spending too much on arms. We *are* diverting too many creative people into sterile activity, at a steep cost both to them and to our society. We *could* channel their energies into more wholesome activities. We owe something to the freelancers like Seymour Melman who rake up the evidence and shout their anger at the top of their voices. Some foundation could do worse than endow a think factory, headed by the likes of Mr. Melman, and devoted to careful examination of disarmament, reeducation, and reconversion.

COOLING IT

MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND. By CLAUDE BROWN. *Macmillan. 415 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE DENNISON

CLAUDE BROWN'S story of growing up in Harlem deals at great length with juvenile crime, the life in the streets, poverty, the curtailment of schooling, changes in the attitudes of Negroes toward themselves and toward whites, the role of the Black Muslims among the poor, and so forth. These are all issues of public concern, and this fact has been reflected in the way the book has been praised and criticized. It has been called "a major American autobiography," "a Pilgrim's Progress," and "the voice of a generation and a people." From a more radical point of view, it has been criticized for its serious political and cultural omissions. In view of all this, it may be well to begin with a few simple and personal words about the experience of reading it.

I found the early pages interesting and sometimes delightful. Before I reached the middle I was rather bored—or not bored exactly, for the book was still interesting, but unsatisfied, annoyed, detained. Toward the end I felt that I was being conned. Within a few days I had forgotten the book—which is to say that it had not touched me deeply in heart or mind. Several weeks later I read it again and found that I still admired its energy and sense of detail, but cared even less for its self-conceit and for the personal cunning which makes Brown hurry on from event to event, bypassing everything that interferes with his movement. And so the question came up of how I should review it. Should I try to account for its ambiguities: that it is vigorous, yet basically passive; that it seems to be confessional and frank, yet in the end is reticent and terribly politic? Would it make sense to analyze the peculiar reactions to it: that, for instance, Brown's accession to a conventional career should be called a "Pilgrim's Progress," as if life in the middle class were the equivalent of the Celestial City? And where did these questions come from, anyway? Why put so much pressure on a lively and unpretentious autobiography?

BUT THE FACTS of the case are the other way around: the pressures came first. They *are* the public squabble, with all its agonies and conflicts, and Brown has tailor-made his book so as to wedge it firmly into the familiar structure. This is no mean feat, but it is not a serious one. By serious I mean disinterested, willing to serve the truth.

The nub of the matter can be seen in Brown's frequent praise of himself as an "operator." He is so confident of his ability that one imagines he would be surprised to hear his book described that way—as the work of an operator. But that is what it is—no would-be, either: the real McCoy. And to be an operator takes talent, energy, and daring.

Brown's attitude, in the first half of the book, is the objective, amiably ruthless stance of tough little ten-year-olds who really size things up well and are always shouting out the unpleasant truth their elders are avoiding—and who burst into tears when they find an adult who does not avoid it. The style shifts, in the second half—perhaps with an inevitable progression—to that of the shrewd, good-natured politician who does well enough and never stunningly by the people, the state, and himself, handing all three undeniable goods and buying all three off. The limitations of this stance are obvious. It cannot afford either the whole truth or the whole feeling. Most important of all, it is incapable of re-structuring experience, since it was engaged from the beginning in an act of manipulation. Thus Brown's tale of life does not add up to the picture of a life. Yet it is admirably gregarious, and for my own part I would rather read an operator like Brown than any number of *littérateurs* (James Baldwin, for instance, in his novels). At the same time, however, I get much more from an artist like Richard Wright than I get from Brown.

Manchild in the Promised Land was pretty obviously written for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the white middle class, and especially—so I take it—for liberals, whom Brown tweaks and teases in a lively and subtle way. And with interesting results. It is as if Brown were saying, "You think those are faceless sufferers up there in Harlem? You think nobody gets on top? Listen . . ."—to which the liberals reply, in dozens of reviews, "How compassionate you are! You have drawn the features of these people who after all are only faceless sufferers."

There are many reasons why this exchange should be so garbled, and they are not confined to the touchy protocol of relations between the races. Brown begins in crime—an early beginning, age eight or nine, the adventurous petty crimes of boys, which convert the anonymous facades of tenements into toe-holds, hand-holds, places of entry and of hiding—and ends in a middle-class career (he is now in law school). There is a certain romance in the first of these phases, and—for many apparently—a certain reassurance in the second. Why there needs to be reassurance can be seen in the kinds of events Brown describes.

IT IS NOT a tale of deprivation. In the early, swiftly-moving vignettes of life in Harlem, Brown is attracted by energy, resourcefulness, pride, style, toughness, the lore and the traits of the hipsters who make it to the top in Harlem. This is largely what he talks about. The boy he shows us is proud of the amount of trouble he can get into, and is well aware that most adults have sadly withdrawn from life. He is not so concerned with hardship, then, as with the resources of youthful pride and vitality in the face of it. If public school is stultifying and pointless, you get out. If you are hungry and cannot find a job, you steal. And so on. One effect of this free-booting spirit is that a great many odds and ends of Harlem life are brought together vividly. One senses a community that has preserved many of the face-to-face customs of an earlier time, and that, because of the hardships and dangers of the Negro's lot, puts a high value on two virtues which have all but vanished from the white middle class: cour-

THE DECADENCE OF JUDAISM IN OUR TIME

By Moshe Menuhin

Destined To Be Praised And Damned But Not Forgotten

"Dear and courageous Truth-teller Menuhin! Your nobly written book has received more than one reading from more than one person. . . . There have been repeated sessions of enjoyment, some of which you may well guess have been by way of renewing memories of old friends who have left the scene, as Albert Einstein, Judah Magnes and Martin Buber, men of great courage, clarity of mind and firmness of determination to bring Jew and Arab into some sort of cooperative harmony."

(Professor William Ernest Hocking, Alford Professor Emeritus, Harvard University)

"It is a fearless and noble book, the type one cannot put down. . . . I congratulate you on this enormous amount of research, diligence and careful thought. . . ."

(Dr. Dan Gillis, Department of Classics, The University of Texas)

"I find Menuhin's book fascinating reading. . . . If the leaders of American Jewry would read Menuhin's book, it would not only increase their knowledge of the facts, but it might also give them courage to throw off the shackles of a philosophy and program which ghettoizes us intellectually and emotionally, but which may destroy the hard won victory of emancipation, and force us to return to the ghetto in actuality."

(Rabbi Morris Lazaron in "ISSUES," Summer, 1965)

"This Jewish author . . . has brought together considerable evidence revealing the undesirable effects of a chauvinistic kind of ('Jewish') nationalism upon the Jewish community as a whole and sees them as contributing to the decadence of true Judaism. . . . Anyone reading Menuhin's book carefully cannot lay it aside with a shrug of the shoulders. It opens too many vistas and avenues of thought."

(Dr. Erich W. Bethmann in "VIEWPOINTS" of October, 1965)

"THE DECADENCE OF JUDAISM IN OUR TIME is a forceful report and provides insight into the Zionist mentality. . . . The author presents detailed and damaging evidence. . . . He is affronted by what he regards as jingoism, and indicts the 'military junta of Israel.'"

(Edward Wakin in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of June 15, 1965)

"Moshe Menuhin's qualifications for recording his 'spiritual adventures' are remarkable, and one could say, unique. . . . This book is an undisguised, full scale frontal attack with no holds barred on political Zionism. . . . No reader of this book can doubt that the author is in deadly earnest. We can perhaps at least be grateful to him for having included statements which rarely appear in books by Zionists."

(Samuel Landman in THE LONDON JEWISH CHRONICLE of September 24, 1965)

"THE DECADENCE OF JUDAISM IN OUR TIME is a magnificent accomplishment. It is a rare compound of astuteness in observation, compassion in feeling, clarity of writing, and courage of conviction. . . . Menuhin denounces Zionism as being contrary to Judeo-Christian ethics, and a distortion of the Jewish religious faith. He charges Zionism with erecting walls between Jews and non-Jews in every community and in every country. . . . The book, in my opinion, is a MUST for Jews . . . for Arabs. . . . It belongs in the hands of all Americans of all religious faiths. . . ."

(Sami Hadawi in THE ARAB WORLD of July, 1965)

"Moshe Menuhin has set down his credo as American and Jew, and he doesn't mind telling us he is proud of being both. What distresses him, however, is to find so much Jewish energy in this country being deflected into alien channels by an 'anachronistic' Zionism which places a narrow nationalism above the spiritual Judaism."

(M. Geltman in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, October 19, 1965)

"The book you have just written is one the world long needed, but only someone of your caliber and standing could do so successfully. I am sure that it will lighten the dark corners of the minds of many."

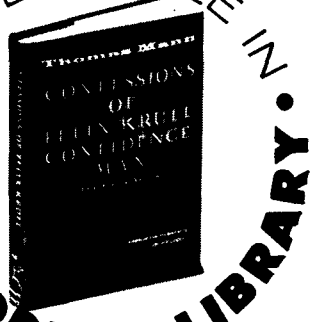
(From a student of history)

EXPOSITION PRESS INC.

386 Park Avenue South New York, N.Y. 10016

$6.00 per copy, plus 25¢ for postage and handling
OR ORDER THROUGH YOUR BOOKSTORE

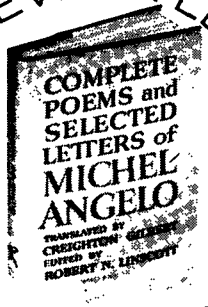
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW TITLE IN

THE MODERN LIBRARY

CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN
By THOMAS MANN
Translated by DENVER LINDLEY.
Thomas Mann at his ingenious best, in this vastly entertaining novel of an unforgettable and gifted rogue.
$2.45, now at your bookstore
THE MODERN LIBRARY
For catalog, write Random House, 457 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10022

Write for free newsletter covering new books on world affairs.
Order by mail from America's largest selection of books, pamphlets, paperbacks on foreign affairs.

WORLD AFFAIRS BOOK CENTER
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
Dept. C OX 7-3934
A service of the Foreign Policy Association

A NEW TITLE IN


THE MODERN LIBRARY

THE COMPLETE POEMS AND SELECTED LETTERS OF MICHELANGELO
Translated by CREIGHTON GILBERT, edited by ROBERT LINSCOTT.
The only volume in English of Michelangelo's poetry and letters.
$2.45, now at your bookstore
THE MODERN LIBRARY
For catalog, write Random House, 457 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022

age and mother-wit. Another effect comes about through contrast. The lives of Brown's street-gang friends lie outside the mores not only of the white majority but of the Harlem majority as well. We are familiar with the studies which tell us, for instance, that sexual repression and delay are injurious, but we have not many pictures of twelve-year-olds in bed together. We are familiar, similarly, with the loss of liberty and self-esteem occasioned by the multiplicity and the ignorant enforcement of our laws, but we are not familiar with the day-to-day existence of the young men who break the laws. Brown's testimony on all these points is interesting. Perhaps it is valuable, though my own feeling is that he has not looked into his own circumstances very deeply.

It is the second of these two effects which provokes such confusion in the liberal press. For who has not been stultified in school or suffered sexual frustration in early youth? Brown's young friends seem to be exceptions. But they end badly; and Brown himself "straightens out." Perhaps there is a sigh of relief in such enthusiastic phrases as "Pilgrim's Progress." In any event there is a curious resting in the status quo, though it was the status quo which gave us all those studies of the ills of modern life.

BROWN is at his best, then, in the early pages of his book, which are frequently high-spirited and engaging. The generation he describes for us was more or less born to adversity. Its childhood was World War II, its boyhood the Cold War and America's collapse into organized society and the statistics of sociology. From a social worker's point of view, a boy without a family is at the end of some kind of road. The boy himself—as Brown makes clear—is living in the world of a boy, not of a social worker. He fills each day with a number of things. Bucky, in the following excerpt, is a fatherless boy whose mother is a drunk and rarely comes home:

> Since food was the most important thing in the world to Bucky, I was always showing him where some food was and how to get it. When I was teaching Bucky how to stay out all night, he used to get hungry all the time and would do dumb things that might have gotten us caught just to get some food. When we would be looking for a store to break into, Bucky always wanted to break into a restaurant, a candy store, or a grocery store. It didn't make sense to break into those kind of stores, because they didn't have anything you could sell for some money. Anyway, if somebody got hungry he could always go up to 155th Street to the Father Divine place and say "peace" to the people there and get all the food he could eat for just fifteen cents. If you were real quick with your hands, you only had to say "peace" and smile every time the lady looked at you. After I showed Bucky where the peace place was, he hardly ever went home. Sometimes I would see him in the street with a big old turkey leg. Other kids would ask him where he had gotten it, and he would just tell them, "Father gave it to me," meaning Father Divine.

If Brown gives us more—a great deal more—than tourists ordinarily get, he nevertheless will not let us be more than tourists. He will not expose himself. While reading this book I thought of the somber pride of Richard Wright in *Black Boy*, and of the strong, sweet spirit of Ralph Ellison in *Invisible Man*. There are no such qualities in *Manchild in the Promised Land*. There is no voice. Brown is trapped in the secondary environment of issues and opinions, the world of commerce and the newspapers, and the need to *make it*. He keeps telling us that there is really human life behind these things—and so there is, but it is only too evident that Brown himself is not much concerned with it.

BEYOND DECADENCE

THE ACCIDENTAL CENTURY. By MICHAEL HARRINGTON. *Macmillan. 322 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE KATEB

THIS is a book of great ambitiousness. That it is only a qualified success can hardly be surprising. How could it be anything else,

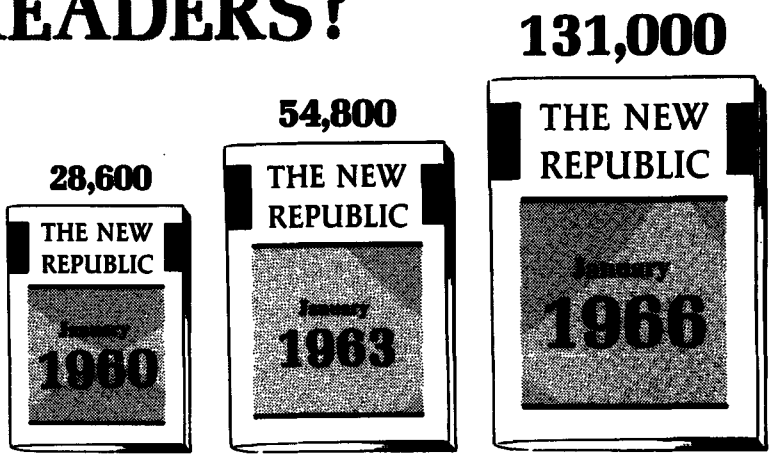
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when its subject is the meaning of all that has happened since the emergence of industrialism in the Western world? Such a book must be judged by the standard of intellectual force and courage, not by that of exactitude and completeness. So judged, *The Accidental Century* is quite marvelous, as much for the temptations it resists and chances it takes as for the cause it defends. Most of its answers are too brief, and some are ill-argued. But it identifies the right questions.

In its main outlines, Harrington's thesis is that Western intellectuals have responded to the "sweeping and unprecedented technological transformation of the Western environment" with an almost total lack of comprehension. While the human capacity to act, to master reality, to do and undo, has grown ever greater, Western political and moral thought has remained obtuse, trivial, or irrelevant. Whether in the form of cultural pessimism or activist optimism, nay-saying or yea-saying, the famous systems of thought have all turned out to be useless. The result is that men blunder along unguided, unaware that life can be much better than it is, victimized by their own misunderstood techniques, and confused in their apprehension of the sources of danger and suffering. The revolution in human affairs proceeds, for the most part, accidentally; the impulse to order and conscious direction is stifled by the prevalence of bad thought.

Harrington writes as an unrepentant democratic socialist. To say that he is unrepentant is not to suggest, however, that the conventional statements of democratic socialism please him: they do not: they too are as faded, if not as harmful, as the competing idealisms and nostalgias. Nothing escapes Harrington's censure. In fact, one of the most pleasing aspects of *The Accidental Century* is precisely its unrelieved dissatisfaction, a quality it shares with another recent radical book, Herbert Marcuse's splendid essay on *One-Dimensional Man*. But where Marcuse writes out of a continental tradition dependent on Hegel, Marx, and their French and German

WHY SO MANY NEW READERS?



For some 47 years, THE NEW REPUBLIC's circulation averaged a respectable 30,000 readers—in the last six years, we've experienced a circulation explosion, **103,000 new subscribers.**

WHY?

Because the NEW REPUBLIC is the up and coming journal of the '60's, lively, informative, influential and, above all, *intelligent*.

Because its weekly comment on Washington affairs, the Johnson administration, Congress, the courts, the civil rights movement, is always cogent and never predictable.

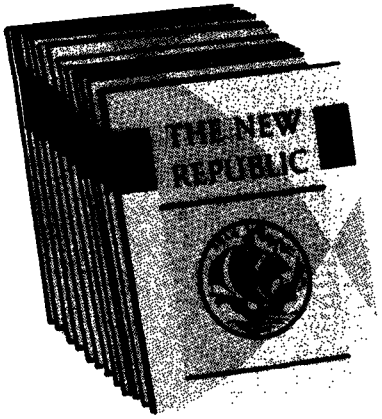
Because its essays on film, the theater, the new books, art, records and architecture represent the best in criticism.

Because its editors and regular contributors have first-rate minds, devoted to the kind of thoughtful journalism that you won't find elsewhere.

Because, all in all, THE NEW REPUBLIC satisfies the need for an intelligent weekly guide to the world of ideas and events.

IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF WHY THE NEW REPUBLIC has attracted and kept so many *new* readers, you couldn't pick a more opportune moment to start a trial subscription. One dollar is all it costs for 13 issues.

ONLY $1.00 brings you 13 BIG issues *(regular newsstand cost $4.55)*



CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

Please add my name to the growing list of informed people who subscribe to *The New Republic*. I enclose $1 for the next 13 issues since I understand that the extra expense of billing me would make this bargain offer impossible.

TO: THE NEW REPUBLIC Box No.-128
1244 Nineteenth St., N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inheritors, Harrington is unmistakably American. American experience, American disappointment, American resilience fill his pages. And the socialism to which Harrington is committed is also American: it is the socialism of affluence, socialism dominated by love of abundance and by concern for the right uses of abundance.

Given a temperament like Harrington's, the European mind in some of its more intense manifestations will fascinate and demoralize at the same time. Devoting a few pages each to Nietzsche, Dostoevski, Camus, Yeats, Joyce, Proust, and Malraux—the treatment is inevitably sketchy—Harrington tries to get to the heart of what he calls "the magnificent decadence." More interesting than anything he says about these writers is the simple fact that he chooses to consider them at all: they must be *dealt with* by anybody out to do what Harrington is out to do. He neither writes them off as reactionary aesthetes, nor insists that a genuine radicalism must grow more noble by assimilating them. He admires them for the way in which they wring great art out of the travail of Europe; but he doggedly faults them for saying or implying that great art is worth great travail, or that travail alone is compatible with human dignity. He will love them without compromising with them. The point is not to let beauty turn into distraction, or console too well, or become a substitute for an altered social reality. Harrington risks a great deal by taking on, one after another, the supreme "singers" of the 19th and 20th centuries, the romantic writers and the existentialists, the writers of the haughty, anti-bourgeois spirit. And, of course, he cannot get round them; they throw him back; they will *not* be dealt with in a few pages, if at all. Nevertheless, he knows that something must be said about the aesthetic peril to the cause of radicalism, "vulgar" though the anti-aesthetic critic must sound.

ONE OF Harrington's best chapters is on yet another source of political debilitation, the various theories of mass society: ". . . fear of the masses affected every faction in the age, moving from the Right to the Center and Left." Much of modern social theory concludes in scorn of the crowd, the mob, the herd, the domestic barbarians, the mass-man, and so on. Sometimes pity or anguish takes the place of scorn. But it all comes to the same thing: the overwhelming majority is either destructive or inert, subversive of the old order or stupidly its most stalwart support, the plaything of cynical opportunists or the master of cowardly opportunists. Harrington is especially harsh on pessimists of the Right and Center, typified by Ortega (*The Revolt of the Masses*) and Hannah Arendt (*The Origins of Totalitarianism*). In a fine sentence, he says, "So tumultuous and concentrated has twentieth-century experience been that it has run through intellectual systems, sociologies, and metaphysics with cruel brusqueness." On the one hand, there has been no revolt of the masses; on the other hand, Nazism is not the model of mass participation in political life, not the necessary shape of the future.

The main worry, though, is the left-wing critics, those who complain about the passivity of the masses. To them, Harrington concedes nearly everything. He is willing to speak of "the decadence of the poor," willing to acknowledge that the movements of the Left have tended to be bought off too easily by comparative prosperity, or have often proved unable to assert themselves democratically at the expense of their oligarchic leadership, or have endured without complaint the joys of a manipulated mass culture. Common men (at least in the Western world), whatever they once were, are not now the bearers of some transforming sentiment; they have lost their mission. In their present state, they cannot be relied on to serve ideals that go beyond their own interest, narrowly defined. With a mixture of paradox and anxiety, Harrington asks, " . . . if not only the old ideologies, but the conflict of classes that provoked them as well, are finished and done with, where is the political equivalent of poverty that will motivate the new utopia? Where, in a time of centralizing, concentrating power in every advanced nation, is there a substitute for the creativity of misery?" One is tempted to ask, in return, "If misery is on the way to being ended, is that not utopia enough?"

Harrington's answer, one frequently heard, is that the Western world is at the start of a second industrial revolution, the revolution carried forward by automation and cybernation, the radically new methods of production, communication, routine judgment, and management. The tendency of that revolution is to hold out the promise of leisure for all: the social question will no longer be to grant material sufficiency to the great mass of men, but will become the preservation of civilization's vitality amidst effortless abundance. The relief of misery does not end the task of the reformer; it simply redirects it. And unless the party of reform realizes that this task is as immense and as serious as its earlier one, the world of affluence will be as awful as the older world of poverty. The world will drift, and a "degrading leisure would be society's substitute for a degrading work." As Harrington puts it pungently, "It would therefore require a tremendous burst of freedom and imagination to fill up the void left by the disappearance of starvation."

Harrington gives a chapter to affirming his faith in the joys of leisure. He is all too aware that many have an almost superstitious dread of leisure; at moments Harrington himself whistles in the dark. He exorcises his fears by trying to come to terms with Freud's notion that work is indispensable for keeping men in touch with reality, and that without work men would go to pieces. Again, he does not so much answer Freud as try to placate him by including him among those that must be reckoned with. In any case, Harrington is all on the side of the future. He will take his chances: surely men must have enough wit to avoid defeat at the hands of their good fortune. It must be better to suffer from leisure than from drudgery, better to suffer from satiety than from want.

Where then will the force come from to arrest the drift and redeem the promise inherent in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

second industrial revolution? In conformity to Harrington's own logic, the people must supply the energy. The social system will not of itself redeem the promise—of that Harrington is absolutely convinced. There must be vision, organization, a movement. But, as we have already noticed, Harrington is convinced also that the people have undergone their own sort of decadence. It is at this point that his analysis breaks down; it is the very point at which Marcuse's analysis breaks down. Neither writer can plausibly suggest a practical basis for a new radicalism. They both want something more than radical ideas (although the absence of such ideas is one of their most bitter grievances); they want action. Harrington is quick to reject the scheme of violent seizure of power: that would be only to repeat the disasters of others, in circumstances wholly unsuited to revolution. Marcuse's frail hope is lodged in "the substratum of the outcasts and the outsiders." Harrington's frail hope is lodged in the future ranks of unemployed clerks and "middle-level executives." He says, ". . . if a working-class insecurity were to intrude upon middle-class life . . . a new stratum of society might be energized to seek basic and structural reforms." Then again, it might not. In " . . . the immediate American future, the struggle of the liberal wing of the Democratic party seems to be the point of departure for any serious hope." Harrington's exploration of the century's turmoil and promise thus ends very sadly. There is no need to mock the liberal wing of the Democratic party; but one does not mock it by failing to see in it the vehicle of democratic socialism, the vanguard of utopian reorganization. It can facilitate much; it can shower a thousand (mixed) blessings on American society. But it cannot undertake to answer the questions put to human life by the minds arrayed in Harrington's book, and it cannot take over the accidental revolution without destroying democratic politics.

Perhaps it would have been better to admit that the revolution must proceed accidentally, and that once the Leninist solution is disallowed, as it must be, the only alternative is, in fact, trusting—if one *must* trust—to the scattered, uncoordinated efforts of an ever-better-educated population. Harrington makes much of education, of what it alone can do, and of the need to extend and improve it. That may be the only request a utopian thinker can legitimately make of his society, once the raw needs of that society are met: to give intelligence a chance, to encourage it, to dress it up in middle-class manners, and then wait and see. The only truly revolutionary group in the world is the educated children of the neurotic middle classes. How they will revolutionize is not to be predicted; but to say it again, if one must trust, there is nothing else in which to trust than the middle-class young.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL *is professor of law at Yale University. His most recent book is* Politics and the Warren Court (Harper & Row).

MILTON HINDUS *teaches literature at Brandeis University and writes for a wide range of journals.*

ROBERT LEKACHMAN's *most recent contribution was "The Great Society" (June 1965).*

GEORGE DENNISON *is a playwright and critic who lives in New York.*

GEORGE KATEB, *who teaches at Amherst, is the author of* Utopia and Its Enemies.

---

a mark of respect **Riverside** MEMORIAL CHAPEL, INC.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Charles Rosenthal | Edward Rosenthal | Morton Rosenthal
Carl Grossberg | Leo J. Filer | Lawrence Grossberg

NEW YORK • BROOKLYN • BRONX • WESTCHESTER • LONG ISLAND • MIAMI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Passenger-Carrying FREIGHTERS Are the Secret of Low Cost Travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world trip can show you every continent on earth. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or elsewhere. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in **Travel Routes Around the World.** This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get **Travel Routes Around the World.**"

It's yours for just $1, and the new big 108-page 1966 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called "How to See the World at Low Cost."

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

Bargain Paradises of the World

Do you know where to find an island right near the U. S. so nearly like Tahiti in appearance, beauty, and color even the natives say it was made from a rainbow? (And that costs here are so low you can not only reach it but also stay a while for hardly more than you'd spend at a resort in the U. S.?)

Do you know where to find the world's best mountain hideaways or its most dazzling surf-washed coastal resorts where even today you can live for a song?

Do you know where it costs less to spend a while, the surroundings are pleasant, and the climate well nigh perfect in such places as Mexico, the West Indies, Peru, France, along the Mediterranean, and in the world's other low cost wonderlands?

Or if you've thought of more distant places, do you know which of the South Sea Islands are as unspoiled today as in Conrad's day? Or which is the one spot world travelers call the most beautiful place on earth, where two can live in sheer luxury, with a retinue of servants for only $175 a month?

Bargain Paradises of the World, a big book, proves that if you can afford a vacation in the U. S. the rest of the world is closer than you think. Author Norman D. Ford, honorary vice president of the British Globe Trotters Club, shows that the American dollar is respected all over the world, and buys a lot more than you'd give it credit for.

Yes, if you're panning to retire, this book shows that you can live for months on end in the world's wonderlands for hardly more than you'd spend for a few months at home. Or if you've dreamed of taking time out for a real rest, this book shows how you can afford it.

In any case, when it can cost as little as $24.50 from the U. S. border to reach some of the world's Bargain Paradises, it's time you learned how much you can do on the money you've got. Send now for **Bargain Paradises of the World.** Price $1.50. Use coupon to order.

Round the World on a Shoestring

If you know the seldom-advertised ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend $500-$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer to Buenos Aires —but do you know you can travel all the way to Argentina through colorful Mexico, the Andes, Peru, etc. by bus and rail for just $179 in fares?

You can spend $5,000 on a luxury cruise around the world. But do you know you can travel around the world via deluxe freighter for only a fourth the cost—and that there are half a dozen other round the world routings for under $1000?

There are two ways to travel—like a tourist, who spends a lot, or like a traveler, who knows all the ways to reach his destination economically, comfortably, and while seeing the most.

Norman Ford's big new guide **How to Travel Without Being Rich** gives you the traveler's picture of the world showing you the lower cost, comfortable ways to practically any part of the world. Page after page reveals the ship, rail, bus, airplane and other routings that save you money and open the world to you.

What do you want to do? Explore the West Indies? This is the guide that tells you how to see them like an old time resident who knows all the tricks of how to make one dollar do the work of two. Visit Mexico? This is the guide that tells you the low cost ways of reaching the sights (how 76¢ takes you via 8-passenger automobile as far as those not-in-the-know pay $5.60 to reach). Roam around South America? Europe? Any other part of the world? This is the guide that tells you where and how to go at prices you can really afford.

If you've ever wanted to travel, prove now, once and for all, that travel is within your reach. Send now for **How to Travel Without Being Rich.** It's a big book, with over 75,000 words, filled with facts, prices, and routings, and its yours for only $1.50. Even one little hint can save you this sum several times over.

Special Offer: all three books above—Travel Routes Around the World, Bargain Paradises of the World, and How to Travel Without Being Rich—for $3.

AMERICA BY CAR

This big book is your insurance of seeing all the four-star sights in whatever corner of the U. S. or Canada you drive to (and it even covers Mexico as well).

Day by day, **America by Car** tells you where to go from Alaska to Mexico. Whether you're visiting New England or California, Florida of the National Parks, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, California, the East, the South or the Southwest, the Indian country, etc., it tells you road by road the scenic way to go and it always directs you to the important sights along the way and in the cities.

In Niagara or Los Angeles, Washington or New Orleans, the Black Hills or Montreal, **America by Car** takes the guesswork out of travel. Of course it names hundreds upon hundreds of recommended places to eat and stay.

America is so big, you can easily overlook or forget important sights or make many a wrong turn. So get **America by Car,** the book that makes sure you'll see everything of consequence and always travel right.

America by Car is fully 170,000 words in length (as large as three ordinary sized novels). But it costs only $2.50, while it helps you see any part of America as you've probably never before explored this part of the world.

Where to Retire or Vacation

at what look like prewar prices
—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's new book **Off-the-Beaten-Path** names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada—and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2,000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

Every page of OFF-THE-BEATEN-PATH opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford—places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland . . . or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S., where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . **(but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out).**
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3¢ a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smagasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in . . . and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are upspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. **They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good masure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.**

Off-the-Beaten-Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really afford. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

Mail to

HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 73 Park Drive

Greenlawn (Long Island), New York 11740

I have enclosed $..... (cash, check or money order). Please send me the books checked below. You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ TRAVEL ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD—(the traveler's directory of passenger-carrying freighters). $1.
- ☐ BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD. $1.50.
- ☐ HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH. $1.50.
  SPECIAL OFFER: Travel Routes Around the World, Bargain Paradises of the World, and How to Travel Without Being Rich—all three ($4 value) for $3.
- ☐ AMERICA BY CAR. $2.50.
- ☐ OFF-THE-BEATEN-PATH . . . America's own Bargain Paradises. $2.

  SPECIAL OFFER: All five books listed above for only $6.

Print Name .....

Street Address .....

City..... State..... Zip Code.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last! A margarine with all three...

1. 100% DAIRY-FREE
2. LIQUID MAZOLA CORN OIL
3. NEW NO-BURN FORMULA

1. New Mazola is truly unique among margarines. It's now 100% free of dairy ingredients . . . certified Kosher by The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America.

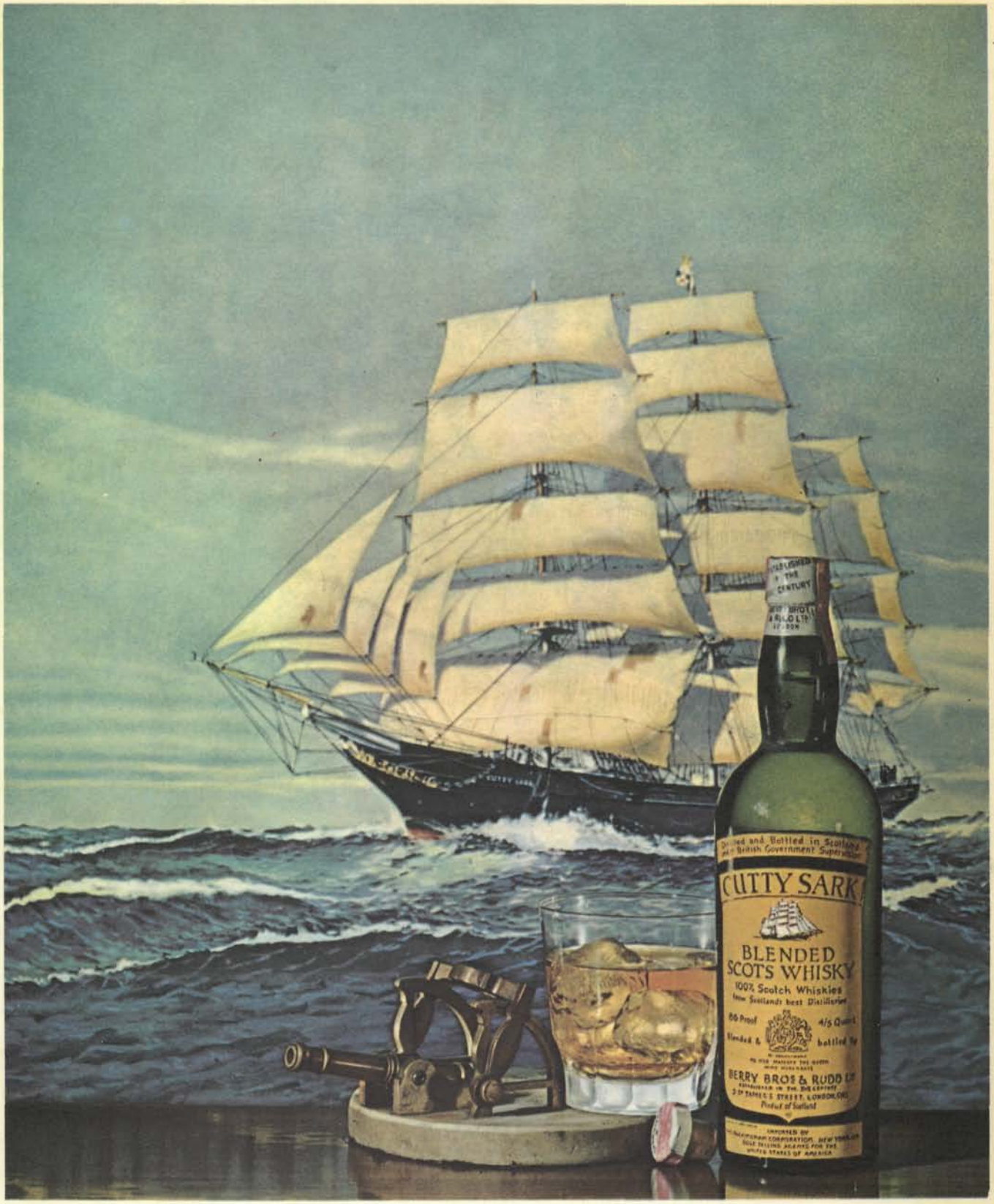
2. The major ingredient in new Mazola Margarine is pure, liquid Mazola Corn Oil, low in saturated fat, specially recommended for people on fat-controlled diets.

3. New Mazola tastes lighter, more delicate. Makes everything you serve downright delicious, because of a special no-burn formula. Other margarines burn, blacken and smoke in the frying pan, but new Mazola Margarine does not burn at normal frying temperatures. It fries clean—just browns foods deliciously. Mazola tastes great at the table, too.

Available on West Coast in cube form

MAZOLA® MAKES GOOD EATING GOOD SENSE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the No. 1 reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED